TRUE BOOK BONUS:

THE WILD CREW OF THE COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

(INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN'S MISTRESS WHO DOUBLED AS MATE)

IND.

MEN

25¢ TRUE ADVENTURE AUG.

THE KING WHO COLLECTS WOMEN

James Fackner: YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER of LOST RIVER

Are YOU SKINNY like I was?

a 90 lb. weakling who became world's strongest man

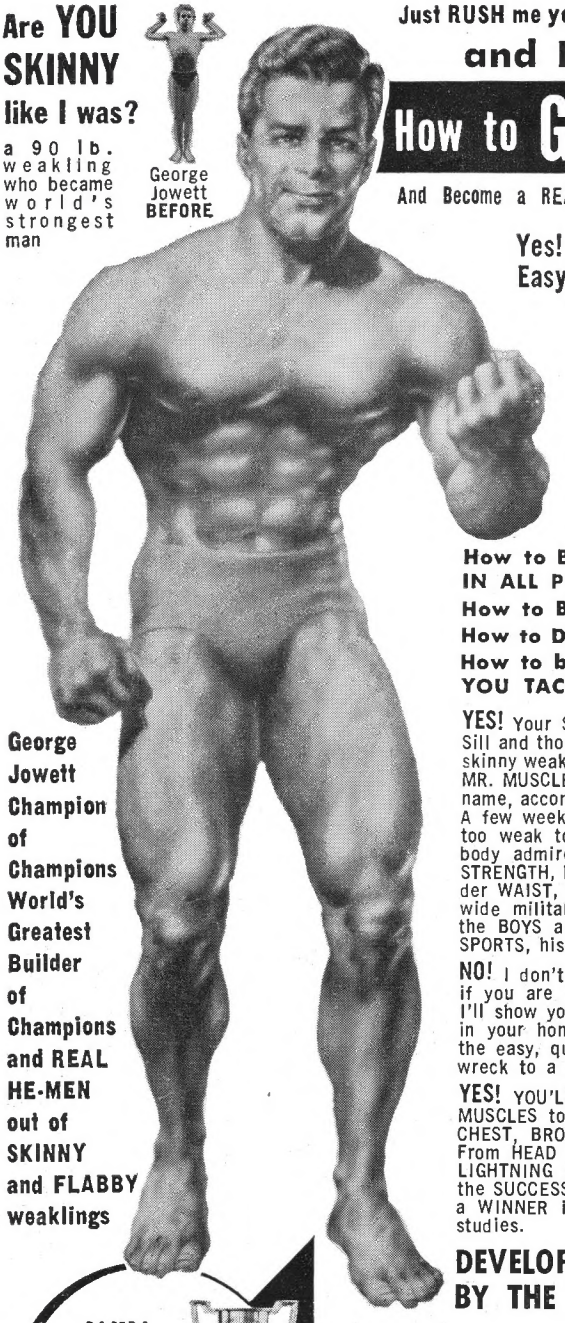
George Jowett BEFORE

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT

and I'll show YOU absolutely FREE

How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MANY THOUSANDS of My Pupils in 10 Minutes of FUN a Day



George Jowett Champion of Champions World's Greatest Builder of Champions and REAL HE-MEN out of SKINNY and FLABBY weaklings

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To

ADD POWERFUL NEW INCHES OF MUSCLES around YOUR ARMS, CHEST, LEGS, etc.

How to IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.

How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE IN ALL POPULAR SPORTS.

How to BEAT ANY BULLY.

How to DO FEATS of STRENGTH.

How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES — won a BIG SILVER TROPHY, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and $100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. TODAY everybody admires John's movie star build, he-man STRENGTH, his mighty ARMS, heroic CHEST, slender WAIST, rock-like TORSO, broad manly BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new popularity with the BOYS and GIRLS. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a WORLD CHAMPION.

YES! YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLES to YOUR ARMS, YOU'LL DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, BROADEN YOUR BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become the SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN IN LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING, athletics, business, studies.

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES BY THE GREATEST METHOD!

Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

WIN A BIG Silver Trophy and $100 IN CASH

Pick the kind of BODY YOU WANT

Check ALL Your Needs —

MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW and I'll Send You FREE these 5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

(before it is too late) as John Sill and the others did

PLUS BOOK OF PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN ONCE WEAK LIKE YOU

Formerly $5.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at $1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail Coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay $1.00 or $5.00.

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

BEFORE

Mailing Coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling

says JOHN SILL

I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3½ INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Pal! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

This Can Be YOU in a Short Time!

AFTER

Mailing Coupon 185 lb. HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN POPULAR ATHLETE You can be, too!

BEFORE

THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY" — BUT NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

TONY PASCARELLA

AFTER

Thanks to Jowett easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of MUSCLE-PACKED STRENGTH ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks—great athletic ability. Now You do it!

I BROKE A WORLD'S STRENGTH RECORD!

JIM NORMAN became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front End of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day, JOWETT CAN DO FOR YOU ALL HE DID FOR ME! I gained 25 TERRIFIC LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES.

BEFORE

AFTER mailing coupon below— like you do NOW.

JOWETT Institute of Physical Training, Dept. MN-88, 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want: ☐ I want to gain .....lbs. (fill in).

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders
☐ I want to become a winning athlete ☐ I want NEW PEP, NEW ENERGY
☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, now all in 1 volume. ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

Name ..... AGE.....

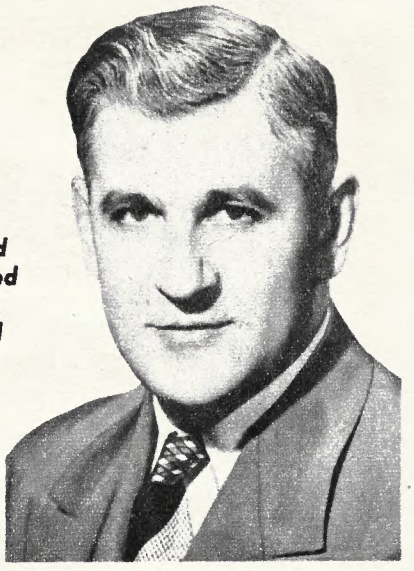
Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

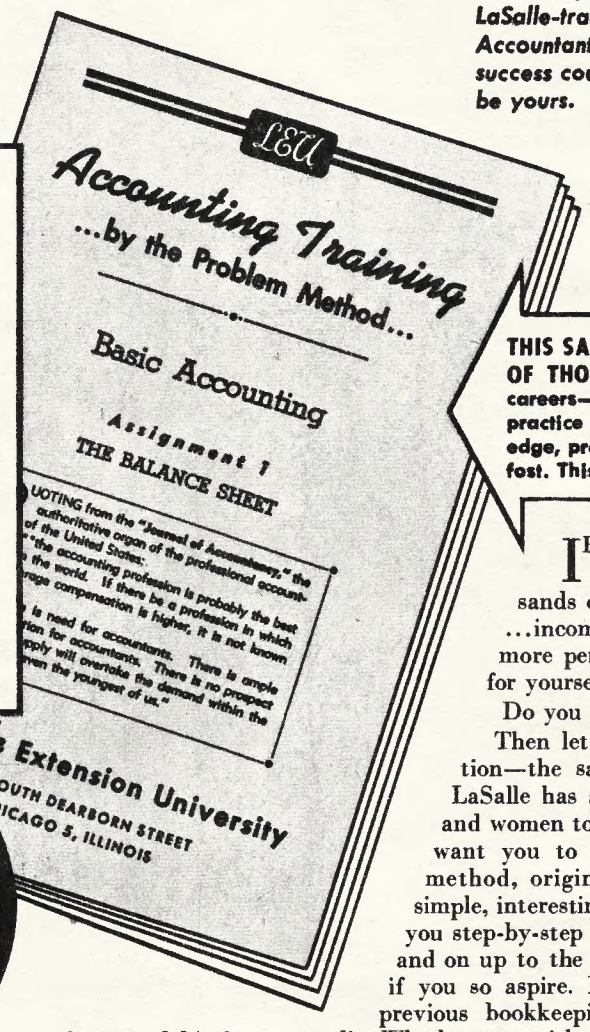
THIS FREE SAMPLE LESSON

will prove that you can become an expert

ACCOUNTANT...AUDITOR OR CPA



This well-paid LaSalle-trained Accountant's success could be yours.


L&U
Accounting Training
...by the Problem Method...
Basic Accounting
Assignment 1
THE BALANCE SHEET
QUOTING from the "Journal of Accountancy," the authoritative organ of the professional accountancy profession in the United States:
"the accounting profession is probably the best of the world. If there be a profession in which the average compensation is higher, it is not known
is need for accountants. There is ample tion for accountants. There is no prospect pply will overtake the demand within the ren the youngest of us."
LaSalle Extension University
417 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

We offer you this free sample lesson so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accounting—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works...how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—*learning by doing* and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of expert accountants and CPA instructors.

THIS SAME LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as CPAs. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This sample lesson will show you why.

IF you have been envying the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women Accountants today ...incomes ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 and more per year...why not launch such a career for yourself?

Do you doubt that you can?

Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the same Lesson Number One with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successful accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated by LaSalle, makes Accounting simple, interesting, practical, and certain...how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the Certified Public Accountant Certificate if you so aspire. It doesn't matter whether you've had previous bookkeeping experience, or whether you don't know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant ...you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today...if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in one of the highest paying fields of business...send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send you the free sample lesson—plus our illustrated book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

One out of every 13 of all CPAs in the U.S. has been trained by the LaSalle Problem Method

GOOD-PAY JOBS IN SEVERAL BIG FIELDS

If you were an expert accountaot right now, chances are you would find yourself in one of the best paid fields of business.

There are several big fields of opportunity open to men and women trained in accounting...opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment...or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our illustrated booklet, "Opportunities in Accounting"—plus free sample lesson. The coupon at right will bring both to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois.

Clip Coupon...Mail TODAY!

LaSalle Extension University...*A Correspondence Institution*

Dept. 8378H. 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois

YES, I want to see how LaSalle's "Problem Method" works... Send me free sample lesson—also your book, "Opportunities in Accounting"...without cost or obligation.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street Address.....

City, Zone & State.....

Men

TRUE ADVENTURE

AUGUST, 1958
VOL. 7, NO. 8

TRUE

James Fackner: Yankee Head-hunter of Lost River . . **Paul G. Bracey** 16
With one stupid act he set off South America's weirdest manhunt.

The King Who Collects Women . . . . . **Nino Lo Bello** 18
The shocking story of the Continent's royal ployboy.

Dumbo John's Double Rescue . . . . . **Gene Channing** 22
While they grappled for survivors, 2 Jap warships were looking down their throats.

Wanted for Cannibalism: The Monster of Düsseldorf . . . . . **Philip Ledward** 24
His first killing was at the age of 9—and from then on, until the day he died, no one in Germany wos safe.

Dead Man's Posse . . . . . **Russ Leadabrand and Bill Robertson** 30
For 10 years every bounty hunter in the West was after them—but you don't collect while facing 4 deadly Colts.

Beheading in Siam . . . . . **Gerald Sparrow** 36
An eyewitness account of the world's most savage execution.

OFF TRAIL

Females From Inkland 28

A Girl For Peter Basch 32

FICTION

Kid With The Golden Touch . . . . . **John D. MacDonald** 38
I can pick the spots off any sharpie in the business, but this kid hod me guessing—until I met his woman.

DEPARTMENTS

Men's Newsletter 6

Men and Medicine . . . . . **Ken Armstrong** 8

The Laughing Place 11

Calling All Men 80

TRUE BOOK BONUS

The Wild Crew of the Combat Ship *Fidelity* . . . . . **Marcel Julian** 12
On the craziest Allied ship afloot, the coptoin's mistress doubled as first mate.

MARTIN GOODMAN
Publisher

NOAH SARLAT
Editorial Director

LARRY GRABER
Art Director

K. T. MEYER
Managing Editor

MARV KARP
Executive Editor

A. E. KAPLAN
V. A. JIRSA
Associate Editors

SANDY NELKIN
Book Editor

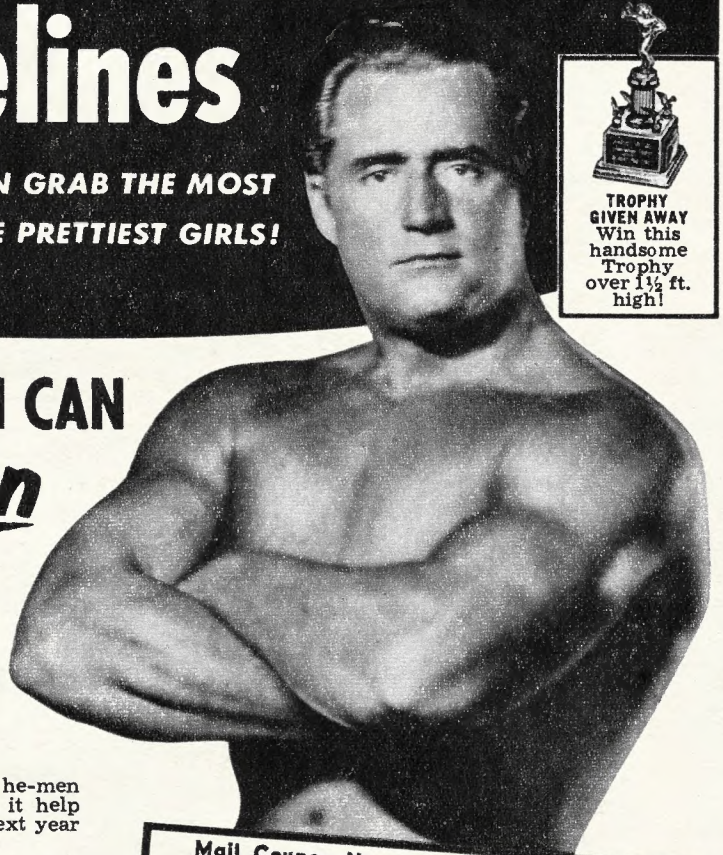
MEL MARK
Art Editor

MEN is published MONTHLY by ZENITH PUBLISHING CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILL. Copyright 1958 by ZENITH PUBLISHING CORP., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 7, No. 8, AUGUST 1958 issue. Price 25¢ per copy. Subscription rate $3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Kalish, Quigley & Rosen, 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Loyd Chappell, West Coast, 8693 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Printed in the U.S.A.

Don't Spend Your Life on the Sidelines

...WATCHING BIG BRAWNY HE-MAN GRAB THE MOST ATTENTION, THE BEST JOBS, THE PRETTIEST GIRLS!

TROPHY GIVEN AWAY Win this handsome Trophy over 1½ ft. high!



PROVE TO YOURSELF THAT I CAN MAKE YOU A *Real Man*

...The Same NATURAL Way I Changed Myself from a 97-pound Weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

Charles Atlas

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby—only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit!

The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me—changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up YOUR body the very same natural way—without weights, springs or pulleys. Takes only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice, right in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic Tension" method has already helped thousands of other fellows become real he-men in double-quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year—but Right NOW!

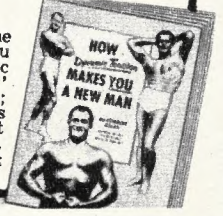
My Amazing "Dynamic Tension" Method Builds "Hard-As-Nails" Muscles FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach—the kind that makes all the other fellows turn green with envy.

I'll give you arms with bulging biceps. Fists that can deliver knock-out punches. A chest that will pop the buttons off your shirts. I'll build up your shoulder and back muscles. Taper you down at the waist and give you layers of hard stomach muscles with spring-steel toughness.

Mail Coupon Now for My FREE BOOK

Mailing the coupon below can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a FREE copy of my book "How Dynamic Tension Makes You a NEW MAN." Tells how and why my method works; shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Clip that coupon NOW. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1748, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1748
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:
(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ Live Stomach Muscles
- ☐ Tireless Legs
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Energy and Stamina
- ☐ More Magnetic Personality
- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how *"Dynamic Tension"* can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....AGE.....
(please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

This Is the Kind of Bodies I Build with "Dynamic Tension"!

Fast Results

"Five inches of new muscle—that is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."
—C.W., W. Va.

Gained 29 Pounds

"When I started your course I weighed only 141 pounds. Now weigh 170 pounds."
—T.K., New York

A Confidential Memo for Men

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

ODD NUMBERS

PAY WINDOW

ODD NUMBERS

Now that brothels are against the law in Japan, a great many of the love houses have set up shop in butcher stores with coy signs that say, "meat in front, more meat in back." . . . NEW JERSEY THEATERS have installed "love-it-up" seats to help business; they're double seats in darkest part of the theater —with no separation arm . . .

A poll of college girls shows the interesting fact that it's the girls' steady dates who make most of the "surprise sex attacks" and not the "new acquaintances" and blind dates . . .

Frauleins of St. Pauli district in Germany get around the "You-Must-Wear-A-G-String" ordinance by wearing ones made of cellophane . . .

NEW ZEALAND MAIDENS ARE THE LATEST TO GO WILD OVER GI'S. Flocks of them skipping off to the hills—and some to the altar—with U. S. Navy men serving with support force in the Antarctic . . . All eldest sons in the Sudan ARE NAMED CUCKOO . . . One of the Miami Beach hotels has hired a marriage counselor to whom honeymooning guests can go for advice . . . FEMALE COPS BEING USED MORE AND MORE to sit in theatres as "bait" for vicious movie theatre sex maniacs . . . The scorpion stands on his head for an hour BEFORE MAKING LOVE TO THE FEMALE SCORPION . . . In Sweden's nightclubs, women are allowed only one half as much booze as men . . .

PAY WINDOW

Big rush on for police jobs—especially in cities like St. Louis where you can RETIRE ON A HEFTY PENSION AT THE END OF 20 YEARS . . . Business with one of the smallest investments necessary and the highest chance of survival is the neighborhood dry-cleaning establishment . . . GUYS WITH ELECTRONICS TALENT THE TARGET OF THE BIGGEST TALENT HUNT IN JOB HISTORY. Especially since most of the big defense contracts granted recently were in electronics . . . Careful of that attache case "accidentally" left in your shop or office by guy from competing firm.

continued on page 40

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BREAK INTO ENGINEERING STARTING NEXT MONTH?

Your start in Engineering could mean higher pay, more interesting work, a real chance for advancement. Here's how to do it—fast!

A career in Engineering may be closer than you think, whatever your age or education or present job.

You know about the tremendous demand for engineers and technicians. But do you know how easy it is to get the training that will qualify you for this vital work, and how quickly you can advance?

First Step Wins Job Consideration

The moment you enroll for a course in Engineering you're in a position to change your job. I.C.S. Engineering Courses, for example, start you off with Basic Mathematics and Drafting. Most employers are quick to accept men who start technical training.

Your Advancement Is Rapid

Your interest, your determination, your willingness to spend free hours improving yourself all work in your favor. But your mastery of engineering subjects is what wins you the biggest boosts.

The I. C. S. method makes it possible for you to learn while you earn, to qualify yourself for upgrading step by step—from Draftsman to Detail Designer to Engineering Technician to full-fledged Engineer. It's a plan fitted to your needs, with personalized instruction and guidance, and, if you like, regular progress reports to your employer.

Mail Coupon for Free Books

If you are seriously interested in a fresh start in an opportunity-packed field, then mark and mail the coupon today. We'll send you *three* free books—(1) the 36-page career guide "How to Succeed," (2) Opportunity outlooks in your field of interest, (3) sample lesson (Math) demonstrating I. C. S. method.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 14004G, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. (Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

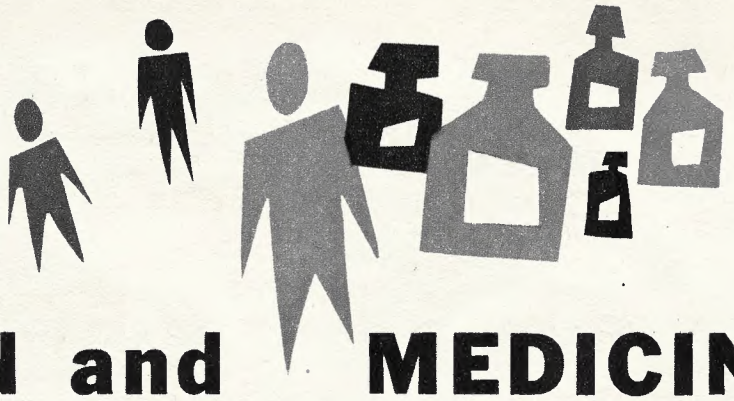
Name_____ Age ____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone ____ State_____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

by Ken Armstrong



MEN and MEDICINE

ANTI-ACHE SHOTS—One of the toughest jobs any athletic team's doctor has is to keep the men going despite their chronic aches and pains. The physician handling the University of Washington's

letter men has been having sensational results with the deep injection into injured muscles of hydrocortisone. Used alone, or in combination with other drugs, it has proven extremely effective in treating Charley horses, split hip muscles, pulled hamstring muscles, "shin splints," and bursitis. The big advantage of hydrocortisone is that it permits the athlete to go back to full-time duty within days—instead of the weeks it took with the old fashioned heat-massage-and-graduated-exercise routine.

PASS THE BOURBON, DOC—it took the medical profession an awfully long time to come right out and say what we've all known for hundreds of years—that the first thing to reach for when a cold hits is a bottle of liquor. Instead of cooking up all kinds of excuses, it is now socially permissible to belt the bottle at the first sneeze. Dr. Noah D. Fabricant puts it this way: "While consumption of alcohol is obviously not a cure for the common cold, its beneficial role in some persons can neither be minimized nor dismissed." While alcohol has always been known to increase blood circulation, provide warmth, induce drowsiness and the desire to rest, it works in still another way to combat a cold in its early stages. A cold usually is preceded by a lowering of body temperature in the nasal passages and a constriction of the blood vessels in the nose. When the passages dry up, their defenses against a cold are weakened, paving the way for infection. The best way to strike back is to restore the nasal passages to their normal condition. This can be done by raising the temperature of the membranes of the nose: Which is exactly what whisky does. Maybe the reason why people who drink usually have a glow about their noses is the fact that the temperature in the nasal passages can be raised within 30 minutes of taking a drink.

THE SOUND OF BROKEN BONES—Fractures of the thigh bone can now be quickly diagnosed at the scene of an accident without going through an X-ray series. Because any break will interfere with the transmission of sound in the long bony structure, all a doctor has to do is tap the kneecap with his finger while he listens in with his stethoscope.

Comparing the sound to that which the uninjured leg gives off is a simple matter for a man who is trained to detect skips in the beat of a heart. Once the cast is applied, the healing process can be checked in the same manner during all stages of convalescence.

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BACK-TALK—Jumping into the smoking vs. cancer slugfest, the Southern Medical Association announced the results of a study conducted on employees of the American Tobacco Co. According to the report handed the association, 11,000 employees of the tobacco company who were checked smoke twice as many cigarettes as the general population—yet show no more than the average amount of cancer or heart disease.

ASTHMATIC DUST COLLECTORS—If you suffer from asthma, dust is your worst enemy. To live with the disease, here is what you must toss out of your house: feathers, cotton, wool, kapok, animal hairs, books, plants, bedspreads, draperies, carpeting, unused luggage, old shoes, dogs and cats. Some substitutes for what you'll have to get rid of are foam rubber cushions and pillows, and blinds that can be cleaned easily.

DON'T GET SKINNED OUT OF FOOD—Chances are that what you do or don't eat won't have the slightest effect if you suffer from a common skin disorder. Dermatologists now feel that dietary factors are greatly overrated, especially in connection with acne and psoriasis. Overeating, obesity and excessive sweating are far more significant in aggravating skin conditions. Another formerly accepted theory that seems to have gone down the drain is the use of Vitamin A for treating a wide variety of skin disturbances. Doctors now feel the vitamin has unquestionable value in only two rare skin diseases.

ROCK-AND-ROLL TRUCK DRIVERS—A man's legs and feet act as excellent shock absorbers. For this reason truck drivers, who spend most of their working days off their feet, often wind up with one or more of the following ailments: impaired vision, balance and reaction time.

The constant jarring, without the saving springing action provided by their legs, leaves them wide open to vibration-produced injuries.

A HIGHLY RESPECTED TRADE— START SOON TO EARN EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Learn at Home IN YOUR SPARE TIME to Fix Electrical Appliances

To build a better future, get into a field where there's much important work and the security that comes from knowing a good trade. Servicing electrical appliances offers that OPPORTUNITY. Every wired home has an average of 8 electrical appliances. Up to 10 million new appliances are sold every year and owners pay well to keep them in repair. That's making a fast-growing need for trained men.

Add To Your Income Starting Soon

Need For Service Technicians Increasing

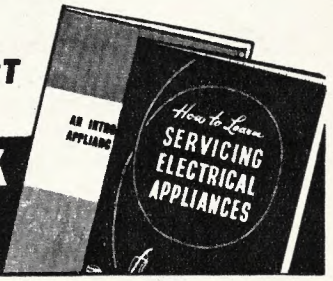
Make extra money in your spare time. Start soon to fix electric toasters, fans, clocks, vacuum cleaners, and other electric appliances for your neighbors and friends. Work in your basement, garage or spare room. It's easy to increase your earning power—to pay for your training many times over—to have extra money to buy things you need.

Learn and Earn with Multi-Use Tester Built with Parts We Send

This course includes the parts to build a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester that helps you locate electrical defects quickly and easily. You use it to learn and do actual electrical appliance repair jobs. If you want better pay learn this good trade. No need to give up your present job. You can train at home in your spare time for only $3.00 down and $6.00 a month. A small price to pay for increased earnings, a more secure future. Paste coupon below on a postal or mail in envelope for free book and sample lesson. Address **National Radio Institute, Dept. GIH8, Washington 16, D. C.**

MAILING THIS COUPON MAY START YOU TO SUCCESS

LESSON AND BOOK FREE



NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. GIH8, Washington16, D. C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Training lesson and book free. (No salesman will call.)

Name.....Age.....

Address .....

City.....Zone....State.....

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LET DeVRY TECH PREPARE YOU IN SPARE TIME AT HOME AS AN

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIAN

AN INDEX to a BETTER JOB, A BRIGHTER FUTURE

- Electronics
- Radar
- Guided Missiles
- Television
- Micro-Waves
- Communications
- Radio
- Industrial Electronics
- Computers
- Automation Electronics
- Remote Control Systems
- Broadcasting
- Your Own Service Shop

NO PREVIOUS TECHNICAL EXPERIENCE OR ADVANCED EDUCATION NEEDED!

Laborers and bookkeepers, store clerks, shop men, farmers, salesmen — men of nearly every calling — have taken the DeVry Tech program and today have good jobs or service shops of their own in Electronics. You don't have to quit your present job. If you are 17 to 55, see how you may get yourself ready for a future in the fast-growing Electronics field.

Whether you prepare at home or in our well-equipped Chicago or Toronto Laboratories, you get sound, basic training in both principles and practice. At home, you use educational movies. You build actual circuits and test equipment. You read simple directions, follow clear illustrations. When you finish, you are prepared to step into a good job in an excitingly different field. You may even start a service shop of your own. Mail coupon for free facts today.

Live-Wire Employment Service

Puts you in touch with job opportunities—or helps you toward a better position in the plant where you are now employed.

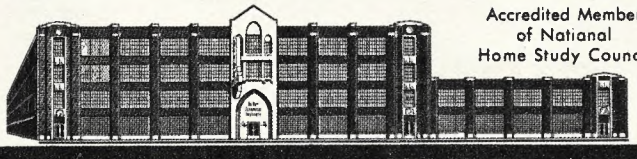
Draft Age?

We have valuable information for every man of draft age; so if you are subject to military service, be sure to check the coupon.

SAMPLE BOOKLET FREE!

We'll give you a free copy of an interesting booklet, "Electronics and YOU." See for yourself how you may take advantage of the opportunities in this fast-growing field.

"One of North America's Foremost Electronics Training Centers"



Accredited Member of National Home Study Council

DeVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS

FORMERLY

DeFOREST'S TRAINING, INC.

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE FACTS

DeVry Technical Institute
4141 Belmont Ave., Chicago 41, Ill., Dept. CM-8-0

Please give me your FREE booklet, "Electronics and YOU," and tell me how I may prepare to enter one or more branches of Electronics as listed above.

NAME _____ AGE _____
Please Print
STREET _____ APT. _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ **Check here if subject to military training**

1090 **DeVry Tech's Canadian Training Center is located at 626 Roselawn Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario**

the laughing place

"Hey there—you with the stars in your eyes . . ."

Two London shop girls were enjoying a bit of friendly gossip.

"And did you hear about Daisy getting married?" asked one.

"Married!" the other exclaimed. "Why I didn't even know she was pregnant!"

"Oh, she's not pregnant."

"Wot, getting married and not pregnant? Coo, wot class!"

A man living in a housing project where all the houses looked alike, would sometimes get drunk and try to get into the wrong house. A friend suggested that if he put a red lantern on his front porch every time he went out he wouldn't have any trouble finding the house when he came home.

The man gave it a try and the next night, after a big drunk, found his house again without any difficulty. He picked up the lantern and went into the house, looked around and said, "Yup, this is my house all right." Then he went upstairs and looked around. "Yup," he said. "There's my wife in bed, and there I am in bed with her. But who is this son-of-a-gun holding a red lantern?"

The visiting girlfriend from the city was trying to make an impression on her wealthy farmer boyfriend. Early one morning he found her out in the barn with the livestock.

"Hello, dear," she said. "Aren't you surprised to find me out here so early milking this creature?"

"Yes," the boyfriend replied. "But not nearly so surprised as that poor bull you've got there."

"Dear Jenny," wrote the young man. "Excuse me, but I am getting very forgetful. I remember asking you something last night but I forgot whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Henry," she replied by letter. "Was glad to hear from you. I remember saying no to some one last night, but I had forgotten who it was."

Dick: "What a nightmare I had last night. I was alone with a thousand pretty girls."

Tom: "What's so bad about that?"

Dick: "I dreamt I was a girl too."

"Come, come," the psychiatrist said to his tearful patient. "You must cheer up. Be happy."

"Be happy you say," she answered. "Twelve children I've borne that husband of mine, and he doesn't love me. What have I to be happy about?"

"Well," answered the psychiatrist, "Imagine if he did love you."

The elevator was tightly jammed when a girl's voice said angrily, "Take your hands off me, you louse! No, not you—YOU!"

"Where do I report a general?"

Think you can tickle the editors' sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

When Barclay casually stepped out of the pool, everyone turned and stared. There was no more training that day.

Art by Al Rossi

The WILD CREW of the COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

It was the only Allied ship whose sailors knew nothing about the sea, and the only ship afloat whose captain's mistress served as his lieutenant.

by Marcel Julian

THE first time Soigne saw *Le Rhône* outlined against the Gibraltar sky, she seemed to him like a dream ship. She was painted in light colors, tricolour fluttered proudly at her masthead and the well-polished brass gleamed in the sun.

Soigne thought he must be seeing things when he saw the girl. She was ensconced in a wicker chair which she balanced on its back legs, her ankles resting on the rail. Clad in shorts and a white shirt, she was blonde, leggy and beautiful. Standing next to her was the captain, dressed in white from head to foot. (*Continued on page* 14)

Condensed from H.M.S. Fidelity by Marcel Julian, copyright 1957 by Marcel Julian, published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1958.

TRUE BOOK BONUS

Every day the members of the crew were sent to British Commando School for instructions in advanced tactics.

Part of the rugged training consisted of swimming underwater for very long distances to ships riding at anchor.

Soigne caught hold of the manrope and began to climb up the gangway. At the top he thought he would be welcomed by the captain, but a small sunburned lieutenant came toward him.

"I'm Lieutenant Costa, welcome to my ship."

Chewing on his pipe, the captain remained in the background, showing no surprise at his subordinate's behavior.

Costa introduced the captain, "Commandant Passementton," and gave an order to the old sailor. "Uncle, look after these gentlemen."

Soigne looked around for the female passenger. She had disappeared.

Soigne and his companions were Belgian officers who had left their country and their army after the collapse of May, 1940. They had taken the first transportation available and soon found themselves stranded in Gibraltar. The captain of *Le Rhône* had offered to take them back to England where they planned to join the Free French.

A sailor led them to their quarters where they cleaned up and shaved. After getting themselves settled, the Belgians tried to sum up the situation.

The attitude of the crew seemed strange. From time to time in the corridors they met small excited groups of sailors who fell silent at their approach. On the foc'sle, a hexagonal platform carried two twin ack-ack guns, an unusual feature on a merchant ship.

And the Belgians wondered what roles were played by the strange lieutenant who gave orders to the captain and the fair-haired girl who had been tanning her limbs in the midday sun. . . .

When the whole team came on deck about six o'clock that evening, the waters of the roadstead were glittering. The heat was intense and the advertisements for English beer, visible in the distance on the yellow houses, only aggravated the Belgians' thirst. Costa addressed them:

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you will join me in the mess room we'll have a drink. And then we'll have a meal."

The mess room was panelled in light wood with a horseshoe-shaped table. The table was laid—white cloth, glasses, bottles of aperitif fresh from the ice box. As soon as they were all present, Costa motioned them to be silent and pointing to the woman passenger at his side, said:

"Gentlemen, may I present Mlle. Madeleine Guesclin who does us the honor of living aboard."

The lieutenant presided, with the captain on his left and the young woman on his right. Madeleine Guesclin had not batted an eyelid when all the men's eyes were turned on her. She was obviously used to living among men and her behavior was free and easy. She was not pretty but her face, and in particular her eyes, could not fail to arouse interest. Two officers completed the ship's staff.

A little copper plaque was screwed into the panelling behind the captain's head. A sunbeam fell on it and made it gleam lightly. This plaque caught the visitor's eyes; it bore merely a date and a name: *10th May 1940—Las Palmas.*

What could the *Le Rhône* have been doing six weeks ago in the Canaries?

"Gentlemen," said Costa raising his glass, "you must not imagine it was in the name of Franco-Belgian fra-

ternity alone that I have welcomed you in my ship. Actually, I need you. The *Le Rhône* has been in port since the 20th of June, and since that date I have been going on board the ships which come alongside in search of volunteers. I am at Gibraltar today in order to play my part in this war. You, on the other hand, have just arrived from Belgium from which the Boches have thrown you out; we should get along well together."

The Belgians wondered what was expected of them. Soigne, seated next to Marais, the chief engineer, pointed to the copper plaque. "What does that represent?" he asked.

"Oh that?" replied the other. "You'd better ask Costa."

Costa again. It seemed as though the lieutenant was in complete command. At the moment he was talking and gesticulating wildly. On his left "Uncle" was drinking his *pastis* with the air of a hardened drinker. Soigne turned to Brinchant, a fellow Belgian, and whispered in his ear. "What do you make of it?"

"We've only got to be patient," was the reply. "We'll soon know a bit more."

The dinner began. Very much at his ease, the lieutenant joined in all the conversations, repeatedly asking his new guests for details of their escape. The food was excellent but very highly seasoned, and there was no lack of wine.

The party was soon flushed with drink. A cheroot in the corner of his mouth, Captain Passementton guffawed at his table companion's story. Everyone spoke at the top of his voice; there was laughter and a clatter of plates.

Madeleine Guesclin alone was silent. Soigne was the first to notice her anxiety and, from that moment, he did not take his eyes off her. The girl kept looking toward the door as though expecting someone.

The storm suddenly broke without anyone knowing the precise reason. Costa raised his hand to claim attention and at his first words they all realized that things were serious.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am ashamed to admit this to foreign officers, but I am in command of a phantom ship. Yes, I have just been betrayed by the majority of my crew. I thought I was dealing with sailors, but I was mistaken. Do you see that plaque? It recalls an exploit we carried out together. That was yesterday. This evening I have nothing left but a hotchpotch of milksops and cowards—kid-glove sailors whom I ought to have strangled with my bare hands."

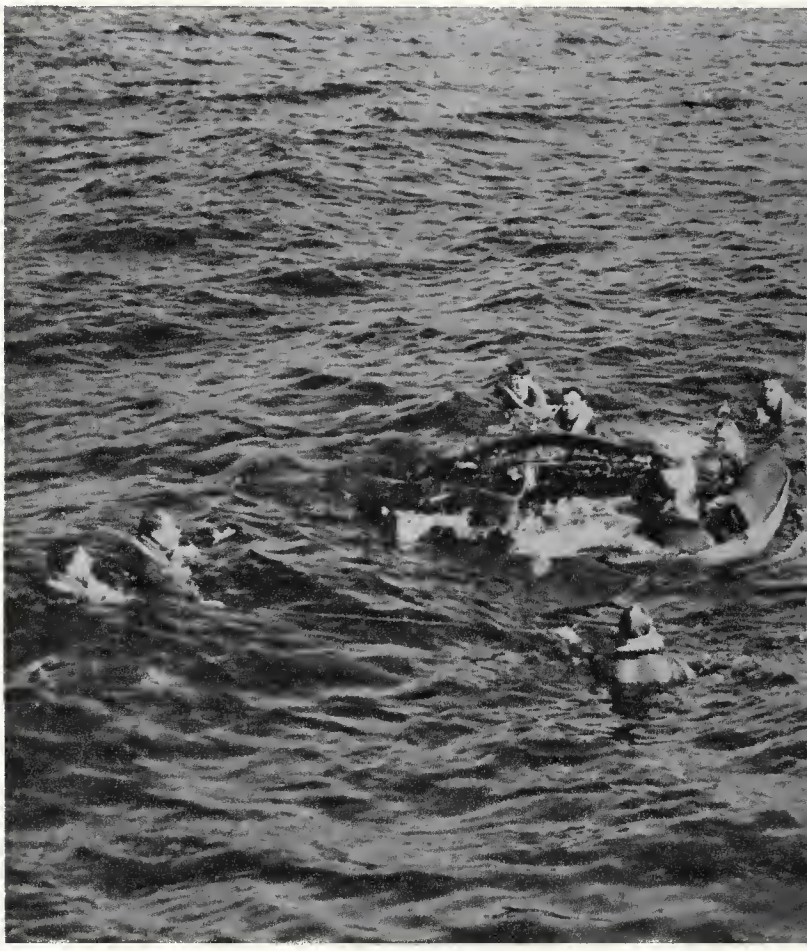
His anger made him lean across the table; he spat out the words as though he were throwing stones.

"But I haven't finished with those bastards. I know there are still some of them aboard torn between the fear that I shall smash their teeth in or that they will join their mates in the Gibraltar jail. And they're supposed to be Frenchmen, gentlemen. Frenchmen? That rabble! I'll tell you how you recognize true Frenchmen today: By the way they weep, by the way they weep for unhappy, ravaged France. Those who still ask questions while the Boches are in Paris are not men.

"I know that later there will be people who will treat us as madmen," he went on. "But I prefer to be treated as a madman than as a coward; I'm going on with the war."

Any other man, purple in the face, clenching his glass, a forest of black hairs (*Continued on page* 66)

They were attacked off the Irish coast by three German Junkers who churned the sea around them with near hits.



The law of the convoy demands that there be no stopping, and the survivors were left to the cruel fate of the sea.

James Fackner:

YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER OF

IN QUITO, not long ago, the representative of an international newspaper syndicate discovered I was in town for a little vacation from the river country and looked me up at the Ambassador Hotel.

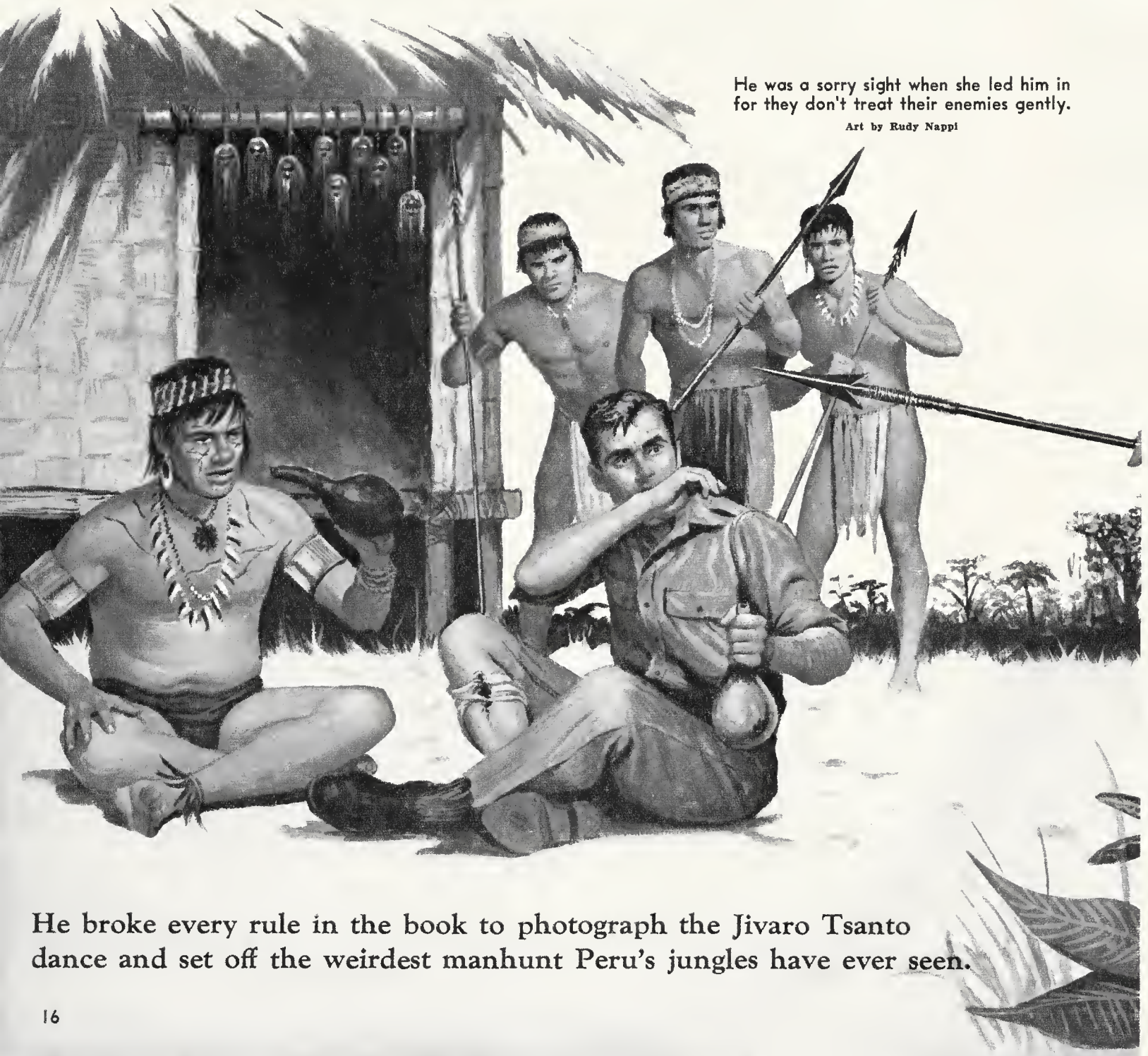
"*Señor* Bracey," he began, poising a sharpened pencil, "what is the greatest danger in the jungles of Peru, head-hunters, jaguars or piranhas?"

"Amateur explorers," I answered without hesitation and he started at me skeptically as if he hadn't heard right.

"Especially if they happen to carry a movie camera," I added.

I was thinking specifically of young James Fackner and I was telling the truth.

In the nine years since I left an engineering job with the Ecuadorean Sulphur Mining Company at Tixán and started my own business at the juncture (*Continued on page* 56)



He was a sorry sight when she led him in for they don't treat their enemies gently.

Art by Rudy Nappi

He broke every rule in the book to photograph the Jivaro Tsanto dance and set off the weirdest manhunt Peru's jungles have ever seen.

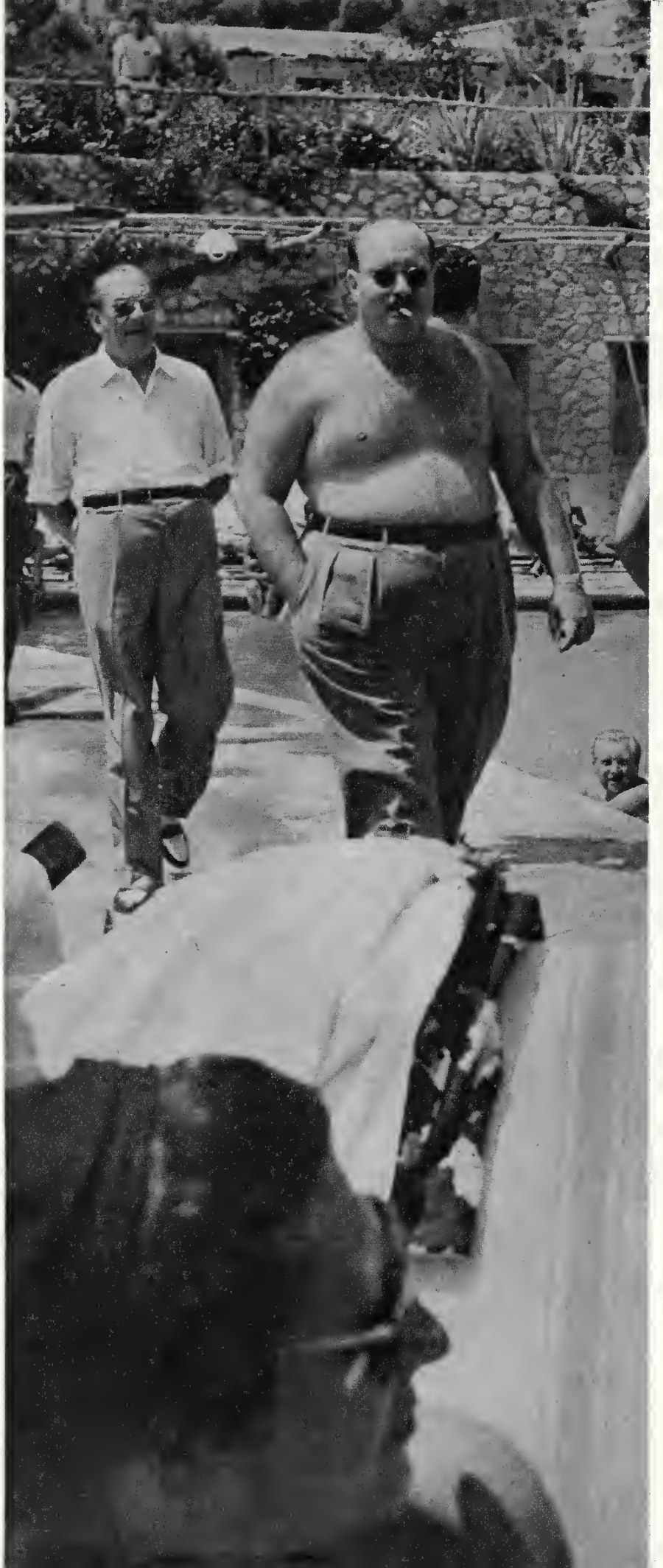
LOST RIVER

by
Paul G. Bracey

the KING who COLLECTS WOMEN

by Nino Lo Bello

His gambling losses are $2,000,000 a year; he once forgot $1,500,000 in a girl's bedroom; he's known as Public Playboy No. 1. Yet his only gripe is "lack of funds."



THERE wasn't a TV fan in all Italy who wasn't rooting for Miss Tuscany of 1954 as she competed on Italy's $64,000 Question. The girl, Marisa Zocchi, a sexy 19-year-old brunette expert on the history of bike-racing, tearfully explained to both the M.C. and the sympathetic audience why she would not be able to compete for top prize of $8,000. For her mother's sake, lovely Marisa sobbed, she could not risk losing the $4,000 she had already won! She needed this money to bring mama home from the hospital and hire a nurse who could stay with her while she, Marisa, worked to bring home the bread and cheese. So touching was the scene that quizmaster Mike Bongiorno himself broke into tears.

Watching the show that night in his Rome villa was King Farouk. He must have gulped once or twice himself, for he sent Miss Zocchi a telegram stating that he had been moved by her story and that he was forwarding the sum she might have won, a money order for $4,000—*with no strings attached.*

It was probably the first time in his life that Farouk ever gave any girl such a large sum of money "with no strings attached"—for the exiled Egyptian monarch, who most Europeans consider Public Lecher No. 1, has probably paid for and slept with so many women that it would take an IBM machine to keep track of them.

As might have been expected, immediately after the story of Farouk's $4,000 gift hit the papers, his sumptuous villa was flooded with more than 30,000 requests for alms, favors and handouts. Farouk's social secretary was forced to hold a press conference to answer the demand:

"What do the people think?" the trim young woman asked. "That he's rich? His Highness has lost a personal fortune of two-hundred million dollars because of political difficulties. He is obliged to live on an extremely modest income."

Not many people fell for this plea of poverty. For whatever the state of Farouk's finances may be, it's a cinch that he's far from being down to his last million. While he pleads poverty and haggles hotel bills, it is a well-known secret that His Royal ex-Majesty has bank accounts and interests scattered over the globe worth several hundred million dollars.

Farouk's private financial adviser, one-time French diplomat Lucian Gallas, helps the former ruler invest his funds shrewdly. He is constantly turning over businesses,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Farouk's first stop after being dethroned was Gracie Field's lovely villa on Capri.

real estate, stocks, bonds, anything with a commercial value, to help feed Farouk's huge appetites in women, food, gambling, and just plain money.

Once, while saying good-by to a high-priced prostitute in Milan, Farouk carelessly forgot a leather bag which contained $1,480,000 in British currency. His gambling deficit runs to about two million dollars annually: He has won and lost as much as fifty million francs in a couple of hours of baccarat; at Monte Carlo, he once casually walked out after dropping $87,500 at roulette in less than a half-hour. In every gambling casino on the continent, Farouk has a reserved seat.

"I'm a professor of gambling," Farouk often tells interviewers. And well he might be. His favorite game is poker in which his bluffs are as big as himself. When he's losing, his pudgy face turns blue and he'll stay up all night trying to earn back his losses. But when he's on a winning streak he hums happily, tells joke after joke and quite often will abandon the table as soon as he thinks his luck is turning. He has also been known to cheat! Columnist Leonard Lyons relates the story of a poker game in which Farouk was playing. After a huge pot had been amassed by some spirited betting, Farouk informed his adversary in the show of hands that he had four kings, though his hand held only three.

"What do you mean four kings?" hissed his opponent who held a full-house. "I only see three."

Narrowing his eyes to slits and drawing one of the two pistols he always carries in a shoulder holster, Farouk countered with:

"Look again, friend. There's the king of spades, there's the king of hearts and there's the king of clubs."

"Yes, I know. But where's the fourth king?"

"I'm the fourth king," said Farouk matter-of-factly, and he raked in the pot.

Probably the only reason he was able to make this robbery stand was the fact that everywhere Farouk goes he is accompanied by a pair of menacing-looking Albanian bodyguards who pack two guns apiece. (The Italian police think enough of Farouk's trouble-making potential to assign a detail of men to follow him, just in case.)

But there never is much trouble in the true sense of the word, for Farouk goes in for that kind of "trouble" that Italians wink at—the fine art of baiting bosomy women into the boudoir. Serving as Farouk's man Friday in this most gentle of all games is an Italian by the name of Antonio Pulle, who has the semi-official post of "Minister of Feminine Affairs." A sharp-eyed connoisseur, Antonio keeps a register of the local crop of available playmates, and sees to it that the "great lover" never drools in vain at the sight of beauty.

The 300-pound playboy thinks highly of his procurer and pays him well for his talent. Although women play a key role in his life, the king's official opinion on the female of the species is enough to make him ineligible for the "husband of the year."

"The treatment a woman in the East receives," he once says, "is different from that in the West. We treat her like a master treats a slave. A woman has no more blood in her veins than has a cockroach. And our civilization, being more ancient than the West's, should suggest that ours certainly is the more proper method of treating these creatures."

Actually, however, many of (*Continued on page* 46)

BRIDEGROOM At 17, already King of Egypt, he married Farida, lovely daughter of his mother's lady-in-waiting.

PLAYBOY He loves nightclubbing, and has been known to keep three different dates on the very same night.

DIPLOMAT During World War II, because of the Suez Canal, FDR went out of his way to meet the Egyptian ruler.

RACETRACK FAN His mania for gambling causes his advisors to wince everytime Europe's racing season opens.

HUNTER An expert with both rifle and pistol, he was a frequent visitor to Egypt's huge Royal Hunting Preserve.

WATER BUG Farouk loves all outdoor sports, especially those that permit him to air his passion for water.

FATHER His second wife, Queen Narriman, bore him the male heir he and the Egyptian people so longed for.

BEAUTY CONTEST JUDGE Perhaps it is his experience that makes him so popular as a picker of beauty queens.

One of the covering Hellcats burst into flames and the pilot radioed frantically: "I'm hit, Dumbo! I'm ditching!"

DUMBO JOHN'S DOUBLE

While they fumbled around for their "fares," two Jap destroyers had them sandwiched and the shore batteries were looking right down their throats.

By 2:40, *Yorktown's* planes were back from the strike on Honshu and orbiting, and the tall man on the carrier's flag bridge, Vice-Admiral John S. McCain, Commander Task Force 38, leaned heavily against the gray steel of a spray shield, and stared at the Pacific. Instinctively, as his chief of staff brought him a map and dividers, McCain knew there was trouble. The aide, without speaking, indicated a dot in an azure field. A pilot had ditched in the Sea of Japan.

"Has he any cover?" McCain asked.

The aide shrugged. "Couple of our fighters, Admiral. But both are in a pretty bad way themselves—low on gas. They need a Dumbo, Sir."

Then the aide handed McCain a list of PBY's and PBM's assigned to cover the seven-city strike. There were two rescue planes—Dumbos—in the area, one south of the Japanese mainland, the other at the outer end of Task Force 38. McCain glanced at the list briefly.

By now, the fighters, bombers and photo-reconnaissance planes were streaking home or were just about there—his own Hellcats were even then weaving around the flight deck. The Admiral looked at the map again and groaned. Maizuru was on the far side of Honshu—a hell of a place for an American airman to ditch! By nightfall, the last amphibian rescue plane would be back at its base, the coral-hewn strips at Iwo Jima and Saipan. They were due to land shortly after the last Liberator, Mitchell and Mustang returned from the strike, a coordinated incendiary at-

He got to the raft just as the Jap machine guns opened up.

RESCUE

by Gene Channing

tack featuring the Navy and the Twenty-First AAF.

"Send the Maizuru PBY," McCain grunted. "He's closest."

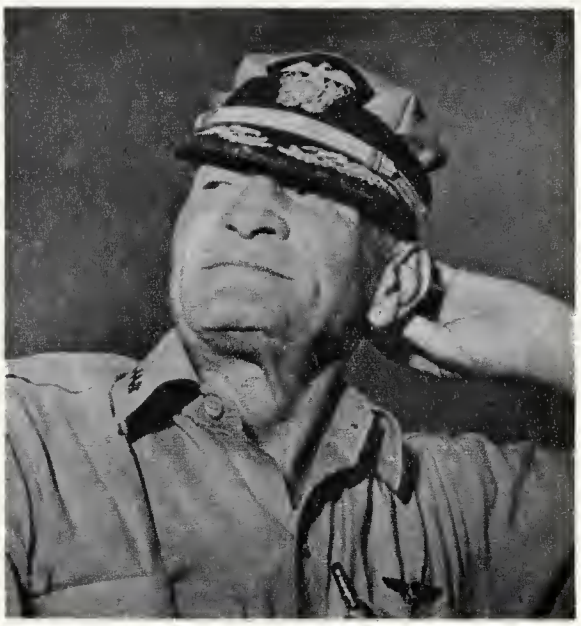
"Admiral," the staffer flushed, "the pilot of that Dumbo claims he's been up for 10 hours. He says he can't possibly make it to our man and get back to his base."

"You mean he's afraid he'll get his damned tail wet!" McCain snorted. Angrily, he shoved his baseball cap back on a shock of iron gray hair and paced the flag bridge. Then he leaned against the spray shield and sulked at the sea. There was the bigger picture to consider. "Try the subs. Maybe Lockwood's got a boat around there."

"We already have, Sir. No subs in the area."

"Recall his cover then." McCain (*Continued on page* 50)

Admiral Arthur Radford let Lieutenant Rairigh use the cabin, razor and one of his uniforms.



Admiral John McCain expressed his admiration for Rairigh's courage and devotion to duty.

And when Admiral William Halsey was finished, the Army lieutenant was holding a Navy Cross.

WANTED FOR CANNIBALISM: The Monster of Düsseldorf

He committed his first murder at the age of nine. And from then on, until his execution, no one in all Germany walked the streets alone.

by Philip Ledward

"THAT the one?" asked the tall, square-shouldered Düsseldorf policeman, pointing to the woman who stood outside the church. The woman, deathly pale, held a small parcel nervously under her arm.

"Yes, that's her," his partner answered.

"So that's Frau Kürten. That's the monster's wife," the first policeman went on. "She looks like . . ." But he stopped suddenly and tensed as a man walked toward the church, then continued talking when he passed without giving the fidgeting woman a second glance. "She looks like she wants to get this thing over with."

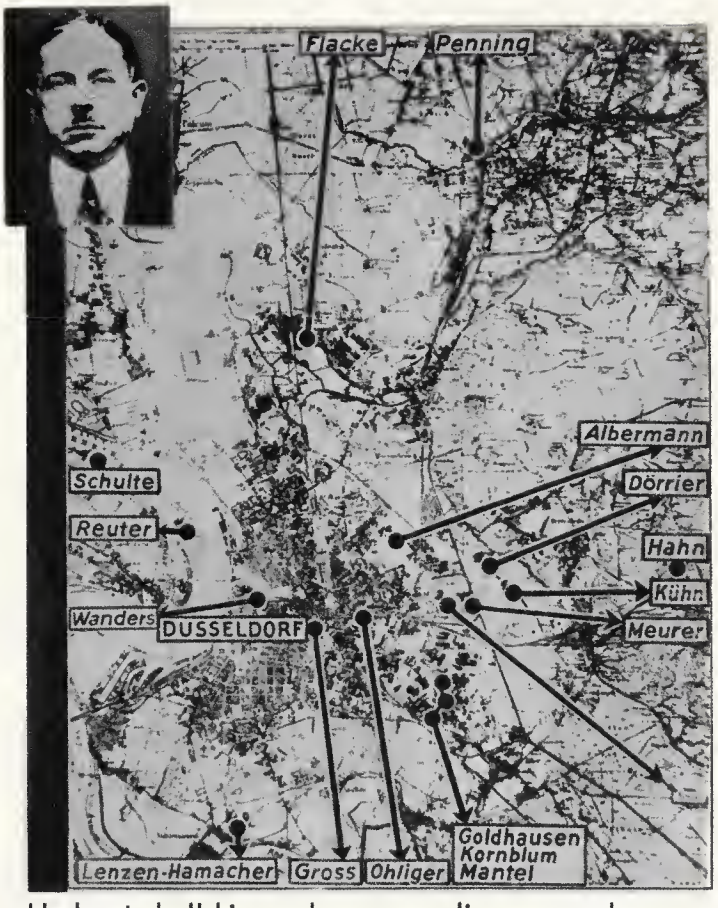
It was the woman's turn to stiffen as another man approached her. The police watched anxiously. This was obviously him. This mild-looking man in his early thirties, who meticulously parted his hair on one side, who looked as if he couldn't hurt a fly, was the horrible, dreaded Monster of Düsseldorf.

The woman hesitated, then quickly handed the parcel as her husband approached: It was the signal the police were waiting for and, with drawn guns, from doorways and alleys leading onto the church square, 25 men converged on the couple. The Monster looked around and made as if to flee, but he quickly changed his mind and smiled, first at the police, then at his wife. And turning to the police he held out his wrists. "Don't be afraid, gentlemen. I won't

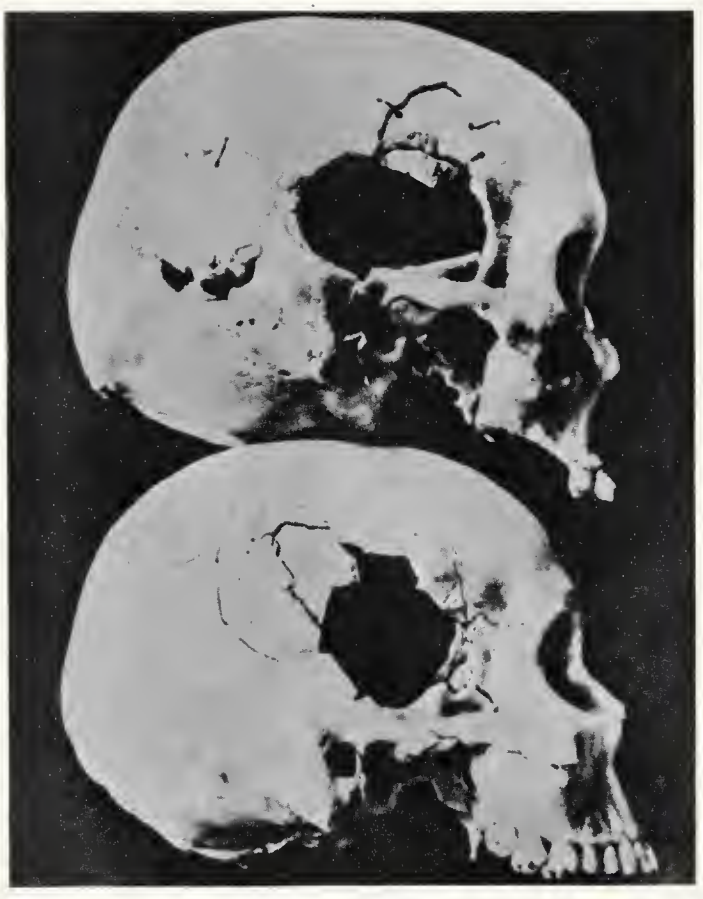
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I had a system," he told the jury. "I waited until they were in the room, distracted, least suspecting."

Art by Charles Copeland



He located all his murders on a police map and remembered, with fiendish glee, the gruesome details of each.



Authorities unearthed the victims' skulls and found that all of them had been crushed in exactly the same place.

THE MONSTER OF DÜSSELDORF CONTINUED

do you any harm. My days of freedom seem to be over."

One big cop lunged forward, snapped a pair of handcuffs on the extended wrists, grabbed him firmly by his arm and pushed him toward a black sedan. As he was being led away, the Monster turned to his wife. "Good-by, beloved. Take good care of yourself." And his wife buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

She wasn't the only woman to sob. During the sensational trial that followed, hundreds of letters arrived, protesting that such a man, regardless even of his confessions, couldn't possibly be the horrible Monster of Düsseldorf. Many of these letters included offers of marriage. When told about his appeal to women of all ages he smiled. He understood too well his fatal appeal to the opposite sex.

But Frau Kürten was the only woman, the only human for whom Peter Kürten had ever shown any recognizable emotion. She, before his confession, had not known what kind of person he was, though she was aware that he had other, numerous, extra-marital love interests. And, strangely enough, it was even he, who when he admitted his crimes to her, suggested that she be the one to turn him in so that she might collect the reward. The parcel, the meeting in front of the church, all had been prearranged by him.

Peter Kürten was guillotined in Düsseldorf just two years before Adolf Hitler took over the reins of power in Germany. But to this very day—especially to the citizens of that beautiful city—he obsesses men's minds.

There are few crimes he did not commit, from burglary and arson, to assault and murder. Murder, above all, he committed on a grand scale. After he was brought to justice, he admitted his crimes, beginning with a double murder at the age of nine.

"When I was nine years old," he declared, "they used to let me look after the wash that the laundrywomen spread out on the banks of the Rhine. We small boys would play about on rafts. I brought off my first murder, if that's what you call it, by shoving one of the boys into the river and under the raft. Another youngster fell in while looking for him. I didn't help him. Instead I pushed him back into the river. Both boys drowned."

A year later he did the same thing with two other boys. One of them was caught up in the paddles of a river steamer. His last murder was a particularly ghastly slaying of a little girl, five years old, named Gertrude Albermann, in November, 1930. Her body was found in a desolate spot among nettles and broken bricks close to a factory yard. The child had been first strangled, then stabbed 36 times.

He seemed to have felt that retribution could never come to him, because he was something greater than mortal. He had such belief in his own immunity that he wrote letters to a newspaper and to the police, in which he pointed out the exact whereabouts of the child's body. For good measure, he also informed the police of the place where they would find the body of another victim, a woman he had murdered a short time before. "You'll find the body naked," he wrote. "There are 20 wounds in her temples, throat and heart." The weapon used was the same weapon that had destroyed the small girl.

The number of murders between the drowning of the two small boys in the Rhine and the multiple stabbing of

Many who attended the execution wanted to be certain of the death of the man who had terrorized a generation.

Meek, well-mannered, neighborly Peter Kürten, turned out to be the city's dreaded, blood-drinking monster.

the small girl in Düsseldorf, was 15. And there were a good many murders that Kürten intended during the years between, and for one reason or another did not bring to their conclusion. Sometimes he was interrupted, but more often he suspended operations voluntarily. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "I wanted the victims to tell the tale themselves. I wanted to increase the panic which was spreading through Düsseldorf. Through all Germany," he added proudly.

Kürten displayed the most fantastic memory regarding every detail of his crimes. When he recalled in court his first murder as an adult—the killing of a ten-year-old girl named Christine Klein—he recalled the details of the bloodletting with quiet satisfaction.

"The head of the little girl," he narrated, "was toward the window. I seized it with one hand and crushed the neck for a minute and a half. She woke up and struggled a bit, then lost consciousness. I had a very sharp little pocket knife in my pocket. I held the little girl's head and cut her throat."

But it was not enough for him to see and smell blood. "I had to drink it," he explained casually. "If there wasn't a human being on hand, an animal would do. One day I'd been walking up and down the public gardens for some hours, looking for a victim. None was at hand, so I got hold of a sleeping swan by the side of the lake, chopped off the head, and drank the blood. I just had to do it! It tastes good, too!"

Such was the sickness of Peter Kürten. Yet his neighbors in the drab apartment house where he lived, the men with whom he worked, his fellow townsmen, while his murders filled their hearts with terror, not one of them suspected that the quiet, well-spoken fellow from the Mettmärnerstrasse was a ghoul.

The day of Kürten's arrest was May 24, 1930. It was by no means his first arrest. He had, in fact, already been sentenced some 17 times, and of his 47 years he had spent some 22 in prison. In the early years of the century it was arson, in the nineteen twenties it was murder. And during that time panic stalked the streets of Düsseldorf. Women would not let children out of their sight. Not only young girls, but strong men were afraid to walk the streets at night. As the murders mounted up, a flood of accusations poured into the offices of the Düsseldorf police, to the tune of 250 a day. The police followed up some 12,000 clues; of these, only three—if they had been competently examined—would have led to Kürten. It is one of the most fantastic facts in the history of crime that though the murderer was rubbing shoulders with his fellow citizens, he could remain so long undetected.

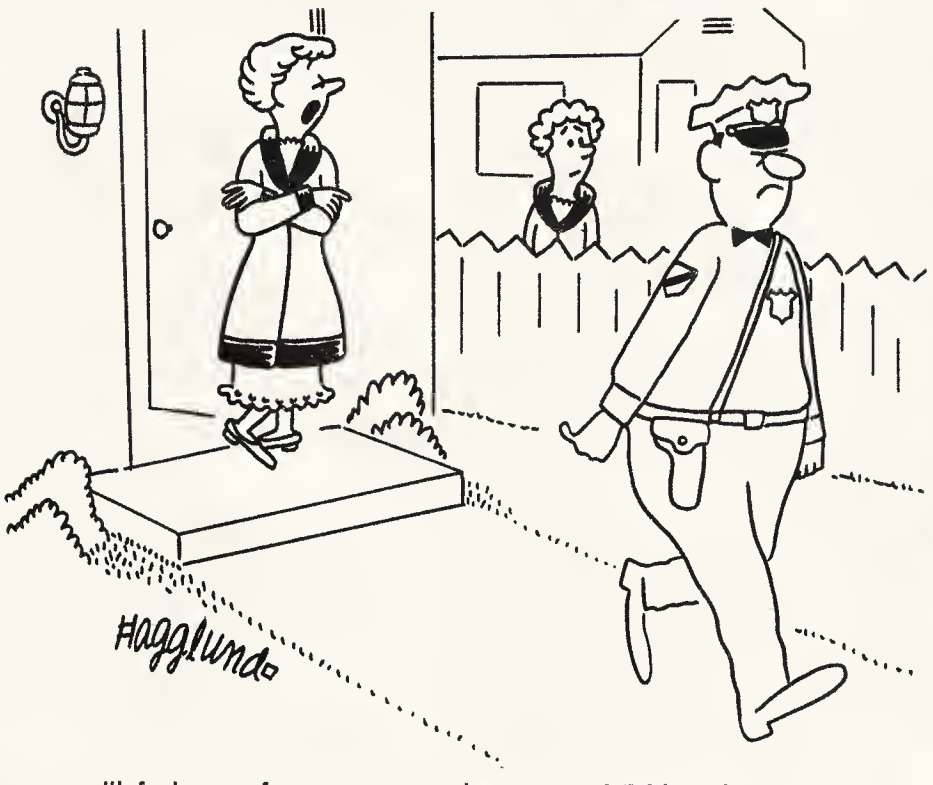
Take the case of Fräulein Unger. The Monster had met the young woman in the park and taken her for a glass of beer. Then followed the usual invitation for a walk in the woods, and the sudden onslaught. This time it was a hammer.

"I gave her a blow on the right temple," declared Kürten. "She dropped with a scream. I left her for dead after I'd hit her a few times. I saw the blood flowing."

Fräulein Unger survived. She could have identified the assailant with ease, but she did (*Continued on page* 54)

"I told you never to call me here!"

FEMALES

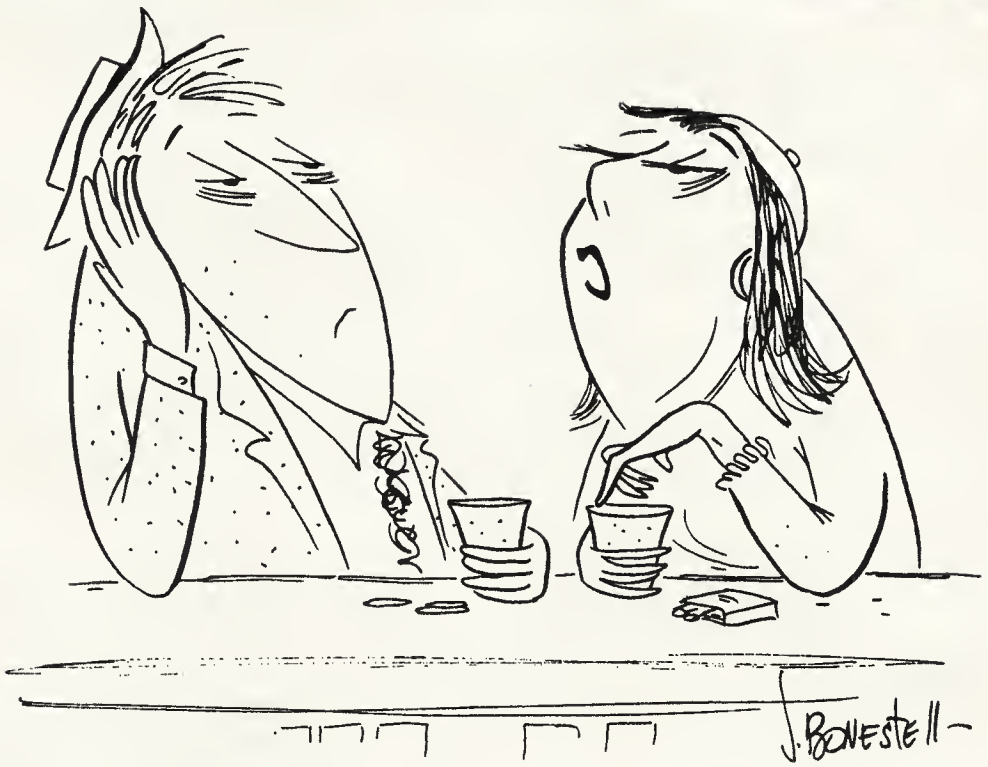


"I feel sorry for everyone at the corner of Fifth and Main today."

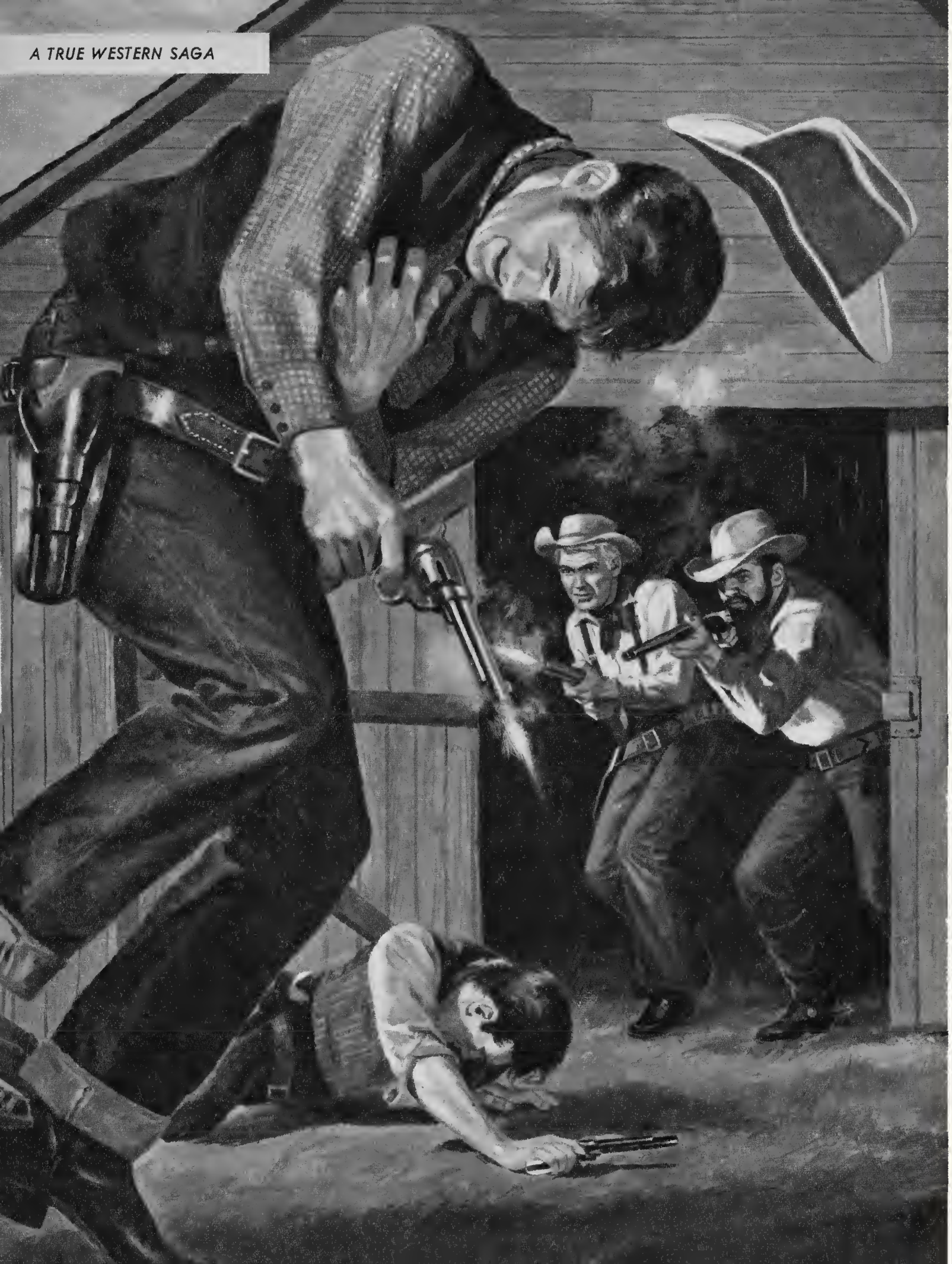
Girls will be girls. And no matter where they're from they seem to be dedicated to the same task— hosing the unsuspecting male.

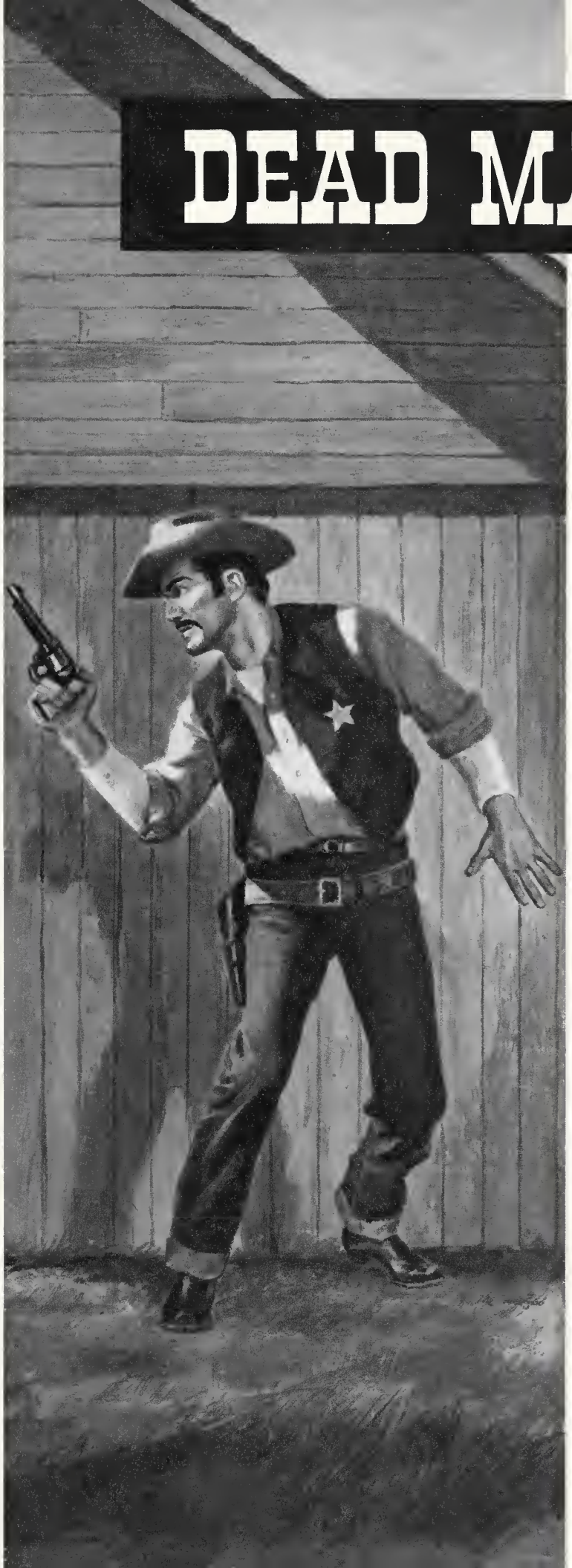
"See! What did I tell you?"

from INKLAND



"I was a governess—I took care of little boys, then older boys, then older boys, then older boys . . ."





DEAD MAN'S POSSE

For ten years every bounty hunter in the West came after them—but you don't collect rewards in the face of two pairs of deadly Colts.

by Russ Leadabrand and Bill Robertson

FAT rain clouds had pushed into the San Joaquin Valley all that long, chill October day like endless rolls of gray dough. Now they were trapped in melancholy rows, caught against the high scarp of the Sierra Nevada, unable to pass. As the wind beat down from the north the clouds deepened and darkened.

Three men on tired horses picking their way north from Tulare through the ancient burial mounds south of Visalia stopped and surveyed the sky.

"It sure as hell's going to rain before night," Vic Wilson commented sourly, easing himself sidewise in his saddle. "It's a bad sign. A lousy way to start a new job."

Neither of his two Indian companions answered. They were edgy. They were in an Indian burial ground and while it was not their own, they could read the signs. They made motions to be moving on, and rump-weary Wilson sighed again and led out.

The three men passed northward from the mounds toward Visalia. Night took giant steps across the valley under the lowering sky.

To the east, along the foothills, the chill rain began to fall. Vic Wilson was right. It was a bad sign. He had come all the way to California from Tucson, Arizona, with two trained Apache trackers on a special job. A week later he would be dead.

"Ten thousand dollars is the price. We mentioned that in the telegram," the red-faced merchant sat stiffly on the hotel room's only chair.

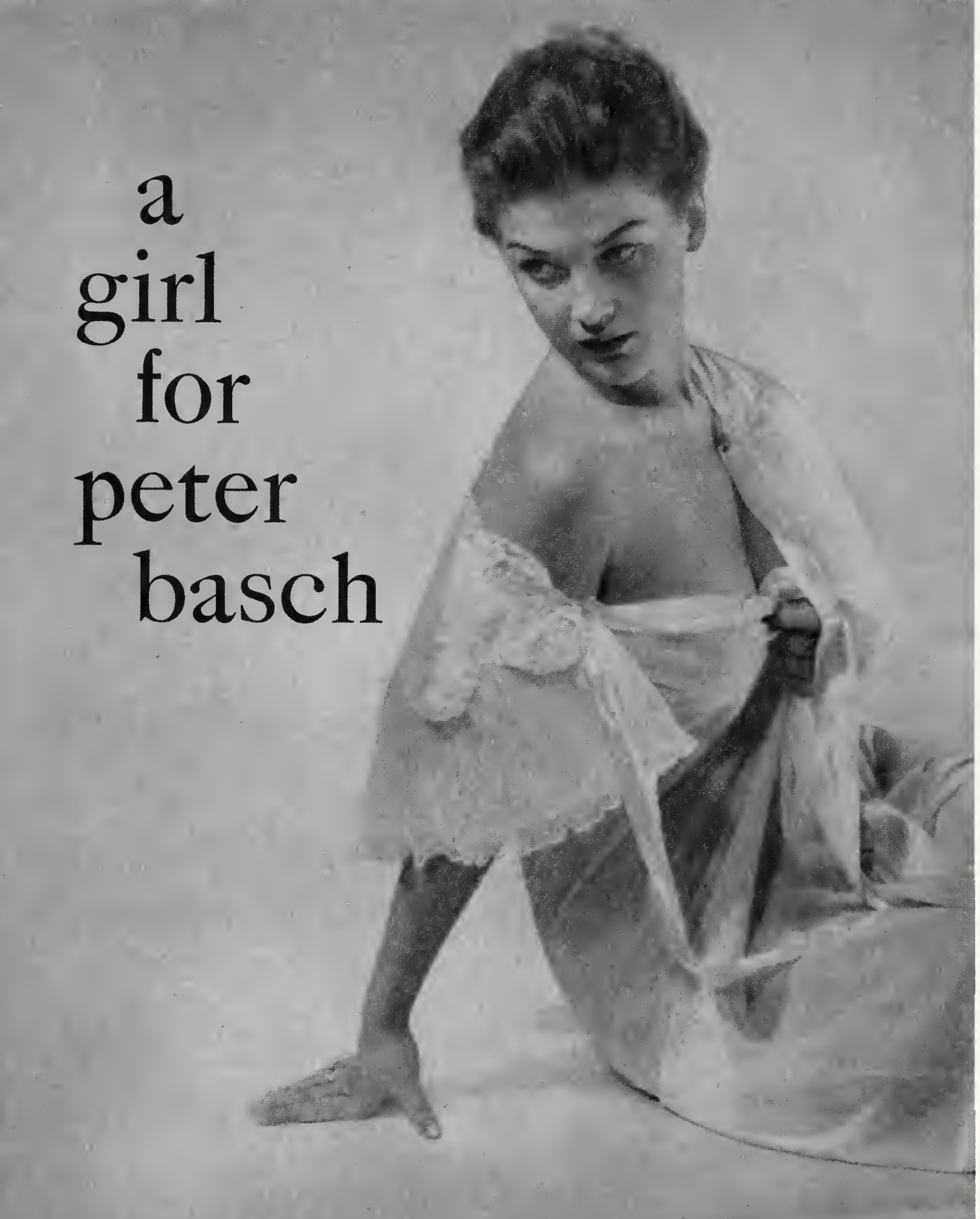
"I wanted to hear it again," said Vic Wilson from the edge of the bed. He grinned.

"We were impressed by your . . . qualifications," said the red-faced man.

"You'd have been impressed by any man with 27 notches on his gun," Wilson (*Continued on page* 62)

Before the deputies knew it, two of them were dead and the third was too confused to get off a shot.
Art by John Kuller

a girl for peter basch



SARI SOZAN

Though beautiful women are always knocking on his door, or stopping him in the street, or crowding him at cocktail parties, Peter has to turn most of them down— politely but emphatically.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For in order to remain one of the world's top glamour photographers he must insist upon perfection in his models. Sari Sozan is one of the chosen.

BEHEADING

It wasn't until after I had signed their death warrant that I found

IN SIAM

by Gerald Sparrow

out I was required—by their law—to be a witness to the execution.

When the curtains were drawn and we mounted the bench, the two accused, who had been sitting together talking in the dock, rose and faced the court. The man, whose name was Sarakarn, was a tall, handsome Pathan with pale blue eyes and a pointed beard, dyed red. His face was sensitive and intelligent, his movements quick. It was with something of a shock that I noticed his hands. They were too large, and extremely powerful. They looked as though they could choke the life out of you.

The girl, sitting close to him, appeared to be a Malay. She was certainly beautiful and seemed very young. I glanced at the charge. Her age was given as 17. Sumihta was her name. I studied her carefully. Her bold brown eyes were experienced, her head stood proudly on fine shoulders, and her neck was lovely, delicate, yet full. Perhaps her most striking feature was her mouth, for her lips turned up at the corners, giving the impression that she had savoured life and found it sweet.

Sarakarn and Sumihta were described as British subjects.

Prince Watyakorn read the charges to them in Siamese, Phra Nath checking them from his file. The accused needed no interpreter. Both spoke and understood Siamese.

The man, Nai Sarakarn, a wealthy merchant, was accused of murdering his wife, to whom he had been married 20 years. According to the charge, he had stabbed her to death with a butcher's knife in the early hours of the morning while she was sleeping. The motive was said to be his overpowering passion for the young girl. Sumihta was charged with conspiring with Sarakarn to commit murder, with instigating the plan, and with persuading him to carry it out, so that she could legally become his wife and inherit his property, an important portion of which had been in the name of the dead woman.

Phya Pada, the able Eurasian prosecutor, made it clear that the case was as grave against the girl as against the man. He had a nervous habit of stabbing the air with a gold pencil to emphasize his points, and the sun, streaming through the court window, caught its golden gleam when he denounced Sumihta as an evil, passionate girl.

Although by nature more an advocate than a Judge, I found my work at the International Court fascinating. It was varied, but it followed a pattern as characteristic in its way as that of any Western court. We tried everything—civil causes, crime, matrimonial disputes. The law we applied was Siamese Law, which is founded on excerpts from English, French, Swiss and Japanese legal systems. Underlying the whole is a broad basis of Siamese custom.

The story of the Court itself is peculiar, perhaps unique. What the lawyers call "extraterritoriality" was at one time common in the East. The great Western powers, particularly France and Britain, wished to secure for their subjects living in the Far East the benefits of French and British justice. In the colonies, of course, this was an automatic business. In free (*Continued on page* 42)

KID WITH THE

I'm a card cop. I can spot a shark's trick after one hand . . . then I ran into ordinary citizen Carl Breton. With him I had to first meet his wife.

men FICTION

I don't chalk up many failures. But this kid had me stopped.

There aren't many of us in the business. I'm on call with some of the best private agencies, which is where most of my work comes from. You take a nice club, if they suspect a member of cheating, they don't go to the local law, they get hold of a good agency. If it happens at your club, it's about a 50-50 chance that I will show up. I won't look like what you expect. I'm fat and

GOLDEN TOUCH

by John D. MacDonald

Art by John Leone

I cleaned up, of course. But Breton still went home with the twelve dollars he'd won before I turned mechanic.

bald and closer to 60 than I care to admit. Back in Keith circuit days I had a magic act. Mostly card stuff. I got interested in the sharpies. I used to go on lecture tours after that, wearing a black mask. Then I worked the big passenger liners, tying a can to the sharpies until my face got too well known in the trade.

Now I've got a little magic shop in Manhattan, and a good kid I can leave in charge when I go out on call. The calls usually don't last long.

This was a nice club, a men's club in the middle of a pleasant city in Pennsylvania. The club had been going a long time. You could smell the money. Old, dark, heavy furniture, a look of long-established security.

I checked in at a hotel and phoned the contact. He worked in a bank; his name was Tellford. He came over to the room. We had a talk. He said that only three members were in on it. I told him that I had registered under (*Continued on page* 44)

continued from page 6

May have a tape recorder inside that'll steal your teeth . . .

Midwest auto dealer will FIND A JOB for the unemployed guy who buys a car from him . . . Ex-GIs with some commando or other rough-house training MAKING OUT BIG IN THE PART-TIME PROTECTION BIZ. For a $25 yearly fee, ex-GI guarantees homeowner he'll pass his place at least once an hour from 6 p.m. to five in the morning. THESE BOYS ARE CLEANING UP IN AREAS WHERE THERE'S LITTLE POLICE PROTECTION . . . Tool "library" is one helluva profitable racket. You start stocking tools as kind of a hobby, until you have a wide variety. THEN YOU START RENTING THEM OUT JUST THE WAY A BOOK LIBRARY DOES . . .

GRAVY TRAIN

MAIL GOING BY ROCKET TO THE MOON will cost an estimated $25 a letter . . . Broker is always a smart idea when you've come up with a HOT NEW INVENTION. He'll know how much to SOAK A COMPANY. If you just pluck a ridiculous figure out of the air, company president will tell you where to put it and that he'll develop the gadget himself . . . If your wallet's pretty fat, the Government will sell you Angel Island, right near San Francisco's Golden Gate. Has 640 acres and a 750-foot mountain. Only drawback: no gas or electricity, no drinking water . . . Never, but never, go for the first tire price you hear. First line tires vary as much as ten bucks from one to another—DEPENDING ON YOUR ABILITY TO WORK THE GUY'S PRICE DOWN . . .

A FABULOUS ISLAND PARADISE TO KEEP IN MIND: St. Kitts in the Caribbean—a couple can there live on peanuts; under a thousand a year—and have a ball that never ends . . . Canada has almost one million islands in the lake and river water of Ontario—all beautiful, many liveable, and a great many for sale at a price the biggest of tightwads will go for . . . Costs more in Los Angeles to take out tonsils than in any other city in the country . . .

IF YOUR WATER'S HARD it's probably costing you an extra $117 a year by the time you figure in wasted soap, short life span of your water heater, plumbing and dishwasher repairs, and loss-of-clothing-life . . . THERE'S ALWAYS A DEMAND FOR BAD COUNTERFEIT MONEY. Racket guys use it to make pay-offs in dangerous situations—when takes can't squawk or haven't the time to examine it—like paying off bootleggers on foggy night at sea in a rolling boat . . .

GOVERNMENT EATING ITS HEART OUT to get these inventions from civilians: (1) Underwater detection using methods other than sound. (2) A destructive death ray that will kill at 500 yards WITHOUT REQUIRING MUCH POWER. (3) Method of concealing combat vehicles by making them unheard and invisible to light and radiation . . . The sun is the cheap heating unit for at least nine houses, privately owned, in the United States . . .

OUTDOOR SAVVY

MOST EVENLY MATCHED AFRICA FIGHT is that between a buzzard and cobra. Usually ends in a "draw"—with both being killed—the cobra coiled around the buzzard and the bird's claws dug into the snake's head . . . A REAL "FUN" GAME FOR AFRICAN NATIVES is to catch a baboon, shave off its hair in crazy patterns, color the patches with bright paint and send the raving animal shrieking off into the jungle like a weird-looking, crazy rug . . . IN CASE YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES TO SEE A GRIZZLY, the shot to take him out with is "just below the nose." This will drive into his heart, providing

KHAKI CROWD

HOME HINTS

the terrain is either level or slanted upward . . .

A HUNTING MYTH THAT CAN CAUSE TROUBLE: That snakes den up at sundown. Therefore you can't get bitten by a poisonous one at night. AIN'T SO . . .

KHAKI CROWD

THE GUY WHO RODE HIS CHUTE RIGHT DOWN INTO THE WATER, after bailing out, usually wound up in a helluva pickle. Leg straps would generally force a guy's head down into the water and make release almost impossible . . .

One fallacy downed airmen found about sharks is the one that says they prefer to bite off a limb at a time. SHARKS USUALLY PREFER TO TEAR OFF SMALL BITE-SIZE PIECES, small enough to swallow easily . . . Another misconception was that sharks had to roll over on their backs before they could chew a hunk out of you. Turned out they could tear off a piece from any angle . . . LOVE-MAKING WHALES TURNING OUT TO BE THE BEST FRIENDS RUSSIANS EVER HAD. They're getting in the way of our anti-submarine fleet by swallowing chunks of wrecked ships then throwing off our magnetic detectors . . . ARMY QUIETLY POUNDING HOME ESCAPE AND SURVIVAL TRAINING—how to resist capture, how to escape when captured, how to live off unfamiliar ground, how to set up anti-enemy teams if stuck in P.O.W. camps. Infantry feels we'll commit ourselves a lot better if many of us are captured in a future war . . . SURPRISINGLY LARGE NUMBER OF SURVIVORS ON LIFE RAFTS HAD THOUGHTS OF CANNIBALISM. Usually came up when one man cracked up and seemed "useless." Thought that came in heads of others was to eat him while he was alive and drink his blood. BUT THESE THOUGHTS GENERALLY VANISHED ONCE A GUY HAD DIED. NOBODY EVEN THOUGHT OF EATING "DEAD" MEAT . . . Very few cases of life raft survivors who were able to keep down drinks of urine, although many tried it . . .

MOST DREADED KIND OF BAILOUT IS THE AT-NIGHT ONE OVER WATER. Guy will usually go about 40 feet down before regaining consciousness and won't know which way is up. Only thing that'll save him is possibility of inflating a Mae West which will shoot him to surface . . . THREE OUT OF FOUR GUYS WHO WERE KILLED IN BAILOUTS were cooked because they failed to clear their planes . . .

PROBABLY THE WORST SURVIVAL EXPERIENCE of WWII involved the two airmen who bailed out successfully, made it into a life raft, then opened their survival manuals only to find they were for use in the jungle . . .

HOME HINTS

You may be in trouble if the house you've got your eye on has iron piping. MAKE SURE YOU CHECK OUT THE WATER PRESSURE. If it's weak, figure you'll need expensive new plumbing after you're stuck with the house. . . . THERE'S A HOT NEW SOLDERING-GUN KIT you ought to know about. A built-in spotlight illuminates work in shadowy areas. And the cutting tip works on rubber, vinyl, or asphalt tile, removes old putty and fuses thermosetting plastic. IT HAS A FLOCK OF INTERCHANGEABLE TIPS to do other odd jobs. . . . THREE WAYS TO AVOID DRY ROT: (1) Use decay resistant woods (cedar, redwood and cypress) (2) USE A HOT CHEMICAL. Zinc napthenate is good because it won't stain and (3) Remove decayed wood as soon as it forms, cutting out about 12 inches beyond area of actual decay . . . THERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW DELAYED ACTION SWITCH THAT KEEPS CAR HEADLIGHTS ON till you walk from your car to your house, then shuts them off . . .

BEHEADING IN SIAM

continued from page 37

countries, including Siam, they claimed the right to try their own nationals and confirmed that right in treaties. It was clearly an infringement on the sovereignty of the Eastern nations concerned, but often it saved them trouble and embarrassment. It was resented, but permitted and recognized.

The system worked well. During my first week I tried a prosecution for the unlawful possession of opium, and an irrigation dispute in which one farmer stated that his supply of water had been diverted by a neighbor, thus reducing his rice harvest.

One kind of crime we seldom had—murder. The Siamese are almost 100 per cent Buddhist, the foreign missions having made practically no permanent disinterested converts in Siam. Murder is the antithesis of the gentle Buddhist creed and the Siamese are reluctant to admit it has ever occurred.

There was another reason why murder so seldom figured in our lists. Old Siamese medical theory, now largely superseded by modern medical practice, ascribed all illnesses to a disturbance of the elements that were supposed to make up the human body, which could remain in health only when they were perfectly balanced. The element that gave the most trouble, for it was always going wrong, was wind. The Siamese word for it is "lom."

Nowadays a widespread modern medical service operates in Siam and the young doctors, male and female, are some of the country's most progressive citizens, but the conditions I have outlined prevailed in 1930. I was, therefore, all the more astonished one Monday morning shortly after my arrival, on entering the Judges' room, to see on the trial list one case only down for four days' hearing. It was described, quite bluntly, as murder. Moreover, there were two accused—a man and a woman—and they were both charged with murder and with conspiracy to murder. There was no secondary charge such as manslaughter. It was murder, or it was nothing. I was surprised then, but I had no presentiment of what was to follow. It was the case I have already begun to describe. . . .

Both the accused faced the court and Prosecutor with considerable composure. When a telling point was made against them, Sumihta would turn to her lover and smile as if to reassure him. Their composure seemed well justified, for I read, in Sarakarn's written defense, that he would call four independent witnesses who would swear that on the night of the crime he was with them at Ayuthia, some fifty miles from Bangkok, playing cards in the house of a friend. The names, ages, occupations and addresses of the alibi witnesses were given. If their testimony remained unshaken—and they were all merchants of substance—no evidence which Phya Pada might call would convict either of the accused. Sumihta, of course, in her written defense, confirmed the alibi in all its detail.

There was, moreover, some circumstantial evidence—whether it was genuine or faked we did not know—which seemed to support the defense theory that Sarakarn's wife had heen murdered while attempting to resist robbers who, knowing Sarakarn was wealthy and possibly absent, had broken into the house. A lock had been smashed and some jewelry and money were missing.

The Prosecution, too, did not lack circumstantial evidence, and it was damaging. Sarakarn had heen infatuated with Sumihta for over a year. She had had two previous lovers, hoth married and both wealthy. It appeared that she chose the victims of her charms with calculation. Her love for Sarakarn had consumed her to the exclusion of all else, and she bad been faithful to him from tbe first day they met.

Sarakarn was busy during the day, but usually returned home at dusk, and shortly afterwards it was Sumihta's habit to leave her own house and walk the short distance to Sarakarn's fine bungalow. There she would stay until midnight, playing cards, drinking and making love to the husband, while his wife wept in the kitchen, not daring to enter the living-room lest she should find Sumihta in the act of love and incur her rage.

SOMETIMES provoked beyond endurance, the wife would from time to time rebel and storm at Sarakarn and the girl. When this happened, Sumihta would seize an oxen whip that hung on the wall near the window and hand it to Sarakarn, who would beat his wife. Neighbors said they had heard the woman's screams, and a little servant girl went into the witness box to swear that if Sumihta was not satisfied with the punishment her lover inflicted, she would snatch the whip and beat the old woman frenziedly until she crawled away, broken and utterly subdued. The evidence showed that these scenes, at one time frequent, had hecoome rare before the murder.

Sumihta, giving evidence, did not deny most of the allegations. She admitted she was Sarakarn's mistress and intended to become his chief wife. Sarakarn had given her all the dead woman's jewelry, as was suitable since she was to take her place. She also admitted, smilingly, that she had encouraged Sarakarn to beat his wife "to keep her in her place."

Wben it was suggested in cross-examination that the wife interfered with her love affair, Sumihta said that it was not true. She had done exactly what she had wanted when she wanted to do it. She added the significant remark, "The raging of the old woman only increased my love for him. I did not care about her at all."

I had a strong impression that this was partly correct and that Sumihta derived a sadistic satisfaction from beating the old wife and making love to the husband in her house. The wife's protests had merely served to inflame her passion. The real reason for the killing was revealed hy one of the last of the Prosecution witnesses, a young Siamese official of good family from the Office of the Land Registry.

Five years previously Sarakarn had transferred two valuable pieces of land to his wife as part of a general plan to avoid taxation under Siamese law. On two recent occasions he had applied to have these re-transferred to his own name, stating that his wife agreed and that the transfer to her had heen purely technical. The officials, of course, refused to re-transfer without the wife's consent in person. She was now the legal owner, they insisted. Sarakarn had been unable to persuade his wife to come to the Registry. Moreover, the official, who was Deputy Registrar, had been dissatisfied, and had visited Nang Sarakarn, the wife, secretly at her house one evening to find out the real position. He arrived after office hours, shortly after seven. Sumihta was already in the living room with Sarakarn, and the young man met the wife on the large back verandah where most of the cooking was done.

The official, Nai Pramote, said that the wife was nervous at first, but later talked to him freely and eagerly. Every night, just hefore midnight, she said she had to make supper and take it to her husband and the girl. The little serving maid would follow her, carrying the wine.

She refused even to consider transferring the land back to Sarakarn as long as he was Sumihta's lover. The deeds were the only hold she had over him and, perhaps, on life itself. Nai Pramote told her that, if she died intestate, Sarakarn would receive the property anyway and she might be in danger. In view of the circumstances, she had better make a will leaving her property to her two children. She refused to take his advice, however, and had broken down, sobbing pitifully.

"I only want my husband back," she cried. "For 20 years he was a good man, caring for me and giving me a present on our wedding day to show he had not forgotten I was his wife. I am true and loving to him, and he had no women, except a few careless girls of the town, until this young witch came and made love to him in the new way I do not understand."

Nai Pramote, as easily moved as most young men, had been touched by the sincerity and love of the woman, and her humiliation upset him. How complete that humiliation was he could see when the time came for the supper and wine to be taken to the lovers. Some ten days before, after a scene, Sumihta had devised a new punishment for the wife. She must bring the supper as usual, but she must enter the room on her knees and serve it in that position, waiting beside the table until they had both finished before withdrawing in the same manner.

Before he left, Nai Pramote was shown a crack in the teak wall of tbe sitting-room. "If you look through that," the wife said, "you will see what I have to bear."

His curiosity aroused, Nai Pramote had watched the whole scene. Sumihta and Sarakarn took nearly an hour over their supper and Sumihta flirted while the wife knelt in a corner, her eyes averted. As they were finishing, Sumihta started to undress, flinging her clothes onto a chair. As she took off her last garment, she threw her shoes at the old lady as a sign that she was to go.

Nai Pramote, abashed, was going to hurry away when, in the act of love, Sumihta had started to talk to her lover and the words uttered were so startling that he had remained for one more minute, revolted hut curious.

"Butcher the old cow now," urged the girl, "hefore it is too late and she ruins us hy leaving the land to her own people."

As this awful evidence was given Sumihta showed her first sign of anxiety. Her supple little dimpled brown hands, with their diamond and sapphire rings, clenched convulsively, and she dug her long finger nails into her palms. Sarakarn frowned and shook his head. At the same instant the tension was hroken when the great electric fan of the court, which kept the Bench cool and the rest of the court from suffocation, hegan to whirr at full speed.

Sumihta gave her evidence skilfully. After admitting the heatings, the "crawling" order, and the adultery, she ahsolutely denied the incriminating conversation and the murder itself.

Then Sarakarn entered the witness hox and made his denial firmly and emphatically. His four witnesses, who were friends of his, took the oath of the Koran and were not unduly shaken in cross-examination.

WHEN the defense had given its version of the facts, it seemed certain that the case against the accused had failed for lack of sufficient evidence. Sumihta clutched her lover's hand and smiled at him. Everything seemed within her grasp—a husband, wealth, the sole possession of her man. Then an unexpected thing happened.

Phya Pada, the Prosecutor, asked leave to call fresh evidence on the alibi. Arguments were submitted and we retired to have tea and consider the matter. We sat again in 15 minutes and allowed the application. The evidence was of a startling character. The police had traced a large number of 100 tical notes from the accounts of Sarakarn at the Provincial Bank to each of the four alibi witnesses. In the case of one, the sum of exactly 5,000 ticals had been traced: in the other cases, smaller but suhstantial sums. It so happened that the notes were new and issued with their serial numhers intact, a circumstance that greatly aided the police. When the evidence of these hribes was given, Sumihta collapsed and had to he restored hy a doctor.

Sarakarn was at a loss to explain the payments. He had not time to concoct a story. He broke down hopelessly, but still clung passionately to his denial of murder. One technical witness was recalled. He testified that a spot of blood on Sarakarn's coat was human hlood. There was no analysis, of course, as to its category.

Now the most open terror, which was dreadful to behold, gripped the prisoners. The blood drained from Sumihta's face and she swallowed convulsively. Sarakarn held his head in his hands as if it tortured him.

The trial soon ended and, as was the custom in Siam, a date some 15 days ahead was fixed for judgment. The two prisoners were led out to he held separately in their dungeons. The waiting must have been purgatory, for they could not comfort each other.

The Judges and I studied the file minutely, first individually, then together. The final evidence, we all agreed, was convincing. Sarakarn must he convicted, but what of Sumihta? She was so young—and she had been in love. Was that to excuse her evil behaviour? She had planned the murder and had insisted on its being carried out. If Sarakarn had wavered, she would have thrown the hot hlanket of her love over him to smother his doubts. She had plotted and contrived the whole affiair, and had extorted the murderous promise from him in the enjoyment of adultery. Without her there would certainly have been no murder. With extreme reluctance we decided unanimously that Sumihta must be convicted too and sentenced to death. In all our minds was the reservation that two higher Courts, the Appeal Court and the Supreme Court, would review our findings and, even after that, the King might exercise the royal prerogative of mercy, should our judgment he confirmed.

I think we were surprised when both superior courts unhesitatingly confirmed the judgment and sentence, and dismayed when the Government refused to ask the King to exercise his powers of reprieve in the case of Sumihta. The view was held that at last justice had heen done in a most terrible crime.

I had not realized that, as a signatory of the judgment, I should be required to witness the executions, but such was the rule. On the appointed day, therefore, a Saturday, Tok drove the two Judges and me to the place of execution on the outskirts of the city.

Executions were by the sword and were nominally private. In actual fact they could he witnessed hy a large crowd, for only a canvas pegged to stakes and not more than four feet in height surrounded the area set aside for the decapitations. Over this canvas anyone, except small children, could get an unobstructed view of the proceedings.

Many features of the case had attracted puhlic interest: Sarakarn's wealth, his long marriage, Sumihta's heauty and notoriety and the "crawling" order. Small wonder, then, that at least 5,000 people were gathered to see, if they could, the end of the rich merchant and his terrible lover. Within the enclosure were only the two Judges, a police officer, two constables, the executioner and I. I did not see a doctor, though no douht one was within call.

THE prisoners were seated on the ground, quite close together, their arms—as far as the elhows—secured to stakes behind them; their legs tied to a piece of hoarding. Their hands were free and they could turn their heads. Otherwise they seemed to be tightly bound.

The executioner, a watery-eyed, nervous little man with a drooping moustache, at first seemed upset, almost apologetic. He wore a suit of white, the colour of Eastern mourning, and a blood-red cummerbund.

I asked the police officer whether Sarakarn and Sumihta were to be executed together.

"No, sir," he replied. "The orders of the Ministry of the Interior are that the man must he executed first, as he is the first accused. Then the girl, the second accused."

This was dreadful, but there was nothing to he done. The entire arrangement for the execution was out of our hands. We had merely to sign a form stating that it had been duly carried out.

Sarakarn had apparently been drugged, for he had a bemused look, quite different from his usual alert expression. He showed no fear, and even revealed a certain resignation and beatitude. Not so Sumihta. I was told she had refused all artificial aid. She would take neither opium nor alcohol, and her eyes protruded in horror as she turned her head first this way, then that, watching the executioner.

"We're invited to a party!"

That functionary was sharpening his great lemon-shaped sword on a stone and taking his time about it. He eventually got up and, twirling the blade above his head, advanced with rhythmic steps and postures to where Sarakarn was hound. It was not a dance hut a death shuffle, for he made exactly the came movements, which must have been traditional, each time he advanced on his victim and each time he retreated.

On the fourth approach he hrought down his blade into Sarakarn's neck. Cries of dismay and derision escaped the crowd. The executioner had bungled horribly. It took him two more hurried strokes to achieve his purpose and even then, Sarakarn's head, refusing to fall, hung limply from his shoulders. Sarakarn had definitely heen alive after the first stroke. The interminahle arguments on capital punishment seemed to race through my mind as I stood there in the heat, wishing to close my eyes but unable to do so.

THE first hlow against Sarakarn, although not killing him, released a gush of blood that drenched Sumihta. She gave a terrified scream that seemed hardly human and heat her breasts in agony. On the orders of the police officer she was given an injection in the leg, hut it appeared to have no effect. Her fear and frenzy were heyond drugs. The executioner had heen angered hy the taunting of the crowd and the slur cast on his professional skill. Her eyes dilated with horror, Sumihta watched him retire to the hack of the enclosure, where he deliherately drank a bottle of rice spirit, neat.

The drink made a new man of him. No longer the apologetic craven being, he became the chief actor and hero of the scene, determined to win the applause of his audience. He sharpened a fresh sword and started his ritualistic death walk with much firmer steps and with exaggerated postures which made the mob laugh wildly. The spectators were now reacting to his every movement and to his obscene grimaces. It had become a public holiday. The show was on.

He threw his sword in the air and caught it. Cheers rent the air. He executed an imaginary figure with one ferocious swipe. The crowd roared. And then he advanced behind Sumihta who was straining at the ropes hinding her in order to catch a glimpse of him. The executioner turned this into a game, dodging her field of vision, coming up close behind her and patting her head. He was now thoroughly enjoying himself and in no hurry to take his bow. Seven times he advanced behind the girl. Each time, believing it to be her last moment, she would clutch her neck and scream as the citizens yelled their delight.

The seventh time he struck with great force and accuracy. Sumihta's head leaped from her shoulders. The crowd hurst into a wild ovation.

The two Siamese Judges were tremendously shaken hy the scene. One was very sick. We hurriedly signed the papers certifling that Nai Sarakarn and Sumihta had been duly executed.

As we drove away, the crowd fell silent. One of the constables picked up Sumihta's head and reverently stooped to place it again on her delicate shoulders. On the way home we spoke not a word. Each of us was trying to cleanse the frightful nightmare from his mind. **END**

KID WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

continued from page 39

the name of John Harrison, just in case his pigeon happened to be a pro who would recognize my name. He said he would make arrangements at the desk of the club.

He gave me the background. "We have a group who have been playing hridge regularly together for several years. It's a cut-in game. The stakes sound high, three cents a point, hut they aren't actually that high in effect, hecause we're all ahout the same caliher. At the end of a year we aren't many dollars apart. We get together every Tuesday night in the card room. We play from eight until about two in the morning. Last year one of the regulars died of a heart attack. A young man named Carl Breton had joined the club a few months hefore that. He was put up for memhership hy his employer. Breton works in the accounting department of a local manufacturing plant. He's ahout 33, a quiet pleasant young man. We knew he played good hridge, but we didn't think he would want to play for those stakes. A year ago we asked him to join us tentatively. He accepted. It brought our roster back up to six, a good number for a cut-in game."

"And ever since that, he has won consistently," I said.

"Precisely. Forty, 60, 100 dollars every Tuesday. We can well afford the loss. We thought for some time that it was hecause he played better bridge. But our sort of a game gives you plenty to kibitz. I've sat behind him and seen him make mistakes. I have seen him make improper bids. You, of course, understand the game."

"I understand it. And it's one of the tougher games to cheat in. Does he ever lose?"

"Very infrequently, and then it's a small amount. And one night he won $300. A very exceptional evening for him. We hesitated a long time over calling in . . . an expert."

"Why did you decide he was cheating?"

"He seems to know precisely where every card is before the play of the hand is hegun. His finesses work too often. In the long run, without any information from the bidding, a finesse should work 50 per cent of the time. His are closer to 90. He misses once in a while. And, by the same token, his opening leads are . . . pretty devastating."

"That sounds like he was using readers. How about the cards?"

"We start with two new decks every Tuesday evening."

"Examined them afterward?"

"We thought he might he marking them somehow. We can't find any marks."

"I know how to handle it. I'll discover the method. Then you and I will have a private talk with him, Mr. Tellford. He'll resign quietly. You've arranged to get me into the game?"

"The two men who know who you are aren't going to show up tomorrow night. Another memher is out of town. So it will be just you and I, Mr. Breton, and a man named Mueller. We'll cut for partners after each rubber. I'll bring you along to fill in. I thought that would give you the best chance. If you wish, one of the other men could come and then you'd get a chance to sit behind Carl Breton during the . . ."

"I can learn what he's doing hy playing with him," I said. I was very confident.

The next night Tellford and I arrived first. It was a pleasant place to play. Green felt tahle top, low-hanging shaded light, a handy button to push for a drink, smaller tahles with ash trays at your elbow. Tellford, for practice, called me John and I called him Dick. Mueller arrived next. Barney Mueller, a big asthmatic man with a wheezing laugh. Carl Breton was the last, apologizing for being a few minutes late. He was a tall, nice-looking young man with a shy pleasant smile.

They played seriously. No small talk. The ripple sound of the cards, the monosyllables of the bidding. I drew Mueller first. It was competent bridge; nothing really tournament class, but nothing to he ashamed of either. I watched Breton's hands, particularly when it was his turn to shuffle, and his turn to deal. He was no mechanic. I could spot that. The fingers of the left hand didn't curl around the cards in the mechanic's grip. Nothing much happened in the first ruhher. Mueller and I got ourselves a 900 ruhher in five hands.

Then Mueller drew Breton, and I was on Breton's left. They worked tentative bidding up to four spades. I had a legitimate douhle. Breton played. He needed to make three out of four finesses to fake. He made the full four for an overtrick. I knew he hadn't peeked at my hand. Nor had he had a chance to see my partner's. Tellford gave me a meaningful glance across the tahle.

TELLFORD was declarer on the next bid. It looked safe. But Breton made a heautiful and unorthodox lead through my dummy strength on an unhid suit. That lead set us. I studied Carl Breton's mannerisms. He played almost woodenly, his face expressionless, lips compressed. He did not seem to glance at the backs of the cards held hy the other players. He kept his eyes directed at the center of the table where the light was hrightest.

I went through all the tricks I could remember. Like the man who had a cigarette lighter with a mirror surface, and dealt the cards over it, reading the spots and remembering as he dealt rapidly. The handaged-finger trick, with a sharpened, cut down thumbtack under the handage to mark each ace and face with a tiny, almost imperceptible, puncture code. Nothing worked. The guy read the cards and he kept on reading them, and I couldn't find out how.

Later I sat in Tellford's car outside the hotel and said, "It's something new. It's a gimmick I've never run into. Mathemati-

cally, what he's doing is impossible. Nobody guesses right that often, in spite of what they claim at Duke University. See if you can arrange a game for tomorrow night, or Thursday night."

"We'd better make it Thursday."

"Okay. If he's that sharp, then he's going to recognize the other forms of cheating. I'll use half the evening trying to spot what he's doing. Then I'll turn mechanic and see if we can get a yelp out of him."

"Why?"

"If be spots it, then changes bis style of game and doesn't yelp, it means he's recognizing me as one of the brethren."

THE game was set up. Mueller couldn't play. A man named Howe played. He was one of the ones in on my reason for being there. By 11:30 I badn't spotted a thing. In my next shuffle, I got a spade into every fourth slot and crimped tbe deck just enough so tbat I led Tellford, the man across from me, into the cut I wanted, and Breton into dealing me my 13 spades. I had arranged a later payback, so I used demand bidding to work my way hesitantly into the seven spade contract, happily redoubling Breton's double, which was based on a pair of aces and a couple of outside kings. His partner led and I spread the band, watching Breton. He gasped and gaped, and I didn't know if it was honest surprise, or a good masking of suspicion. I notched the cards with my thumbnail, second dealt whenever it was my deal, stacked the deck whenever it was my shuffle. I cleaned up, of course. But Breton still went home with 12 dollars, all that was left of wbat he had won before I turned mechanic.

When we parked in front of the hotel, I sensed that Tellford was disappointed with the service he was getting. I was too disheartened to even try to bluff. I told bim I had never missed, and maybe this was the first time; and if so, no fee.

I couldn't sleep. I sat on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigar. I tried to remember what it was, if anything, that set Carl Breton apart from other bridge players. If anything, it was that curious woodenness. After tbe hand had ended, instead of leaning back and relaxing like most players do, be would stay in that curious immobility. Not for long; for about ten seconds, then you could see him relax and wait for the next hand. Why in the world did he do that?

And there was one other thing. A very vague tbing. A sort of cyclical aspect in his guessing. Once in a while he would make bad guesses. Not often. Just once in a wbile. But what happened eacb time before one of those hands where his guesses weren't so sharp? Something tugged at my mind.

It wasn't until I was stretched out flat again, cigar finished, that it came to me! His guesses went bad on the second hand following a hand that had been thrown in because there was no bid. I sat up and grinned into the darkness, then lay back and fell asleep.

At ten the next morning I rang the doorbell of Carl Breton's small white house. The lawn was green and tailored. The house looked freshly painted. I knew be was at work. I had checked. The door was opened and tbe woman wheeled herself back away from it. She was fresh and pretty. She handled the wheel cbair in a way tbat showed long practice. Tbere were a few lines around her mouth, lines of old pain, I guessed.

"Good morning," I said. "Have you ever forgotten anytbing?"

"What a weird way to start a conversation," she answered, cocking her head.

I put on a doleful look. "It sure is. But according to the company, that's the way I'm supposed to start out. They claim it works."

She laughed. It was a good laugh. "You poor man! I bet you get tired of saying that. What in the world are you selling?"

"A memory course, Madame. The Acme method of memory building. A half-hour a day of simple instruction and at the end of the course you'll never forget a name or a face. A simple example. You are introduced to a Mrs. Ferris. No. I won't use that example. Please tell me what your name it."

"Dorotby Breton."

"Hmm. Tbat's a tough one. Breton. Let me see. With tbat blonde hair and that complexion you have sort of a Dutch girl look. Like your hair should be in braids. Braid-on. Breton. Far fetched, I know. But now I've given my memory a key to you. I'll never forget your name."

Sbe gave me a wide-eyed look. "But, goodness, I never forget names anyway."

"Hard to sell, eh?" I was enjoying her. She was likeable. She was having fun. It was time for my jack pot question. "How about your husband then?"

"There," she said, flattening my hopes, "you might have something. He's absolutely helpless. He lays something down and the next minute he can't remember where he put it. He's terrible with names *and* faces."

"Maybe he's my customer tben," I said, maintaining my smile with an effort.

She frowend. "I don't know. It's the strangest darn thing about Carl. He can recite a list of all the names of the vice-presidents, and all the pharaohs of Egypt, and if you let him read a list of numbers from here to there, he can read it once and give it to you perfectly an hour later. But he can't ever find his tie clip."

Now I had it, and my smile was complete again. I felt fine. Record unimpaired. "You ought to buy him the course, Mrs. Breton, and make sure that he takes it."

"Did you say 30 days? I won't be around that long. I'm going off next week for some hatchet work. They're trying to get me off wheels." She said it without the slightest trace of self-consciousness.

"Are they going to?" I asked her.

"Sooner or later. But it's so darn slow, and so darn expensive. It keeps us broke most of the time, but Carl doesn't kick. He's a dear. Would you like some coffee? I've got some on the stove."

WE talked in the kitchen. She had a good attitude. It had been a bad accident. Compound fractures of both legs. The car had skidded and tbrown ber against the door, the door had opened and she bad gone out. Sbe had braced ber feet during the skid so they were caught behind tbe heater. And she made good coffee. They bad two kids, both in grade school. Each time she went to Philadelphia for more bone surgery they had to hire a bousekeeper.

She wished me luck in my door-to-door selling. I walked down the street and looked back at the bouse. A nice flavor of happiness there. Made me think of old days, of chances lost, of a girl whose bair had been just a bit darker than Dorothy Breton's, and of a stupid guy wbo wanted to get out of that small town for keeps . . .

I checked out of the hotel, left my suitcase at the station, and went to the bank to see Tellford. He had a nice office. The bank was busy. A rustling sound, as if everybody was counting money.

I sat down and said, "Well, I've got it."

He nodded, his eyes narrowing. "Hoped you would. What is it?"

"I know exactly what he's doing and how. But I'm not going to tell you."

His eyes turned very frosty. I was glad I wasn't asking him for a loan. "I think you'd better explain that."

"What Breton is doing is perfectly ethical, legitimate, legal. Any of you other gentlemen could do the same thing." I paused, then sank the barb, praying that it was deep enougb. I shrugged, to make it a little better. "You men can always stop playing with him. Protect your money. But if you can find out what he does, you might all become better bridge players. Tournament class, maybe. Good day, Mr. Tellford."

HE didn't stop me. I got on my train. I sat in the coach, looked out of tbe window and felt a good deal of admiration for Mr. Carl Breton. He bad to play eacb band carefully and well, keeping track of the cards. And at the same time he had to remember the sequence of the cards in each trick tbat was picked up, see exactly in what order they were picked up. He had to remember two sequences. The opposition's tricks and his own. Then see the order in which the two stacks of tricks were placed. That time of wooden immobility was when he re-affixed the order of the whole deck of cards in his mind. Then, almost incredibly, be bad to set that sequence aside and give his whole attention to the other deck, the one to be played with next, the order of which he had previously memorized.

Check it yourself. Take a new deck in order. Give it the same casual shuffle and cut as you would in a game with friends. Deal out four bands. Pick up one. Got the queen of bearts? Then nine times out of ten the king will be either in the hand on your left, or in you partner's hand. If you have to finesse, you know which way to go.

My best clue was the way his guesses were more shaky two hands after a hand had been thrown in. The double shuffle of the discarded hand distributed the sequence too much. And no wonder the guy acted wooden and remote. Eacb band be played was an almost incredible feat of multiple memory. For, during each hand he had to remember the old sequence of those same cards so he could play cleverly. And he had to remember the order in wbicb the tricks were being stacked. And, back in his mind, he had to keep on file tbe sequence of the cards which would be used for the next hand. The boy was earning bis money.

I wondered if I was getting soft. I had decided to tell Tellford a neat way be could lick the method. Three more riffles on each shuffle. Then I said nothing. I couldn't collect a fee. I didn't want it. Let them sweat it out. They had the time and the money and the brains. Sooner or later they would catch on.

But by then maybe Breton would have his lady off wbeels. **END**

THE KING WHO COLLECTS WOMEN

continued from page 20

the women who have visited bis bed report tbat be's a nice fellow. In his own way he treats a girl quite well, often spending fantastic sums of money just to please her while he indulges his lustful appetites. Once, while he was still on Egypt's throne, he boarded the higgest of his royal yachts and scoured the Mediterranean coast to see what it had to offer in the way of feminine curves. It was Farouk's boast that this hoat slept as many as 20 female companions at one time.

A permanent fixture in Rome's champagne circuit, Farouk's wolf whistle is as familiar a sound as the city's famous church bells. Sometimes he's seen with as many as three different women a night. Yet no woman ever really can claim his attention for very long. Though his hunger seems insatiahle, variety is the spice of his life. Take the time he set up a lavish love nest for the belly dancer, Tahia Karim. She hoasted to her friends that sbe'd one day be "the woman who will carry the future crown prince." But the well formed Tabia got her walking papers just as soon as another maiden fell before the tubby playboy's heavy paws.

DURING the years Farouk has racked up a numher of notahle conquests. At one resort hé set aside a special room in his hotel suite for the curvaceous Paris cafe singer, Aimee Berryer: She was shipped to Cairo for an extended nightcluh engagement after he got bored. Another time he picked up his old friend, cootch dancer Samia Gamal, who provided him with private performances of her hest number, Virgin of the Nile. But it was Samia who provided the hrush-off when she exchanged nuptial vows with a Texan.

Perhaps Farouk's most eye-lifting affair was the one he had with a Neapolitan heauty contest winner, a fantastically upholstered blonde hy the name of Irma Capece Minutolo. Irma caught Farouk's fancy when she was 16-years-old, while in a Bikini hathing suit on the Isle of Capri. Later the honeytressed beauty managed to wiggle past the king at Canzone del Mare in a way that left no doubt as to tbe quality of her sugar and spice. Not too long after that, the former Miss Naples proceeded to exercise an almost hypnotic power over the royal playhoy. He launched her in Rome society. He threw party after party in her honor. Her slightest whim was his order. He lavished attention on her like a college boy on a hottle of heer.

When the ex-king finally said good-hy to the lovely blonde it was with four limousines, a crate of jewelry and enough flashy clothes to outfit three seasons of the Folies Bergere. "For the daughter of a poor taxicah driver," Irma told a reporter from the newspaper *Paese-Sera,* "I don't think I did so had. You can quote me and say that the king is really a nice man."

Even though every woman with wbom he has done husiness with praises him highly Farouk is perhaps the most despised celebrity in the world. There are few people in Italy, not to mention the Arab World, who do not consider him a genuine, 24-carat heel.

Ironic indeed, that he himself is ohsessed with a fantastic compulsion to he liked. In puhlic the king always makes it a point to be pleasant and charming and invariably keeps a smile painted helow his mustache.

Perhaps the one factor that gave him more notoriety than anything else was his hohhy. Farouk is a collector, hut not in the ordinary sense of the word. And it wasn't until be had abandoned his throne, in July, 1952, that the world was to find out just what kind of collector that meant: Farouk had accumulated tbousands of nude photos, magic-lantern slides, suggestive paintings; 400 decks of cards with girlie pictures; pornographic manuscripts and hooks; ohscene amulets; hundreds of stag movies; off-color statues and erotic murals; French postcards hy the ton, and a variety of other purple ohjects which could only have heen sought hy a mind tbat had sunk to the deepest sexual abyss. It was indeed no sage statesman who owned that collection, which was considered the most extensive of all time. In his own manner, Farouk had mocked his own name: Farouk means, "one who carefully distinguishes hetween right and wrong."

Two years after Farouk's hasty departure from Egypt, the greater part of his collection was sold at public auction in Cairo. In the sale was the piece he had perhaps valued more than any other, a pair of diamond-studded snuff hoxes which had once heen owned hy Frederick the Great. These were purchased by Italy's top jeweler, Bulgari of Rome, for $130,000. Because Farouk insists that that collection is still legally his, he is suing everyhody who purchased items at the auction, including Bulgari. Some Egyptians helieve that many of the objects sold were bought up by Farouk's own agents, and he has most of them in his present home on the outskirts of Rome, the Villa Dusmet, a secluded seaside estate formerly belonging to Italian actor Amedeo Nazzari.

FAROUK was born in Cairo on Fehruary 11, 1920, the only son of Fuad I, last Khedive of Egypt. The ruling dynasty was founded hy an Albanian soldier of fortune who hecame Viceroy of Egypt in 1805. Among Farouk's favorite ancestors was his grandpa, Khedive Ismail, a lusty potentate who maintained a harem of over 3,000 women and who forfeited his life while showing off: One night, in front of his girls, he tried to gulp down two hottles of champagne in 60 seconds, and it killed bim.

An expert horseman in his youth, being able to tame the most spirited mount, Farouk was also an enthusiastic tennis player, a nimhle gymnast and a fairly skilled hoxer. He was, and still is, an expert shot with rifle and pistol. A chief Boy Scout, young Farouk was the kind of heir-to-the-throne of which the Egyptian masses were inordinately proud. Unfortunately, something bappened to the promising prince, and he never quite recouped from his ways of waste.

A half-year after Farouk had left for the Royal Military Academy in England, his father passed away, and he had to return to Cairo. He was 15-years-old then, a slender, good-looking kid as deeply religious as any Moslem and a serious student of the Koran. Under the temporary three-man regency, bis subjects literally worshipped him. At the age of 17, in 1937, be assumed Egypt's ancient throne and six months later married the 17-year-old daughter of his mother's lady-in-waiting. Farouk was showered with genuine puhlic admiration for a number of superb political acts.

ON the day of his wedding, for instance, he made a gesture that established him as an idol. He had gone to a mosque to pray, and as he bent to kneel, attendants rushed to slide a new prayer rug underneath him. But the youth magnanimously hrushed them hack and said, "In the house of Allah, all are equal!" Then he leaned over to an old workman using a tattered carpet and asked if he could horrow it.

As the calendar ticked off the months, however, Farouk lost contact with his people. Their complex problems seemed no longer to touch him as much as they used to. It's hard to understand the changes in this man witbout judging the outside forces wbich prevailed upon him, for corruption and intrigue had long been part of the court life of Egypt. Because the land of Cleopatra was so strategically situated, the heads of other countries tried to gain Farouk's confidence and control his attitudes.

The most successful were memhers of Benito Mussolini's embassy in Cairo. They prohahly had more to do with launching the young man on his career of debauchery than is generally supposed. The Italians, clever in the ways of human weaknesses, buttered the inexperienced Farouk not only with all kinds of Latin flattery, but provided him with a constant parade of the most skilled Italian courtesans.

Il Duce's gifts of pulchritude from across the Mediterranean worked like a charm, to say the least, hut they also emphasized the fact that Farouk's wife, Farida, had horne him three daughters and no sons. Egypt, therefore, faced the embarrassing prospect of having no male heir for the succession to the throne. Not only that, but by 1941 it dawned upon the high-living Farouk that there was a war on—or why else would Great Britain send him a pair of excellent shotguns and Hitler a specially built luxury auto. Even President Roosevelt let Farouk know that nothing was too good for the ruler whose very hackyard included a canal named Suez.

Overtures of this stature gave King Farouk an inflated sense of superiority. The big shots of the world needed him, and although he often played one against the other, in time he garnered contempt for the British and allowed it to grow.

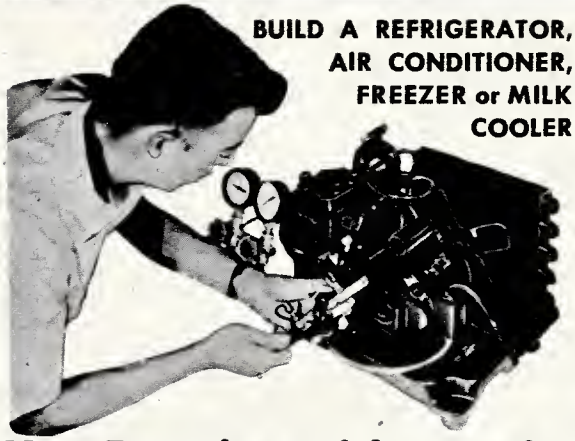
Most of this came about wben England was gamely defending Egypt from General Rommel's Nazi desert troops while Farouk was in the process of appointing a pro-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Get "The Most" in Pay and Job Security—

LEARN AIR CONDITIONING & REFRIGERATION

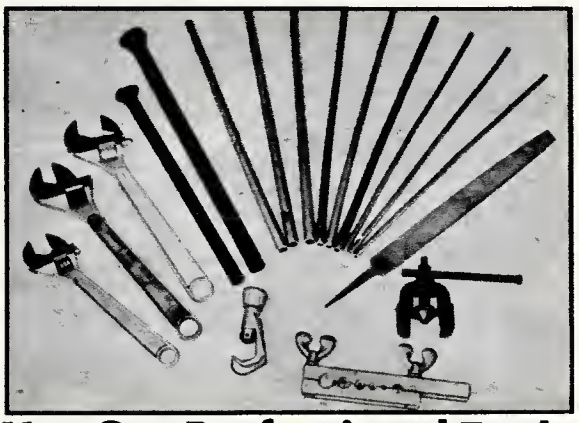
MAKE HOME YOUR TRAINING SHOP



BUILD A REFRIGERATOR, AIR CONDITIONER, FREEZER or MILK COOLER

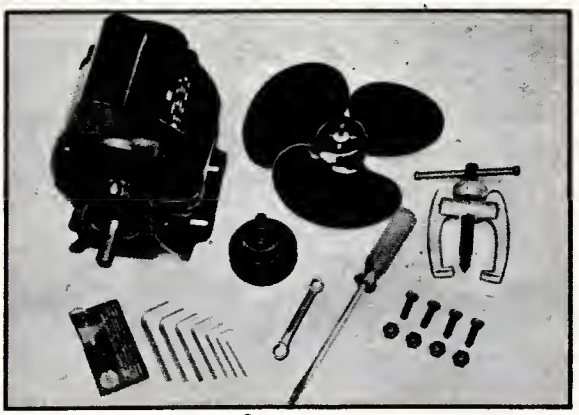
You Practice with 25 Kits

You learn fast because CTI sends you 25 kits. Illustration shows heavy-duty ¼ h.p. refrigeration high-side which you will build—and keep. *Only CTI sends these kits.*



You Get Professional Tools

Here are tools included in just one kit. You get other tools, tubing, much equipment. Tools develop your interest and skill, speed up training.



You Learn in Easy Stages

Another kit, which includes motor, fan, pulley, service tools. Kits are sent on a planned schedule to help you learn in easy stages. There's no other training like this!

R. C. Anderson
President CTI

A GOOD JOB, MORE MONEY, BRIGHT FUTURE—all three can be yours in the Air Conditioning & Refrigeration field! *Thousands of mechanics are needed* to repair and service the 150 million units in use—and the six million air conditioners, freezers and refrigerators that are produced each year. You can earn up to $125 a week—and more—if you are trained. For information on how to get this training, *just fill out and mail coupon below.* No obligation!

A New, Easy Way to Learn in Months

CTI training is quick and effective because it is *practical.* You learn by doing. During the course of your training, you receive 25 big kits, including tools. You practice with these kits, get valuable experience. For instance, *you do 10 complete service and trouble-shooting jobs with CTI kits.* You assemble a heavy-duty, commercial type, ¼ h.p. high side (illustrated at left). You build an air conditioner, refrigerator, freezer or milk cooler—and you keep and use this valuable unit! Only CTI sends you these fine tools and kits—helps you get real *on-the-job* training! And all this fine equipment is yours at *no extra cost!* With CTI training you can *start out* as a mechanic and avoid years of work as a lower-paid apprentice.

Earn Good Income as You Train, too

CTI training is so practical that students often work in spare time repairing air conditioners and refrigerators. *They add to their income this way.* Some get jobs with local dealers; others work on their own. Many students go in business on graduation. A number get full-time jobs while they're students.

A Wonderful Opportunity to Be the Boss

If you want to own a business, Refrigeration offers you opportunity for success. Since most jobs are service calls, you can build up a list of potential customers. Very little capital is needed to start.

Mail Coupon For Two FREE Books

Mail coupon below for two books which give you complete information. One is entitled *Success in Air Conditioning and Refrigeration.* The other is a *Lesson Sample.* Both FREE.

DO NOT DELAY—MAIL THIS TODAY

Mr. R. C. Anderson, President — Dept. R-487
COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
1400 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Mail me SUCCESS BOOK and LESSON SAMPLE. No cost or obligation.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(*Continued from page* 46)

Fascist prime minister. The Britons sent their ambassador to the Egyptian palace: He indicated the scores of Allied tanks outside the window and asked the king to kindly appoint a more compatible premier or abandon the throne. Refusing the latter alternative, Farouk appointed a different premier, but not before His Royal Highness let off a sufficient quantity of princely steam.

AS the fighting receded from Egypt's borders, Farouk let it be known that he regarded himself as a political and spiritual leader of the world's 300,000,000 Moslems. But the other Arab potentates took an extremely dim view of this. It was then that he settled down to the chore of leading the carefree existence of a playboy.

He started by getting fatter, by eating like a pig. For him it was the beginning of the end. In 1952, after Egypt lost a war with Israel and the waters of discontent lapped closer and closer to the doors of his palace, a military junta approached the wastrel and asked him whether he preferred to depart Egypt with or without his head.

On July 26, 1952, King Farouk left Alexandria aboard the royal yacht, *Mahroussa* with over 200 trunks and his favorite toothbrush. Destination? The Isle of Capri and a $500-a-day suite at the Eden Paradiso Hotel.

When his yacht reached Italy, Farouk wept openly.

"I am no longer a rich man," he told reporters who didn't share his sad feelings.

Aboard *Mahroussa* was King Farouk's second wife, Queen Narriman, whom he had acquired in a typical Farouk manner: Having signed a decree in 1948 which cut him loose from his first wife. Farouk began to play the female circuit with a vengeance. His tastes ran from belly dancers to school teachers. But one day while buying a present for one of his passing fiancées, he was literally bowled over by 16-year-old Narriman Sadek, who was in the store selecting a ring for her forthcoming wedding.

It mattered little to Farouk that Narriman was already spoken for. As of that moment Miss Sadek was labeled for Farouk's bedchamber. Her boyfriend, a Harvard-trained diplomat, was eased out of the situation by methods known best to Oriental potentates, and Farouk announced he was going to marry lovely Narriman. In time she bore him the son Egypt craved for.

But son or no son, Farouk kept himself "available," as far as women were concerned. In Italy, Farouk continued to be an irreverent peeker at abbreviated swim-suits. These shenanigans didn't cut well with his Queen-in-exile. In 1953 Narriman decided she had had enough and divorced him.

The break came at an embarrassing time, for a leading woman's magazine in the United States had just published the first instalment of a series of articles under Narriman's name describing her "wedded bliss" with the exiled monarch. Farouk keeps the articles in a plastic portfolio because they tell, in glowing words, of the sterling qualities of his character; though at that time the newspapers were full of Queen Narriman's quotations as to what a lowdown individual he really was.

WITH pesky Narriman out of the way, Farouk's compulsion for members of the opposite sex became even stronger. Close associates say that he is probably a sick man and is badly in need of psychiatric attention. His sexually uninhibited ways and his appetite for conquest amaze even the free-swinging playboys of both the Italian and French Rivieras.

But no matter how famed his lechery is, there are some observers who claim that Farouk's eating practices beat anything yet known in this century. That familiar roly-poly figure of his was shaped by an incredible hunger. When eating he looks like some monster machine shoving food into its mouth.

On the day Farouk granted me his first interview, I sat across from him at Rome's best known American restaurant, The Colony, which is his daytime hangout. I was utterly flabbergasted watching him demolish his lunch! He packed away a stack of lamb chops, half a chicken, a platter of creamed meat patties, side dishes of French-fried potatoes, peas, artichokes, rice and chopped chicken livers; he topped this off with a dessert that consisted of peaches, pomegranates and bananas. During the course of the meal he drank huge quantities of orange juice.

Farouk has been known to eat around the clock. During his reign, he often visited all of his four palaces and 12 mansions in the course of 24 hours, and ate tremendous meals in each one.

Despite his love of eating and nightclubbing, Farouk never touches alcohol. He doesn't drink whisky, rum or gin because it is against his Moslem faith.

"I just don't care for the taste," he adds. "So I drink freely of all types of fruit juices. It's good for the health."

Around Rome Farouk drives a dark maroon Mercedes-Benz on which he has installed a horn that sounds like the screeching of a tortured dog. He usually dresses in a dark, pin-striped, double-breasted suit and wears skin-fitting brown gloves. Though he is not flashy as a dresser, he is always immaculately clothed. He always wears a hat or a fez (the fez indoors), mostly to hide a rapidly balding head. He makes up for the lack of hair on his head by growing, and carefully cultivating, scraggly mustaches. On ceremonial occasions, ex-King Farouk likes to put on a lot of gold braid, medals, silk bands, epaulets and embroidery, and all of it naturally makes him look twice as fat.

Farouk, who speaks four languages well (including English), doesn't abide by any superstitions, except that he has always had a fetish for the letter F. He loves the letter and makes a big to-do about it whenever he can. His father's first name began with an F, while his four sisters had names like Fawzia, Fika, Faiza and Fathia. Farouk in turn named his children Faida, Ferial, Fawzia and Fuad. When he married his first wife, he changed her name from Safinaz to Farida.

THE British press has made a big thing of this F-fetish of his and never lets up on it. Pointing out that His Highness certainly picked out the right letter of the alphabet to emphasize inasmuch as he's fat, friendless, forlorn, fickle and frustrated.

But one word the British have never called him is fool. Banker Winthrop Aldrich, a diplomat at the Court of St. James, once said of King Farouk after a long conversation with him . . . "he knows more about international gold movements than any layman I have ever spoken to." Farouk obviously appreciates the power of a dollar sign; though he doesn't stint on beautiful women and rich food, he does when it comes to nickles and dimes.

Known as a poor tipper in Rome's restaurants, he will think nothing of leaving a 50 *lire* tip (eight cents in American money) after a 12-course dinner that has run his waiter bowlegged. At home he often slips into the kitchen to count the coke bottles in the refrigerator. Let one be missing and he screams bloody murder at his servants.

A few months ago at the Deauville Casino, where he has been known to blow as much as $3,000 on the turn of a card, he bought a 50 cent pass which allows a person to observe, not gamble. Later, when Farouk wanted to risk a few chips after all, he purchased a full-privilege admission ticket—and spent half an hour wading through a snarl of red tape to get back his half a buck.

"I have to be careful," he reported.

That night he lost $40,000. **END**

Now- AMAZING NEW SPEED PLATER REPLATES AUTO CHROME right on YOUR CAR with PERMANENT PLATING!

BRING BACK NEW-CAR BRILLIANCE

Here at last is the car-owner's answer to all chrome problems . . . a way that you can do actual ELECTROPLATING right on your own car. You put a brand-new, shiny plating on bumpers, grille, all auto trim. You bring back new beauty and sparkle to your car . . . INCREASE ITS VALUE . . . make yourself proud to own and drive it. With SPEEDPLATER you put on new metal as you brush! And the plating you apply becomes an INDESTRUCTIBLE PART of the metal you plate . . . bonds itself on — forms a hard, sparkling, metal surface that defies all elements!

IT PLATES AS YOU BRUSH
Brings New, Gleaming Beauty to Worn, Dull, even Blistered Chrome Areas of Your Car.

BUMPERS - GRILLWORK - ALL CAR TRIM RESTORED TO NEW BRILLIANCE

Here is how easily you REPLATE your car . . . you simply clamp SPEEDPLATER'S wires to your car's battery, then dip SPEEDPLATE Brush into the miracle plating solution and plate anywhere around your car — without removing any parts. Safe, mild current works FAST — yet uses less battery juice than the tiniest light on your car.

YOU QUICKLY BUILD UP A THICK, NEW PLATING WITH EACH APPLICATION

MAKE BIG MONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours . . . because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today NEED REPLATING. You can charge $5.00 for touching-up to $50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

And you can plate other things for profit, too . . . faucets, appliances, tableware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments . . . you can get more solutions at low prices any time - also solutions to plate silver, gold and rhodium. There's big money in jewelry and silverplate work! You get ALL INSTRUCTIONS for plating with your Speedplate Outfit!

PRAISE FOR SPEEDPLATER!

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results. Here's what users say: "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do . . . we have to start Booking Jobs ahead like the family Doctor . . . " F. S., Kokomo, Ind. "The Speedplater is certainly one of the most useful devices ever placed within the motorist's reach. It does everything stated for it and does it exceptionally well. There's no poor chrome on my car now." D. C., Elmhurst, N. Y.

YOU CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS
Remember, we guarantee YOUR SpeedPlater, will perform for you as it has for hundreds of other satisfied users, or your money back!

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS
Make BIG PROFITS with Special HEAVY-DUTY OUTFIT

Now you can make TERRIFIC PROFITS plating right in your own shop — without removing bumpers, grille, etc. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Buick Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". Heavy Duty Outfit electroplates on current from standard 12 volt battery. Entire Outfit, COMPLETE, only $34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You quickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rock-bottom prices. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. IF COD, send $5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

MAIL COUPON NOW - YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not COMPLETELY satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 10 days in good condition and get FULL CASH REFUND ACT NOW! Here's what you get: SPEEDPLATER Brush, with permanent Anode for lite-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only $1 deposit, then pay postman $13.95 plus postage when SPEEDPLATER arrives, or send $14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. M-88
4 North 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Please rush the electroplating kit I have checked.

- ☐ **Regular SPEEDPLATE OUTFIT, $14.95 (If C.O.D. send $1 deposit).**
- ☐ **Heavy-Duty Service Station Outfit, $34.95 (If C.O.D. send $5 deposit).**
- ☐ **I enclose full price, send postpaid.**

I understand that I must be COMPLETELY SATISFIED or I may return kit within 10-days for immediate CASH REFUND.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____

DUMBO JOHN'S DOUBLE RESCUE

continued from page 23

sigbed. "We can't afford to lose three pilots."

As bis staffer moved away, McCain disconsolately flopped into a swivel seat and again stared at the Pacific. To the west was the *Missouri,* her signal bridge a flurry of movement as signalmen sent messages to the fleet. The *Missouri* carried the hattle flag of Fleet Admiral William Halsey, the Bull wbo carried the ball. The safety of TF 38 devolved to John McCain, a monumental task, for it included the safety of the much-needed airmen as well as ships and their crew. Halsey's doctrine was to hit bard and get out. Now it was getting-out time, and as mucb as McCain wished he could delay and possibly save three lives, this delay could well result in disaster. Tbis was kamikaze territory. If a man ditched, he ditched until a Dumbo, sub or even Jap destroyer picked him up—if he was lucky.

McCain's seamed and weatherbeaten face stared at the outermost reaches of his authority. Beyond the last destroyer, a single PBY was spiraling lazily in the hazy sunlight. He watched the plane until his aide returned. Then he said:

"Whose is that, ours or theirs?"

"Theirs, Sir. Army gave us two PBY's today," the aide reported. "Tbat's the other plane I was telling you about, Sir."

"Give him a growl!" the Admiral said tersely. "Tell him we'll supply fighter cover!"

IN the PBY circling McCain's picket, First Lieutenant Jobn E. Rairigh stared vacantly at tbe flotilla. Rairigh was wondering wben tbe tin can would cut him free. He was chewing on the frayed stump of an unlit cigar that bad been in bis mouth most of the day, and his eyes burned from staring at the sea for 10 hours. As he banked tbe big rescue amphibian, he watched the destroyer with renewed interest. The can was coming about, her streak of silver wake twisting in a widening arc. The lieutenant grinned and tapped his co pilot, First Lieuteant Ted Zelinko. Zelinko was standing over him with a cup of lukewarm coffee. Rairigb pointed at the destroyer.

"Tbe barn, boy. The man says tbe barn!"

Staff Sergeant Bob Fairfield, tbe PBY's radioman, came forward to the controls. "Carrier's trying to raise us, Skipper! He's got an Urgent!"

Rairigh flipped on his receiver. The message boomed in. The carrier would lend moral support by supplying a two-fighter cover; would the Army Dumbo kindly oblige by relieving a couple of figbters over Maizuru? The fighters were covering a ditched carrier pilot, and the closest Dumbo didn't have gas. Rairigh's blue eyes flasbed swiftly at bis own gas gauges. Maizuru? He looked at Zelinko. Then be snapped:

"Wilco! Dumbo Two-Zed-Zero, Roger!"

Slowly, Rairigh swung the big two-motored Dumbo away from tbe task force. He killed the coffee, then snapped on the intercom. Calmly, evenly, he told his six-man crew of the mission. Nobody said anything—nobody would, eitber.

As the *Yorktown* slowly disappeared, the plane bore eastward by nortb. A brace of Hellcats roared up from below and wig-wagged the amphibian. Rairigh did a slow jiggle and clamped down on his cigar. His navigator, Bob McDaniel, gave him bis exact beading and at 110 knots, flying at 1,500 feet, the PBY lumbered toward Japan.

Another message came in from the carrier: "How're you fixed for juice?"

Rairigh replied succinctly: "Enough!"

Enough for what, though, he didn't say. He glanced at Ted Zelinko who was staring at the gas gauges. Again the booming radio of COMTASFOR 38 snapped off a succession of instructions. Tbese concerned his escorts. At a designated time they were to quit the Dumbo and relieve the fighters over the ditched plane. The time was instantly, and it meant that Rairigh would bave to fly over Honshu without cover. He felt a pounding emptiness in the pit of his stomach as he squeezed forward in his seat.

"Take 'er," he said to the co pilot. "I'll go back and palaver with tbe hired help. They've been ready for sometbing like this a long time."

In January, 1942, John Rairigh's bride pinned his wings on and kissed him goodbye. Pilots were expressed to the war zone non-stop in those days: Rairigh was shipped to Keesler Field, Mississippi, presumably for advanced training. For tbe newly brevetted First Lieutenant, whose wife's home was in Biloxi, it was like having an egg in his beer. Fligbt by day, bride by nigbt.

A year later, Rairigb was still at Keesler Field. He was training squadron crews, and he had his own crew assigned to a yet unfinished PBY. He studied multi-engines and worked out with tbe antiquated Catalinas and TBF's available to the scbool. In the summer of 1944, still an instructor at Keesler, the Pennsylvania Dutcbman and his disgruntled crew were finally flown up to Canada where they took possession of a Vickers-Chalmers PBY. They named tbe plane Dumbo John.

Then, shortly before Cbristmas, 1944, Louise Rairigh presented her spouse with a daugbter, Barbara, a blue-eyed blonde. It was, for Rairigh, just about the most excitement since be'd enlisted. And he was just getting accustomed to Barbara's lusty lungs when the Army Air Force apparently remembered his serial number. Two weeks after the birth of his offspring, bis orders came through. Tbe big PBY took off for Saipan at the end of January, 1945, her crew of seven soldiers a little stunned by the suddenness of it all.

Tbere followed routine navigational fligbts and bombing runs over Rota and Guguan. Tben they were in it. Assigned to cover the strikes and to recoup downed fliers, the Dumbo John hauled 38 American pilots from the drink in a precious few days. "It isn't exactly combat," Rairigh wrote almost apologetically, "but it's tbe next thing to it . . ." At 5:30, July 30th, as the first burst of flak jarred bis PBY, Rairigh noted in bis flight log, "That Biloxi duty, it wasn't really so had . . ."

They were 12 miles offshore, circling high. In the dying rays of the sun, the surface of the water glistened in an unbroken expanse of silver. The wind was from the offshore, a factor that further tigbtened the knot in the Dumbo pilot's throat. It meant that in landing, tbey'd be heading directly into the beach for the worst of the Jap ack ack. Then a Hellcat buzzed tbem on the radio. Zelinko took it.

"How about trying to the north? Nothin' here!" tbe Hellcat called.

"When you guys relieved," Zelinko droned, "where was this zoomie?"

"'Bout here, Dumbo! Don't you guys see wreckage?"

"Negative. Negative. We're working to the north next . . ."

"Dye marker!"

ABRUPTLY a flash of light coruscated on the Catalina's port wing. Rairigb, Zelinko and McDaniel saw it simultaneously. Their zoomie was directly below, riding a trough in a Mae West and signalling frantically with his mirror. The Catalina swung again, circling at 50 feet. The four crewmen raced to tbeir lifesaving stations at the door, readying a line. Then the radio crashed again:

"Dumbo! Standby for a ram!" the Hellcat shouted. "Jap destroyer heading up from the west!"

Rairigh's head swiveled.

"Two men on guns—fast!"

The destroyer was coming with a bone in her teeth. "Mac!" he shouted at his navigator. "Run back and help those guys!"

The Hellcats chattered briefly, then screamed down to absorb the beavy caliber fire of the onrusbing destroyer. Attacking in concert, their tracers spewing up running founts of red-and-white, the Navy fighters blanketed tbe tin can and it zig-zagged wildly. But its macbine gun fire was reserved for Rairigh's Dumbo and as the Pennsylvania Dutchman wig-wagged his downed aviator and came into tbe wind, the first enemy tracers lashed savagely at him. There was a sudden rending crash, the tearing of fabric and tbe calm voice of tail gunner Haig announcing:

"We're gettin' holed back bere, Skipper. Drop her down a notch. I wanna give that son-of-a-bitch whatfor . . ."

Rairigh sucked in his breath, his wet hands easing the stick forward. The Jap, all guns firing, was maneuvering to get between the downed pilot and his plane. His own gunners cut loose then as he skimmed low over the waves, heading directly into the beach fire and over the destroyer. Above, the Navy fliers were cutting loose with everything they had, and the combination of the figbter-amphib gun power disconcerted tbe Jap. Tracers spiralled around his wings as he smacked tbe water. The destroyer was behind bim now.

The big Catalina bounced along the tops of five-foot waves, shuddering and groaning as Rairigh slowed and finally taxied

(*Continued on page 52*)

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

REDUCE Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

MASSAGE HELPS YOU . . .

- LOOK better!
- INCHES go away!
- RELAX! BE ATTRACTIVE!
- REDUCE measurements!
- SLIM MOST ANYWHERE!

MOST ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO REDUCE!

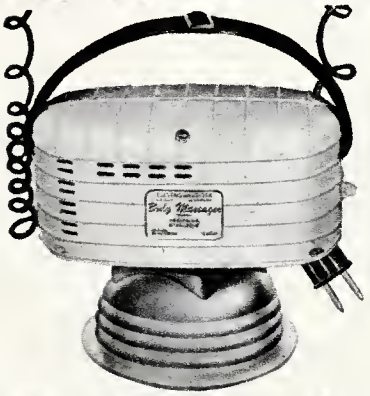
☐ HIPS! ☐ WAIST! ☐ LIMBS!
☐ THIGHS! ☐ TUMMY! ☐ BUTTOCKS!

LOSE INCHES most anywhere you want. Soothing, relaxing SLIMMING BODY MASSAGER makes you feel and look better . . . goes to work on lazy muscles, flabby tissues, sagging skin. SLIMMING BODY MASSAGER works magic on measurements you're most worried about with sensational SLIMMING VIBRATION MASSAGE. Almost overnight you feel refreshed, slimmer. Easy, relaxing, safe SLIMMING BODY MASSAGER acts on fatty tissue and poor blood circulation . . . is a wonderful help for overweight where massage is indicated. Just plug into any AC outlet!

DON'T envy the slender girls . . . BE ONE YOURSELF! Losing inches you don't want aids vitality . . . improves your appearance . . . makes you appealing. TRY SLIMMING BODY MASSAGER RIGHT AWAY . . . no drugs, no dieting, no strenuous exercise . . . just safe, soothing MASSAGE . . . the 'wonder way' of feeling and looking better . . . !

Your BODY MASSAGER is a solid-built, long-lasting electric unit, approved by Underwriters' Laboratory, in lovely, rich case! Has easy push-button switch, reinforced cord, and carries FULL TWO YEAR FACTORY GUARANTEE. Comes complete with FREE BOOKLET and FULL INSTRUCTIONS. AC only.

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with SPOT REDUCER! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

PLUG IN GRASP HANDLE AND APPLY

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can Lose POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY

Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wond, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The SPOT REDUCER is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved. *Increases blood circulation!*

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

Wonderful for the tired man after a day's hard work

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. B80
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.
☐ I enclose $12.98. Send Amazing De Luxe Model.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ **SAVE Postage**—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.
☐ I enclose $12.98. Send Amazing De Luxe Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that con be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

(*Continued from page* 50)

toward the spot of thrashing yellow. The tail and top gunners fled their stations and raced to the door. Spray splashed across the windshield as the amphib lumbered toward the man in the water. Then geysers of anti-aircraft fire from the beach began punching in around the rescue plane. Obviously Rairigh maneuvered the PBY so that the zoomie was given a lee.

"Coming up on the pilot!" Standby!" he roared.

The door was kicked open. Rairigh had a glimpse of a ghostly pale face bobbing alongside the Catalina. He heard Fairfield shouting to the pilot, "Here it comes! Grab it!" He heard McDaniel shouting, "Take a strain!! All together, take a strain . . ."

"Captain!" Fitherton raced forward. "Kick her to port. Too much sea runnin' and we can't haul in the guy!"

Rairigh grunted, came left on one engine, kicking the rudder. "How's it now?" he bellowed. "How's it now?"

From the door where six men were frantically heaving manila lines, somebody shouted: "More left rudder—MORE!"

Then one of the lines snagged the flier. Staring through the windshield, Rairigh winced as he saw the renewed, bracketing fire of the tin can. There was more shooting now despite the banshee going on in the sky. The radio wheezed:

"I'm hit! I'm gonna ditch!"

Across the sky to the north one of the Hellcats was streaking a trace of flame, wobbling crazily. Rairigh blasted back that he was on his way as soon as they fished the zoomie out. He heard the grateful groan of the fighter pilot as the latter fired a last burst at the destroyer:

"Man," the flier droned. "Ain't this poetic justice . . ."

From the second Hellcat: "I'll cover you, Hank! Ditch gentle!"

"Hurry up! For Christ sake, hurry up!" Rairigh groaned. The six men wrestling in the first pilot shouted in unison. Rairigh's heart sank. They had him and they didn't. Parted line. He squeezed the sweat out of his eyes with the back of his fist and began the long, circular run for the pilot. Again he caught a flash of a man's face. The destroyer was coming in fast, spray busting over her bow. There were flames masking one turret forward, and more flames shooting up from the starboard side of the bridge, but she was coming, spitting death. He heard the snarl of the lone Hellcat and a long, staccato burst of cannon.

"Get my buddy, Dumbo! Hurry up and get my buddy before I run out of ammo!"

McDaniel pulled in Lieutenant (jg) Donald Penn, suffering from shock, contusions and exposure. The door slammed shut. The amphib thundered and slapped hard in the troughs as Rairigh pulled into the wind and directly across the path of the destroyer. On the tail gun, Haig, and on the midships turret, Fitherton, cut loose coordinated harassing fire as the lumbering flying boat crushed against the sea. Rairigh's body jerked forward in his seat, feeling the immense push of the boat as he opened the throttle wide. He couldn't see the water for the tracers, and he couldn't hear the shouting behind him for the sound of puncturing fusilage. *"Get up! Get up, you sweet, fat son-of-a-bitch! Please, please, get up!"* he groaned.

THE plane cleared the destroyer's stern by 300 yards, and going away at 50 feet with a rakish up-angle. The pilot clawed his stick, praying, listening to the full throated roar of his two motors. The lone Hellcat clawed the destroyer, a 2,500-ton Fukuri, raking her broadside with tracers and Rairigh cheered into the speaker. Two miles to the southwest was the busted up Hellcat. He swung the plane around and again into the wind, taxied for a landing. From the shore, a six-inch coastal battery commenced rapid fire at the Hellcat and its would-be rescuer.

"Dumbo!" the Navy pilot snarled. "More company—there's *another* destroyer reaching for you!"

Rairigh goosed the PBY through the slop, silently cursing the coastal gunners. It was almost dark. He caught a flash of running lights and then heard the concussive thunder of a broadside. Shells began screaming over the wallowing Catalina, and a couple of them crashed through the midships section. The plane heeled violently as he accelerated. Behind him a man became hysterical, and another man shouted, "He's hit! He's all busted up. Give him a shot of morphine, quick!" There was, too, behind him, the acrid stench of cordite.

McDaniel, Zelinko and Fairfield were tossing out burning bits of plane. They had the pilot moved three-quarters of the way forward. He was unconscious now. Blood was spurting from a gash on the Sergeant's face, but Fairfield insisted on helping with the jettisoning.

"Everything goes!" Rairigh bellowed. "Get those ammo boxes dumped, heave out the rescue crates! I see the zoomie now, standby!"

Lt. (jg) Henry J. O'Meara came aboard the hard way. He had lines twisted around him and he just about pulled Ted Zelinko overboard as the latter crawled almost entirely out to snag him.

"Hellcat!" Rairigh roared into the radio speaker. "If you've got anything left, now's the time to shoot it. I've got to pass between both cans to get up."

The fighter plane screamed down, all guns firing. The fighter gurgled, "All of me, why not take all of me!"

The rescue plane throttled fast toward the beach into the flickering red blobs of the shore battery. Rairigh blinked hard. The wheel almost came away in his lap as he kept working it, kicking the torn rudder. On the two .50's, shouting and firing, terrified gunners stared up at the impossible sight of two destroyers, on either side of them—so close, though, that neither destroyer could depress its guns and fire at the PBY. The destroyers converged and the plane was between them.

In the near darkness, Rairigh looked up and saw men running around on deck, switching from the heavy caliber guns to machine guns. From the stinger, Sergeant Haig bellowed ecstatically, *"That's two—that's three—that's four for us!"*

Rairigh saw a sailor spin around in a complete circle and flop limply over a bridge railing. His head jerked to the right and he bit through his lips and prayed as the knifing bow of the can veered onto his motors. He kicked the rudder hard left, full throttle, and the plane kept bouncing and punching up. "Throw out everything! For God's sake, everything!"

The lumbering Catalina passed over both destroyers and headed directly into the beach, boring up at a crazy angle. The Hellcat blistered the second destroyer and its pilot, screaming at the top of his lungs, told him to climb straight up even if his goddamned wings tore off.

Rairigh climbed. He felt the big plane tremble apoplectically as more flak slivered her underpinning, but somehow she kept going. Tears and sweat fused in his eyes as he rocked, praying, beefing the ancient plane until the beach and the ground became as indistinct as a topographical map. And he kept on climbing. Then he levelled off at 1,500 feet and started back across Japan.

The two Hellcatters were stretched out, being treated by his crewmen. Two men were wounded, but nobody was dead which compounded his miracle by an incalculable

"They're charged with running a floating crap game."

(*Continued on page* 54)

LIKE-NEW MOTOR OVERHAUL JOB $2.98 COMPLETE COST

UP TO 54.1% More Gas Mileage! UP TO 58.2% More Power!

UP TO 24% Saving on Oil! UP TO 192% Longer Engine Life!

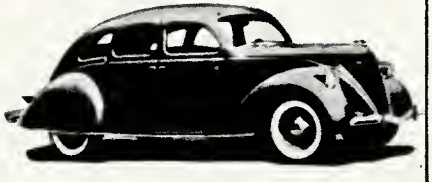
As One of My BEST-BUYS Offers You Can Try For 10-Days Without Risk. Money-Back Guarantee.
by Maude Evans

Even 10 Year Old Cars Run Like New In 60 Seconds or You Pay Nothing!

Performs Miracles on Every Make of Car, Truck, Tractor, Gas Engine!

It doesn't matter what kind of car you own. The sensational new discovery—"Motor Overhaul"—works miracles of *instantly* greater power, performance on all makes and models!

"Motor Overhaul" is *guaranteed* to boost power 58.2%, give smoother performance—add 192% longer engine life to trucks, tractors, automobiles. Your car *must* give you greater performance or money back! Don't miss out. Order *today!*

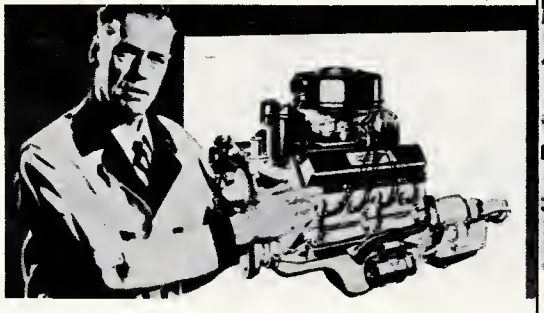


1936 LINCOLN "RUNS LIKE NEW" AFTER 180,000 MILES WITHOUT ONE MAJOR REPAIR!

This car, owned by Mr. M. J. Byrne of Chicago, Ill., was using two quarts of oil every five or six hundred miles—was losing compression, hard to start, slow to pick-up. Faced with a major repair job that would cost $150, Mr. Byrne instead bought a $2.98 can of "Motor Overhaul".

Within the first few miles his car delivered faster pickup and greater power! It still hasn't had a major repair job—after 180,000 miles!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



"Motor Overhaul" actually makes your car run like new in 60 seconds because it goes to work instantly—*while you drive*—to recondition your motor—to give it a tremendous new power and pep!

Seals Cracks, Pit Marks, Holes

"Motor Overhaul" surface-lubricates every part where friction and abrasion take their toll. "Motor Overhaul's" action results in smoother performance *within the first few miles!*

Automatically Tightens Loose Parts

A "tight" engine gives fast pickup, smooth acceleration. Most old engines don't need expensive parts replacement when the surfaces are made glass-smooth by "Motor Overhaul." Pistons fit cylinders and rings the way they did *hundreds of thousands* of miles before!

Your car—treated with "Motor Overhaul"—recovers all its pep and power and you stop wasting gas. It's almost like owning a brand new car for $2.98!

Send no money. Just mail coupon for sensational Motor Overhaul. But do it *today!*

Read What These Car Owners Say!

G. E. J., Michigan City, Indiana. "Instead of a hundred dollar valve and ring job I added 'Motor Overhaul'. My car runs like new."

B. F., Chicago, Ill. "I never saw anything work so fast! 'Motor Overhaul' improved my pickup and gas mileage immediately!"

C. L. D., Gresham, Ill. "I thought my car was all worn out after 60,000 miles. My car's still going—better than ever with 'Motor Overhaul'—at 100,000 miles."

E. S., Highland Park, Ill. "My car's eight years old. But so far I haven't had one major repair bill—thanks to 'Motor Overhaul'."

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

You don't have to be an automobile expert to use "Motor Overhaul." Just open the can and add it to your regular oil. Then watch your car perform better than you ever dreamed possible!

Most Amazing Automobile "Life Extender" Ever Discovered

If somebody told you an amazing new automotive discovery would add years of top performance to your present car regardless of its age and condition—what would you be willing to pay?

Well, with amazing "Motor Overhaul" you can get all these advantages and more and your total cost is just $2.98! Just $2.98 for this amazing new discovery will do *more* for your car's engine than an expensive overhaul.

Act now! Mail your order today—on absolute money-back guarantee. See what Motor Overhaul does for your car's performance!

SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE

Try "Motor Overhaul" in your car, truck, tractor or other gasoline engine. If you aren't astonished at your engine's new, amazing pep and performance—if you can't honestly say, that "Motor Overhaul" makes your car *run like new*—then return the can within 10 days for complete refund—no questions asked! You don't risk one cent! "Motor Overhaul" must give you NEW CAR PERFORMANCE or your MONEY BACK!

ONLY $2.98

Revolutionary Discovery Adds Years to Life of Cars!

Penetrates to All Moving Parts • Seals Up Cracks, Pits, Marks, Holes • Surface-plates Surfaces • Automatically Tightens Loose Parts and Stops Friction Drag • Makes Far Instant Starts • Increase Power and Pick-Up 58.2% • Insures Clean Spark Plugs • Saves up to 24% on Oil • Gives up to 54.1% More Gas Mileage.

HURRY! ORDER NOW TO GET IN ON FREE TRIAL OFFER!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

"Motor Overhaul," 667 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

"MOTOR OVERHAUL," Dept. C-526
667 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

☐ Please rush "Motor Overhaul". I agree to pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D., postage. Same money-back guarantee.

☐ Enclosed find $2.98. Please rush me "Motor Overhaul" prepaid, with the understanding that I must be delighted or return within 10 days for complete refund.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(*Continued from page 52*)

per cent. Rairigh fell back, limp, trembling as Ted Zelinko climhed in hehind the stick. McDaniel called the heading to the fleet. Nobody talked. Nobody was able to talk. After a while, one of the sergeants tried to get the hot plate to work hut all the wiring had been shot away. The holes in the PBY's tail were shored with flight jackets and pieces of flooring.

After a couple of hours, John Rairigh put in a call to the carrier. He was flying over open sea. He needed a place to land; did anyhody have any suggestions for a Dumho with no place to go and no gas to get there with? On the flagship, Admiral Halsey read the message to TF 38 relayed over from McCain. The night was moonless and heavily overcast.

"Get ready to swing ship and give that Dumbo a lee!" Halsey thundered. "Good God, what a man!"

Dumbo John's escort reached his carrier first, and when he was lifted out of his flimsy aircraft he sohhed the details of the rescue.

"I don't know what keeps him up!" the fighter said to Admiral McCain. "Jesus and glue . . ."

At 10:30 the heavy, irregular rumhling of a two-motored Catalina was heard in the overcast. The sea was rough, visibility less than 100 feet. Halsey ordered Admiral Radford, his aide at the time, to talk in the Army man.

"Tell him we'll flip on *Missouri's* searchlight as we swing. Tell him to come into the light."

Rairigh followed instructions. Zelinko put a cigar in his skipper's mouth and squeezed his arm gently. Rairigh hlinked at the sudden blaze of light that was diffused by vapor.

"I can't see anything," he said hoarsely. He got on his intercom. He said, "We're over the fleet, descending. Grab something and hold on!"

The PBY dropped to the lowest layer, and then lower. The Pacific was white-capped, frosted hy the *Missouri's* powerful heam. Easing the stick forward, Rairigh set the big plane down in the middle of the Mo's partial slick and retched violently. The rest was a maze of hursting hysteria and uncontrollahle laughter. It went on and on, even after the destroyer picked up every man from the riddled Dumbo, and it became necessary to sink the plane with gunfire. Then the laughter turned to a silent mourning for a deceased friend.

THE Navy gave Lieutenant Rairigh the Admiral's cabin. Then the Admiral, Radford, gave him a uniform and a razor. And another Admiral, McCain, expressed his overwhelming admiration for his courage and devotion to duty. The third Admiral, Halsey, on hearing the entire story, awarded Rairigh the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism under fire," and Bronze Star medals to his crew. The one-day shooting war of the Dumho John ended with the successful completion of its mission. By the time Task Force 38 pulled into port, the war with Japan was over. As far as anyhody could remember, it was the first time in U.S. naval history that an Army lieutenant decorated with a Navy Cross, strode down a gangway in an Admiral's uniform. But on Rairigh it looked good. **END**

THE MONSTER OF DÜSSELDORF

continued from page 27

not dare to report to the police, for she was wanted for theft.

It was with him on another occasion, when a woman actually went to the police and complained that Peter Kürten had assaulted her and tried to strangle her.

"He gave you his proper name and address?" asked the judge.

"Yes. Peter Kürten."

"Well, what happened?"

"They said nobody hy that name lived in that place."

AND that was exactly what had happened. A clerical slip up; it was not till six months later that the record was put right. If a clerk had not fallen asleep over his ledger, the murders that Peter Kürten was left to commit would not have taken place.

How then did retrihution come to him in the end? Did Peter Kürten at last commit that trivial mistake which trips up all outlaws, however cunning they are, however obstinately luck goes with them? It was not a mistake; it was an accident—an accident that a young woman, Maria Budlick had a retentive memory.

Kürten had taken Maria to his house in the Mettmäarnerstrasse. Mark that name well, for it was the name that contrived Kürten's undoing. On this occasion the sabre-toothed cat had played his mouse a little too long, or the mouse was showing more fight than usual. Perhaps, too, Frau Kürten would be home soon from her joh and the thought produced in Kürten an unaccustomed twinge of conscience.

"We'll make love another time," he said, rising to his feet. "Let's go for a walk to the Glen."

Maria rose, and followed him, the glaze still in her eyes. He was adept in love, and all its preliminaries. But in the Glen he struck with all his twisted fury. He grabhed her neck and began to choke her.

"Do you know where you are?" asked Kürten. "Go on, scream! Scream, I tell you! It won't do you any good!"

Maria's eyehalls were popping from her head. Her lips were turning hlue. Kürten relaxed his grip. He would like to meet this young woman a second time. He liked the feel of her throat. You can kill your victim only once.

"Do you remember where I live?" he suddenly thrust out at her. "You might need my help some time," he explained.

Kürten's moment had struck. For Maria *did* remember the name of the street. She had seen it in the wan glare of a street lamp. She remembered, but she lied.

"No," she gasped. "I don't rememher. Tell me."

He did not tell her, of course. He took her to the edge of the Glen where you could see the city. She could live to die another day.

But it was the very next day that Maria reported the episode to the police. She remembered the name of the street, hut was not sure of the numher of the house. At last she thought that number 71 was the house where the man had taken her.

"The top floor," she said. "Yes, I'm sure this was the house." The police went up with her. She pointed to the door to the right of the landing. "In there," she said. "That's where he lives."

At that moment they heard the sound of feet climhing the stone staircase, a man's hoots. Maria Budlick looked down. In the feehle light of the lamp above the landing, she saw the face of Peter Kürten.

"That's the man," she said.

The long quest was over. Though the man turned and swiftly descended the stairs and disappeared into the dark streets, there was no disappearing any more for Peter Kürten. He knew it. It was then he contacted his unsuspecting wife and arranged for his own capture.

Kürten expressed no contrition. No one was more interested in the details of his own crimes than he was himself. He recalled them with a lahorious accuracy of detail which astonished the court and the whole world. The ruthless and protracted trial did not upset his appetite.

HIS last morning on this earth they asked him, "What would you like to eat for your . . . for your . . ." The warder in the execution-hlock hesitated politely.

Kürten smiled "For my *henkers-mahlzeit*, my hangman's hreakfast? Well, what ahout a hottle of white wine, some fried potatoes and a wiener schnitzel?"

"By all means," said the warder.

The meal was prepared and set hefore him. Kürten was thoughtful.

"Your hreakfast is served," said the warder.

"I was just thinking," explained Kürten.

"Yes?" said the warder. There was a further silence. Then Kürten spoke again.

"I was wondering ahout the guillotine. Does it chop the head off so quickly that the ears can still hear the rush of the hlood? Or is it over too soon?"

He took up his knife and fork and attacked his wiener schnitzel. He kept his eyes down while he cleared the plate. Then he raised his eyes again. "Excuse me," he said.

"Yes?" asked the warder.

"Could I have another wiener schnitzel?

The warder hesitated. Like all German hureaucrats he was a stickler for regulations. But on this occasion he determined to stretch a point.

"Well, why not?" he said. *"Gutten appetit!"*

"The same to you," said Peter Kürten as he got to work on his second, and last, wiener schnitzel. **END**

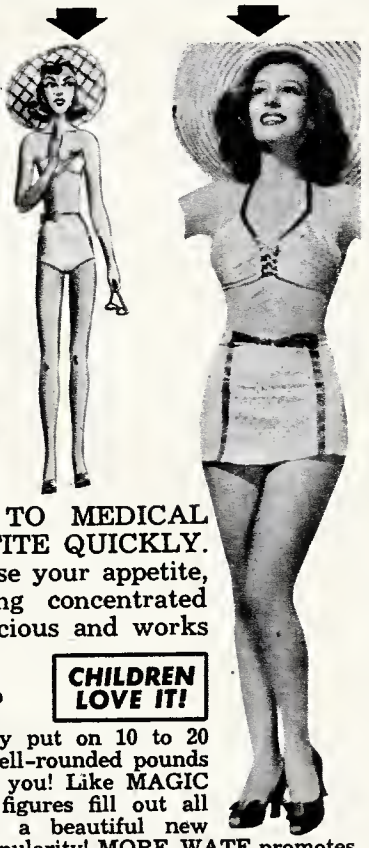
GAIN WEIGHT stop being SKINNY!

LOOK AT SKINNY! I wouldn't be seen with him!
LATER
...AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE GIRLS LOOK AT YOU!
WHAT A MAN!

Now at last—QUICKLY—EASILY put firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

DON'T STAY SKINNY! GO FROM THIS TO THIS!

or your money back!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **quick-acting** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a 30 day supply for only $2.98, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

IN JUST 24 HOURS START GAINING WEIGHT
The fast acting MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a **delicious,** full strength, fast acting tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's a delicious, **pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin **B-12** . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients** in **hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your **arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . .** or **don't pay anything** Act now!

MORE-WATE is the newest discovery of medical science—entirely safe! Not a drug—not a medicine . . . Instead, a delicious weight-adding tablet that helps your body build new pounds of HEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE body weight! You gain SOLID good-looking flesh AUTOMATICALLY wherever you need it—on face, neck, bust, arms, legs, ankles, etc. (all over!)

START GAINING WEIGHT in 24 HOURS! Amazing new MORE-WATE puts on weight FASTER THAN ANYTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE! If you LOSE APPETITE QUICKLY. . . . If you fill up at meals and lose your appetite, take MORE-WATE, the amazing concentrated **fast acting** tablet that tastes delicious and works **weight-gaining** wonders.

CHILDREN LOVE IT!

WHY BE SKINNY?

Now you can quickly put on 10 to 20 pounds or more of well-rounded pounds so fast it will amaze you! Like MAGIC skinny, broom-stick figures fill out all over the body into a beautiful new "LOOK" that wins popularity! MORE-WATE promotes appetite, new pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality. DON'T BE SKINNY! SEND FOR MORE-WATE delicious tasting, fast acting tablets TODAY!

TEST AT OUR RISK

Mail the coupon below for your generous supply of MORE-WATE! Only $2.98 for full generous supply or $6 for the triple generous large economy size on the guarantee if the first package doesn't increase your weight to your satisfaction, return the empty package for full money-back refund. MAIL THE COUPON NOW! CHILDREN—get mom or dad to order for you!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 318
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

☐ SEND ONE large generous supply of MORE-WATE. I enclose $2.98 cash, check or M.O., on GUARANTEE I must be delighted with first package or money-back when I return empty package. (I save up to 90c by sending payment with order.

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT 3 for $6. (Save $3.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

YANKEE HEAD-HUNTER OF LOST RIVER

continued from page 16

of the Marañon and the Pastaza in Peru where I ship mahogany and tagua nuts downriver to Iquitos, I've had my share of adventure.

I've visited Jivaro bead-bunters, the Pastaza branch of the Shuara tribe. I've been badly scared by tigres invading camp and hy deadly snakes, like tbe bushmaster, on jungle trails. I've also been hitten by a savage little piranha which took a nut-sized chunk of flesh out of the calf of my right leg.

But tbese are hazards which I have learned to understand and to expect: An amateur explorer is something else again. He's a menace hecause he's likely to do something tboroughly unpredictable.

There are exceptions to men like this, of course. Off-hand I can think of three of them wbo had plenty of savvy as well as guts. Young fellows who bave come down the river.

One was a Briton, Sebastian Snow. He came down the upper Marañon from the lofty Cordillera Huayhuash hy raft and went right on down the entire length of the Amazon to the Atlantic Ocean. The second was an American, Russ Smith, who duplicated Snow's journey on a home-made log raft.

The third, and most amazing, was Jack Schultz, 18-year-old University of Chicago student wbo not only came downriver alone from Quito in a dugout hut, after reaching the Atlantic, sailed right on up to Miami by way of the West Indies.

James Fackner was the other kind of amateur explorer. The kind who was a potential menace although I didn't realize it at the time.

Fackner said he was on assignment to sboot "unusual" travel-adventure stories for Colliers magazine back in the States. He especially wanted to shoot the ritual Jivaro Tsanta dance in which warriors prance around a clearing with shrunken heads.

When Fackner asked me about the prospects, I eyed his hlond crew-cut, grinned and gave it to him straight.

Despite all the grisly stories they had probably fed him back in Quito, I told him, his own head was safe so long as he behaved himself.

THE Jivaros no longer hunt tbe beads of apachis — meaning white men or other strangers—just for the hell of it. The Ministry of Indian Affairs, hoth in Ecuador and in Peru, have adopted a stern attitude toward this once popular and widespread sport, although the Pastaza Jivaros still take an occasional enemy head when they think they can get away with it.

"The old name of the Pastaza is *Rio de los Perdidos*—River of the Lost Ones," I mentioned to Fackner. "That was because of the head-hunters on shore and tbe bloodtbirsty little piranhas in the shallows.

"Observe the Jivaro tahoos, keep clear of their women and you'll he okay as far as head-hunting is concerned. But watch out for the piranhas."

I wasn't fooling him at all about the piranhas. Those in the Pastaza are especially nasty customers. I have seen tbem attack and strip every ounce of flesh from a 115-pound capybara in less than a minute flat. They're short and broad-jawed, silver blue in color with light red anal fins.

"One other thing ahout piranhas," I cautioned. "Don't think they'll only attack when they get the scent of hlood. A lot of guys on the Pastaza have made this fatal error. During the spawning season the piranhas lay their eggs on the sandy bottoms of the shallows and they'll attack any living thing tbat approaches the nests."

I offered to lend him my mestizo assistant, Juan Foz. Juan was a good man, a veteran of the "Ruhher Army," the fantastic collection of mestizos, Syrians, English, Americans and others who came up the Amazon in the ruhber-hungry days early in World War II. No one knew the Pastaza hetter.

"No thanks," he said. "This is supposed to he a one-man adventure series. I'd like to keep it autbentic."

BEFORE be left he bought a few things from stores to give to the Jivaros, bags of salt and trade machetes with red-painted hlades. He also hought an old .12 gauge single-barrel shotgun with outside hammer that I had lying around. He had an excellent .12 gauge double-barreled Stevens hammerless in his gear hut he decided that he also needed the oldtimer so I let him have it cheap. After throwing in a bottle of good Cajamarca *aguadiente* as a parting gift I started him on his way.

We were busy as hell cutting mahogany at the time and I all but forgot about James Fackner. Until one evening a few days later when Juan and I were listening to Riohamha on short wave. The *Policia Rurál del Ecuador,* under their present *Intendente,* C. Luis Martinez, is an efficient outfit, sort of an Ecuadorian version of the Canadian Mounties. It keeps track of a lot of people, including foreigners, who go wandering down the rivers in tbe direction of Peru.

The P.R.E. radio operator hroadcast for news about tbe whereabouts of *Señor* Jaime Fackner, *Americano.* We heard tbe voice of Carlos Travas answer from Barranca, 65 miles ahove us on the Marañon, informing him that Fackner had stopped by 11 days ago. Tben I cut in:

"Transmisora Bracey aqui! El Señor Fackner esta bien. En Rio Pastaza la semana pasada."

"Tanto mil gracias," the P.R.E. operator acknowledged politely and signed off.

One evening a week later be short-waved me direct. Tbis time it was *"urgente."* Fackner's people in Chicago were worried about him. They had contacted the American Embassy which had notified the *Policia Rurál.*

Por favor, the P.R.E. asked, would I have the goodness to paddle up tbe Pastaza and see if *Señor* Fackner was all right?

It was one of those diplomatic requests I couldn't very well turn down. Not after having hitcbbiked up to Quito on government planes half a dozen times and received a few other appreciated favors.

"We'll start at dayhreak in one of the cascos," I told Juan.

A casco, I should explain, is a canoe rather than a dugout. It is a local product, huilt hy Marañon river Indians who are highly skilled in this type of shell construction. It is made of cedar which is comparatively light, fast and easy to paddle.

On the following morning Juan and I started up the reddish-green Pastaza in a 17-foot casco. We took along one of our own river Indians, Siapa, to help with the paddling.

WE were in familiar country. The Pastaza, in this region, running hetween low, undulating hills, is flanked hy hanks of reddish mud. Paddling hy the thick hush of pink-flowering lapachos, overshadowed by moriche, chonta and other species of palm wbicb occasionally yielded to clearings of lusb nacru grass, we saw no signs of animal life on tbe shore. I've hunted here in the past, knowing that with the exception of deer and capybara, little game is to he seen on the Pastaza during the daylight hours. After dark, however, there are plenty of tigres and lesser cats like ocelot and jaguarundi.

The river itself was noisily astir with hirds; with scarlet ibises, jacanas, teal duck and geese tbat took off with a great flapping of wings at our approach. The jabirús, great marabou storks, eyed our casco in silent dignity, not scaring at all.

The sun was a hrassy ball of fire, reflecting furnacelike heat from the river. Nevertheless we pushed along all day.

What the hell do *they* have to complain ahout, I reflected sourly as I listened to the din. To put it mildly, hy this time I was damned fed up with James Fackner. I had been asked to go bunting for him just when we were completing a large halsa of mahogany logs which I intended to float down the river for sale in Iquitos.

The closest Jivaro village was a three-day journey from the Marañon. Its unta, or chief, was an old fox named Lipi whose primitive keenness had been polished by occasional dealings with far-wandering Syrian and Turk traders.

"If we're lucky," I said hopefully to Juan after we'd slung our hammocks for the night, "we'll find Fackner in Lipi's kumbinta and he hack at tbe station in a week."

"Pienso que no," answered Juan tboughtfully. "It comes to me now that there are no tsantas in this kumbinta. Lipi traded them with Hakadan, the Turco when be was upriver a month ago."

I had forgotten ahout the Turk's visit. Besides tigre and deer hides, Hakadan traded in tsantas. There's a steady although illicit market for shrunken heads in Iquitos. They are smuggled over the Ecuadorean border and on up to Quito where tourists pay from $75 to $100 for an authentic Jivaro tsanta.

Not likely Fackner'll photograpb any Tsanta Dance in Lipi's kumbinta, I reflected,

(*Continued on page* 58)

MYSTERY FANS: Can You Solve This Puzzle?

AURORA BELL, $50-an-hour model, is found by hotel maid . . . strangled! Doctor says she died about 10:30 P.M. That same rain-swept night, the cops grill 3 "admirers". All have alibis . . .

JOE AMES says he dined with Aurora and took her right home in the rain. Then he went back to his place, had a drink, and fell asleep. Admitted he and Aurora had a little "tiff"

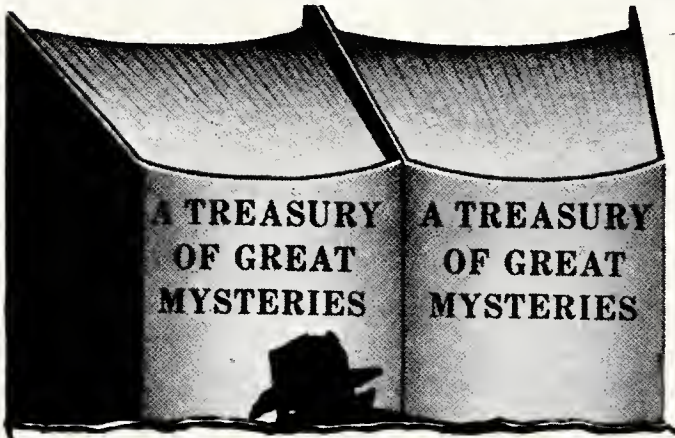
JACK BROWN, nightclub owner, says he was alone in his office from early evening until midnight. Admits knowing Aurora, but denies seeing her that night, or leaving his office at all.

BILL COLE, her jealous ex-boyfriend, said he had been out "on the town" most of the night. Claims he saw Aurora having dinner with Ames; also says they were arguing bitterly.

One of the three men is the murderer, and a picture clue proves that he is lying to the police.

Who is he: AMES? BROWN? or COLE?

Send us the murderer's name . . . and you'll get this



GIANT TWO VOLUME TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES FREE!

As a huge Membership Gift from the DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD

ANNOUNCING: The Greatest Reading Treat Ever Offered to MYSTERY FANS!

4 FAMOUS NOVELS

Raymond Chandler

The Big Sleep. You won't stop 'til you find out what happens when hard-boiled *Philip Marlowe* discovers that his client's two gorgeous daughters . . . are caught in a spider-web of evil and blackmail. *A masterpiece of tension!*

AGATHA CHRISTIE *Murder in the Calais Coach.* Death strikes silently on a snow-bound European train — and dapper *M. Hercule Poirot* is faced with his most difficult challenge — *TO SOLVE OR NOT TO SOLVE the revenge-murder of a man, be despised!* Voted Miss Christie's best.

ERIC AMBLER

Journey Into Fear. You're an ordinary traveller, *but in Istanbul you learn an extraordinary secret.* Then someone takes a shot at you . . . and FEAR begins! You're followed, your room is searched, your gun stolen . . . and then, trapped on a homeward bound ship, you try desperately to plot your *100-to-1 chance of escape!* The greatest spy novel of our time.

DAPHNE du MAURIER

Rebecca. "Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again." . . . so starts this immortal novel of almost unbearable suspense in which *Joan Fontaine* achieved a new high in motion picture acting. *One of the finest mysteries of all time!*

5 FULL LENGTH NOVELETTES

Mary Roberts Rinehart

The Secret. A spine-chilling tale . . . in which *Miss Pinkerton* unveils a grisly family "skeleton"!

REX STOUT *Instead of Evidence.* A fascinating female bamboozles *Archie Goodwin* — until that wise but cynical master-sleuth Nero Wolfe *unmasks the truth about her!*

Erle Stanley Gardner

The Case of The Crimson Kiss. The incomparable *Perry Mason* stages a strange "scene" . . . to try to win the most desperate gamble of his legal career!

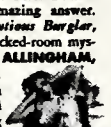
Dorothy L. Sayers *The Bone of Contention.* Nothing unusual happens in the quiet English countryside—until *Lord Peter Wimsey* challenges a ghost coach drawn by headless horses!

ELLERY QUEEN

The Lamp of God. What would you do if *your house vanished overnight?*

10 PULSE-TINGLING STORIES

EDGAR WALLACE: *The Treasure Hunt.* What happens when you set a thief . . . to catch a murderer! **GEORGES SIMENON:** *Maigret's Christmas. Inspector Maigret* saves an impossible situation — as only a Frenchman could! **PATRICK QUENTIN:** *Puzzle for Poppy.* Who wants to kill Poppy — and why? *Peter Duluth* and his movie-star wife find the amazing answer. **JOHN DICKSON CARR,** *The Incautious Burglar,* featuring the all-time master of the locked-room mystery, *Dr. Gideon Fell.* **MARGERY ALLINGHAM,** *The Case of The White Elephant. Albert Campion* daringly thwarts an international crime ring. **WILLIAM IRISH,** *Rear Window.* The chilling suspense classic which won *James Stewart* and *Grace Kelly* technicolor honors. **LESLIE CHARTERIS,** *The Arrow of God. The Saint* suavely rescues the Nassau police force from disgrace. **NGAIO MARSH,** *I Can Find My Way Out.* Fast-paced theater murder with quick-thinking *Roderick Alleyn* to solve a weird dilemma. **CRAIG RICE** and **STUART PALMER,** *Rift In The Loot.* Hilarious rescue work by a top detective team! **CARTER DICKSON,** *The Man Who Explained Miracles.* Bubbling *Sir Henry Merivale* foils a diabolical plot — and joins the rest of these mystery favorites to provide you with hours of thrilling entertainment!



DO YOU LIKE MATCHING wits against Ellery Queen . . . or Perry Mason . . . or Nero Wolfe? Do you get a kick out of "detecting" the killer *before* you've finished a good mystery? If the answer is "yes"—then this Crime quiz—and the *fabulous gift that you can win*—are just your meat!

Solve the Crime Puzzle above—and we will send you a brand-new 2-volume TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES as a FREE Membership Gift from the Dollar Mystery Guild!

Think of it . . . you'll get over 1,150 pages of the most intriguing mystery masterpieces ever written! These world-famous thrillers would cost over $25.00 in separate editions.

How To Win!

Here's all you do. Look over the pictures in the Crime Puzzle. You'll notice that each murder suspect tells his own story. But one of these men has *slipped somewhere* and you can find his *mistake* if you examine each *picture* carefully. *Something* in the pictures points to his guilt. What is it?

After you've "cornered" your suspect, simply put an "X" in front of his name in the coupon below and return it to the Dollar Mystery Guild. That's all there is to it! Your "answer" *alone* brings you the FREE two-volume Mystery "library" . . . gives you a Trial Membership in The Dollar Mystery Guild . . . and entitles you to the *huge cash savings* enjoyed by thousands of other members.

How The Mystery Guild Plan Works

Each month our Editorial Board selects two top-notch new books by famous authors (and occasionally a freshly discovered star!) *You receive a description of them WELL IN ADVANCE. If you want a book you let it come; if not, you simply notify the Club on the form provided.*

Each handsome mystery selection sells for up to $3.50 in the publisher's edition. But our MEMBERS PAY ONLY $1.00, plus a few cents shipping. (Occasionally you can also get extra-value books at $1.49.)

Remember, *you buy only the books you want,* as few as 4 selections a year. *You pay the Club's bargain price only after examination* . . . and you have more than two dozen best sellers to choose from!

So send the coupon with your answer to the Crime Puzzle to Dollar Mystery Guild, Department 8-CM-9, Garden City, N. Y. Your Free two-volume TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES will be sent immediately!

THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD, Dept. 8-CM-9, Garden City, New York

The name of the killer in the Crime Puzzle above is: ☐ Ames ☐ Brown ☐ Cole

Please send my FREE two-volume set, A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES and ENROLL me as a Trial Member of The Dollar Mystery Guild. New book bargains will be described to me each month in advance. If I don't want a book I will notify you and it won't be sent. I pay $1 for each selection I accept (unless I choose an extra-value selection) plus a few cents shipping. I need take only four books a year, and can resign any time after accepting four books.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied return Set; membership will be cancelled.

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

SAME OFFER TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Address Dollar Mystery Guild, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. MG-92

(*Continued from page* 56)

he'll have to go further upriver to another Jivaro village.

Nevertheless I was still hopeful during two more days of paddling up the hot and steamy Pastaza.

Late on the third afternoon we put the casco ashore near an opening in a stand of duapo palms and hardwood quebrachos. A well-marked "fool's trail" led into the jungle to Lipi's kumbinta.

It was a trail which no one at all familiar with Jivaro habits ever used for it was booby-trapped with tambunchi. They're sharpened bamboo spears which are triggered by lianas artfully stretched across the trail to be tripped by unwary feet and they're set leg or waist high, depending upon how murderous a particular unta happens to feel toward outsiders. Sometimes they're tipped with paralyzing curare.

Siapa searched along the river bank until he found the opening of a second trail well concealed in chivato bush.

"Esta aqui, Patrón!" he called out and led the way in, machete in hand.

I picked up the Winchester Standard .270 from the bow of the casco, slung the rifle over my shoulder and followed him, with Juan bringing up in the rear.

We walked perhaps 400 yards. Suddenly there was a rustling commotion in the bush ahead.

"Ai-ee!" Siapa yelled sharply and sucked in his breath.

At first we thought he had been bitten by a cascabel, a particularly vicious species of thick-bodied rattler which lurks in the bush. Then I saw the blood streaming from a four inch gash in the calf of his left leg and the tambunchi spear that had caused it.

I tore up a strip of shirt for an emergency bandage and after taking care of Siapa I examined the bamboo spear anxiously. The point had been dipped in curare but the drug was old and long dried out. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw it had lost all potency. Barring infection Siapa would be all right in a few days.

"Take him back to the casco and get the medicine kit out," I instructed Juan. "Dust plenty of sulfa powder into it before you bandage it."

I went on alone toward the kumbinta, half a mile ahead. I was thankful nothing worse had happened and I was extremely careful every foot of the way.

LIPI'S kumbinta was small. All Jivaro villages I have known are purposely so for effective defense. Usually they consist of five long wattle or woven reed shacks with conical roofs. Four of the shacks, housing from 30 to 40 Indians each, are cornered in a square clearing. The fifth, occupied by the unca and his family, is built in the center of the square.

Lipi greeted me in front of his shack, which was surrounded by foraging pigs and chickens. The dirty itipi wrapped around his lean body from waist to knee was of vivid red, blue and yellow trade cloth and looked fairly new, a testimony of Hakadan's visit.

Juan was right, I thought as I approached, Fackner didn't find what he wanted here.

This was soon confirmed over a ceremonial gourd of chichi. Talking to Lipi in the Shuara dialect I found out that Fackner had been in the village and had left "yesterday" which also might have meant several days before for a Jivaro has little realization of time.

The white man, according to Lipi, had pointed his wakani ania, or "iron ghost" at many things, making little clicking noises. He wished, above all else, to point it at a Tsanta Dance. This made Lipi sad because the white man had offered a surak ania, a gun, but there were no longer any tsantas in the village with which to make the dance.

Lipi did not remain sad long. He grinned from ear to ear when I told him that Siapa had been caught by one of his damned tambunchi traps. This was the Jivaro chief's idea of a very funny joke.

I returned to the casco to find that Juan had dressed and rebandaged Siapa's wound. The Indian spent a fairly comfortable night but when we started upriver again at dawn I put him amidships with the duffel, deciding to rest him up for the next day or two.

As the morning wore on the river narrowed and soon the trees reached out from the banks. Paratodo trees, festooned with orchid-starred lianas and vines rose high out of the shallows adding to the shade, and the relief from the direct rays of the punishing sun was welcome.

Rounding a bend early in the afternoon we spotted an empty cayuca which we recognized as belonging to Fackner. The sluggish current had brought it broadside to a sandy spit where it had grounded.

We paddled to it and looked it over, mystified. It was absolutely empty. No gear or paddle. Nothing.

I studied the shore with troubled eyes. A solid, impenetrable wall of pink and green lapachos. Fackner could not have made his way in there except by using a machete every foot of the way and the lapachos showed no sign of cutting.

I shouted out his name, kept it up for several minutes until I was hoarse. There was no answer.

I turned from my seat in the bow and looked back at Juan.

"Perhaps he is camped further up the river. The cayuca must have drifted off while he was ashore. Maybe while he was asleep."

It seemed to me to be the most logical explanation. Juan's heavy eyebrows furrowed. He shook his head doubtfully.

"Pues. The current is very slow. Is it possible, *patrón,* that one who has spent so many weeks on the river could now be so careless?"

He's right of course, I decided.

The cayuca had been deliberately pushed out into the current somewhere upstream. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that Fackner had gotten himself into some sort of trouble. And with the Jivaros.

We resumed paddling, keeping a close watch on the shore and calling out Fackner's name. More than an hour went by, then Siapa's sharp eyes saw a break in the lapachos ahead which might well indicate the opening of a jungle trail.

"Mira, patrón!" he said as we approached and pointed with his finger.

There was a long furrow in the sand and mud of the river bank extending into the water. It could have been made by only one thing, the narrow, rounded bottom of a cayuca.

"Fackner!" I muttered in excitement, "he must have gone in there to a Jivaro village."

Juan steered for the river bank. I reached for my rifle, preparing to go ashore to have a look for Fackner.

"Take your carbine," I told Juan. "We'll leave Siapa in the casco."

We weren't more than 15 yards from shore when an arrow came whirring out of the lapachos and buried its point with a resounding thud in the bow ahead of me.

It was so completely unexpected that I guess my initial reaction was more of surprise than anything else. For an instant I stared at it quivering in the cedar hull. It wasn't difficult to identify the characteristically broad head and hardwood shaft of chonta edged with toucan feathers.

"Jivaro!" I snapped and felt myself suddenly tense.

They came swarming out of the opening in the bush as though in answer to the word. There were fully a score of warriors, most of them armed with chonta spears and bows. I didn't see a blow gun, which was ominous. These lads weren't out hunting. They meant business!

"Keep an eye on Fullager."

(*Continued on page* 60)

NEW! Patented Painting Device . . . SAVES $$$ in Home, Factory, Farm

Over 100,000 Now In Use!

Amazing Self-Feeding— The Paint Flows-on From Inside . . .

Special Introductory Offer $3.95 Complete

BRUSHLESS PAINTER

PROFESSIONAL PAINT JOB GUARANTEED—OR NO COST TO YOU!

Just Fill-n-Roll— The paint flows-on automatically!

★ no dipping
★ no dripping
★ no messy brushes
★ no ladders

Lifetime steel cylinder with 300 paint feeders for just right amount of paint every time.

Polyurathene filters the paint through thousands of tiny air cells. Can't drip!

Outer cover assures uniform texture. Paints ceilings, walls (any surface) without dripping.

Holds plenty of paint. Loads and unloads in seconds. All parts clean up quickly and easily. Gives years of money-saving, work-saving service.

Use any kind of paint!

Now you can get rid of costly, clumsy, old fashioned paint brushes . . . no more splattering dip rollers . . . sloppy trays, cans, paint ladders and drop cloths. The Brushless Painter neatly takes the work out of painting. So easy a 12 year old child can do a professional job. The patented, Brushless Painter saves money, paint and time. Does a room in half the usual time with no mess to clean up afterwards. You don't need ladders for ceilings. With ordinary broom or mop handle slipped into Brushless Painter handle you can stand on floor and paint ceiling without splatter or dripping. We guarantee you will get a better paint job or there's no cost to you . . . That's our unconditional guarantee . . . so get started today painting the amazing Brushless Painter way by mailing the coupon now. Special introductory cost only $3.95—plus 2 Free Gifts!

Unconditionally Guaranteed

The Brushless Painter is Unconditionally Guaranteed to give you quality painting or if you should return for prompt refund, you keep 2 Free Gifts for your trouble. We believe you will be thrilled with your Brushless Painter!

Paint flows from the inside like a giant fountain pen. Just the right amount flows-out-evenly to give you a smooth professional quality job . . . *every time!*

PAINTS CEILINGS

Paints Ceilings. Can't drip . . . paint ceilings without ladder, drop cloths and platform, just slip in broom handle.

Paints Faster. Follow consistency recommended. Fill-n-Roll, the paint flows-on smoothly.

IN-OR-OUTDOORS

PAINTS FAST

Paints Patterns. Use patterns. Just cut, attach, wrap-a-rounds and roll on wall.

Works on all surfaces . . wood, plaster, wallpaper, stucco, brick, concrete, metal and fences. Uses all kinds of paint.

PAINTS PATTERNS

FREE GIFT

Mail coupon at once and receive informative DECORATOR BOOKLET . . . with helpful hints . . . at no extra cost.

ALSO FREE

6 gay decorator designs and 2 wrap-arounds included . . . so you can paint decorator patterns with your Brushless Painter.

BEST BUYS
667 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

— — MAIL TODAY . . . MONEY BACK GUARANTEE — —

BEST BUYS *RUSH*
Dept. C-303
667 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

On your Money-Back Guarantee, please ship the following Brushless Painter(s), including the FREE Decorator Wall Designs, 2 wrap-a-rounds and Free Decorator Booklet.

☐ Send ..... C.O.D. at $3.95 each. I will pay postage and C.O.D. Cost.

☐ Enclosed is $3.95 ea. for ..... Brushless Painter(s). You pay shipping cost. Same Money-back Guarantee.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

SORRY NO C.O.D.'S OUTSIDE THE U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 58*)

They came on, wildly waving their spears and setting up a loud chorus of *"Gahrse-gahrse-gahrse!"* which is a sort of Jivaro battle cry and a nerve-edging thing to hear. It isn't a series of shouts or yells but more like an angry, swelling drone.

"Estan loco, patrón," I heard Juan, tautly behind me, *"todos loco!"*

"Don't fire!" I warned quickly.

One doesn't shoot at Indians in Peru except as a last resort. Even at berserk Jivaros. There are a lot of citizens along the river who even believe that the Indios are better protected by the government than are white men.

They were approaching the river bank and they saw our guns but the display had no effect. A second arrow from the bush whistled by my head. Much too close for comfort.

"Acoti!" I shouted loudly. "Friends!"

Behind me an arrow splintered into the hull, amidships, close to Siapa. This was too much for a river Indian. They're scared to death by Jivaros under any circumstances.

I don't know whether Siapa fell or jumped out of the casco for my back was to him. I heard a loud splash and he was in the water up to his hips.

"Fire!" I ordered swiftly. "Over their heads!"

Juan and I triggered almost together. I sent two more shots into the foliage of a moriche.

This halted most of them in their tracks. Two Jivaros, ignoring the warning, came on with upraised spears and murder in their eyes. I couldn't hold off any longer. It would have been suicide if I did.

I lined up quickly on the right shoulder of the lead Jivaro and squeezed the trigger. At short range the .270 slug drilled through his shoulder, taking the fight out of him in a hurry. The Indian behind him also stopped.

It was then I heard Siapa scream. High and shrill, a shriek of sheer terror.

"Piranhas!"

HE threshed the reddening water madly with his hands and all around him, for a distance of at least 10 yards, the surface of the river was agitated, whipped and roiled with spray as the savage little fish sped toward their victim.

There must have been hundreds of them about us in the shallows. The first of them were drawn by Siapa's bandaged wound. The others by the gushing blood as pieces of flesh were torn from his body.

Siapa kept on screaming and threshing his hands against the water in a frantic attempt to beat them off. They were eating him alive.

Both Juan and I acted quickly, instinctively. One doesn't stop to think or to measure consequences at such a time. We jumped into the water near Siapa, making loud splashes and hoping the commotion would drive the piranhas away, for a few seconds at least.

Siapa had become crazed with fear. Shrieking and beating the water where he stood, he appeared to be rooted to the spot.

"Grab him!" I shouted to Juan, "get him to shore, damn it!"

I led the way with rifle ready and I was seething with cold rage. No more shoulder shots or warnings. The first Jivaro that made a threatening movement was going to be a thoroughly dead Jivaro.

I think they sensed this from my actions. They retreated warily as I waded shoreward. Stopping again at the opening in the bush they began muttering among themselves.

I felt a slap against the calf of my right leg, followed by a stinging little pain. The best way I can describe it is that it were as if my skin had been burned by a cigarette.

With Juan and Siapa splashing along behind me, I took four or five more quick steps to the river bank. The other two followed me ashore.

I heard the Jivaros suck in their breath, making a sound like a faint sighing of the wind. Glancing back I saw that Juan had been half-carrying Siapa and had put him down on the bank.

The Indian's screams had subsided to a moan. There was a dazed look on his face and his eyes rolled upward, only the whites showing. He was in a complete state of shock.

I stared at his legs and my stomach suddenly felt weighted with lead. His left leg, the one which had been bandaged, was a ghastly mess from thigh to ankle. Chunks of flesh had been gouged or stripped off. In several places the bone showed through.

The right leg had also been bitten, though not as badly. I don't think Siapa had been in the water for 30 seconds between the time he was attacked and brought to shore by Juan, yet the piranhas had done this to him.

"Get the medicine kit," I told Juan, but even as he brought it I knew it was almost hopeless. Among other things, Siapa had lost considerable blood.

"Must have plasma," I muttered.

We had plasma back at the station. A three-and-a-half days' paddle with the current.

I worked on Siapa's legs and did what I could for him. While I dressed them I did some hard thinking.

"Take him back to the station in the casco," I said. "You know how to handle plasma. Get Dr. Iquiverro at Barranca on short wave. He'll come down."

"What about these thieves?"

I glanced up. The Jivaros had edged forward and were watching the first aid with primitive curiosity. I'm sure I was the first white "medicine man" they'd ever seen.

"I still have to find Fackner," I reminded Juan grimly. "I'll follow you in his cayuca in a few days. With him or without him. Leave the medicine kit with me."

We put Siapa in the casco. He was whimpering like a sick puppy when Juan started off. I was damned sure by then that he wasn't going to make it but I had to give him the chance.

I became aware that the wetness of my right leg was too sticky to be water. The pants leg of my chinos was stained with blood. My own. A piece of cloth, about two inches in diameter was missing from the calf. Not rent or torn but pulled right out. A piranha had done that, taking a small chunk of my calf with it.

One of the Jivaros spoke up while I was dusting the wound with sulfa. His tone was conciliatory. Jivaros have great respect for a curaka, a medicine man, even if he happens to have a white skin.

"Acoti!" he said. "Friends!"

Why the hell didn't you feel this way about it when you first showed up, I thought grimly. Then my anger subsided.

Jivaros don't deliberately set out to attack strangers on the Pastaza any more. Maybe if they're suspicious about someone approaching their village they'll kill first and ask questions later. But they don't go out of their way hunting trouble. I reasoned someone must have stirred them up. Fackner.

"You have seen another white man?"

"Apachi in kumbinta," one of the Indians answered and pointed to the trail.

I hesitated then. Even with a rifle, on a narrow jungle trail with Jivaros all around me I'd be a sitting duck.

If Fackner is in their village, I reflected, the safest thing to do is to persuade them to bring him to me.

While I stood there, mulling it over, the lad I had shot in the shoulder approached closer. He had been stoically holding panjan leaves, which have an astringent quality, to the wound. He pointed to my rifle then to his shoulder.

"Curaka gun has much magic. Other gun had bad magic. Shoot unta."

God, I thought to myself, he's trying to tell me that Fackner shot his chief.

If this was true, if Fackner was still alive, he was in one devil of a mess. It wasn't any wonder the Jivaros were stirred up. What was more, I'd have to chance going into their village to help him.

The wounded man pointed again. This time first to the medicine kit and then to his shoulder.

Sure thing, brother, I muttered. It was a hopeful gesture as far as I was concerned.

I EXAMINED the wound. The .270 had made a clean hole high in the shoulder and gone right on through. Probing was unnecessary. He had been lucky.

The Jivaro's name was Neko and he was proud to be the center of the show, attended by a white curaka. While the other Indians gravely watched, I disinfected and dressed the wound, front and back. When I finished they grunted in approval. I knew enough about Jivaros to decide then I'd be safe with them on the trail.

Their village was was less than half a mile inland on a slight rise of land. Neko led the way, stopping three or four times to guide me into short detours around artfully hidden tambunchi.

Entering the village I observed that in addition to the customary arrangement of shacks in the squared jungle clearing, a small structure had recently been added.

Behind the unta's house was a jivaria, a windowless shack of newly woven wattles. The door was closed, cross-barred from without. A Jivaro with a spear stood guard outside.

Fackner's in there, I told myself, alive and a prisoner.

I started toward the jivaria. Neko and several other Indians were quickly in front of me, barring my way. The hut was most decidedly off limits as far as I was concerned and they made it plain.

Neko pointed toward the unta's house and I headed for it. It was surrounded by the usual collection of pigs and chickens and, directly in front of it, the symbol of office, a long log drum or tundui, slotted for half its length. Beating on the drum with a stout piece of chonta, the sound of a chief's "voice of thunder" can be heard for many miles.

The chief's name was Yavita. More than a dozen tsantas hanging by their hair from

a bamboo cross-pole over the entrance testified to his prowess as a head-hunter in the past.

He appeared in the narrow entrance of his shack as we approached and I heaved a vast sigh of relief. I had misunderstood Neko back on the river bank. I thought he had told me Fackner had shot the chief.

Yavita had been in some sort of accident all right. A pot-bellied strongly-muscled Indian, the upper part of his chest and his face bore several jagged scars. They were recent, still scabbed, and they made me think of the kind of wounds inflicted by shrapnel splinters.

"Apachi curaka," said Neko, "white medicine man."

Yavita nodded solemnly. I saw no hostility in his eyes and I was further encouraged when one of the women emerged from the shack with gourds of chichi. I waited until we had finished the ceremonial drink before getting around to the subject of Fackner.

"I have come for the other apachi," I said. "The one you hold in the jivaria."

His eyes studied me sharply. He did not deny that he was holding Fackner captive. Instead he motioned to the woman who had brought us the chichi.

She went into his shack and emerged with something she placed on the ground between us. Five shiny new .12 gauge cartridges, and the stock and part of the twisted barrel of the old shotgun I had sold to Fackner. They told the whole story even before Yavita spoke, and anger boiled up within me.

That stupid bastard Fackner, I thought indignantly. He let the chief fire one of his shells in my old gun, it had blown up on him.

It was more than stupid, it was idiotic. Fackner should have known the barrel of the shotgun wouldn't stand up under a modern, high power load. The wonder of it was that the chief hadn't been killed when the barrel exploded in his face.

"For this we have Tsanta Dance," said Yavita accusingly. "The apachi give me gun and point his wakani ania with eye at dance. After dance I shoot gun and . . ."

Suddenly he thrust both hands upward and outward in angry pantomime. There were no words in the Shuara dialect with which he could explain the blast that followed when he pulled the trigger.

I nodded my head grimly and remained silent.

YAVITA stared up, studying the tsantas. What he was thinking was plain. Looking at that grisly collection of shrunken heads, in imagination, I could see Fackner's among them.

"It was not the apachi who did this thing," I said, "but the wakani ania with its pointing eye and clicking noises. It must be punished."

Let him take the goddamned movie camera, I thought to myself, and good riddance.

Yavita chewed this over. Whether he entirely believed what I said about the camera's evil eye was hard to tell. He certainly was no fool. He could understand cause and effect when he saw it.

I had a more powerful argument, which I left unmentioned. Juan was already out of his reach, paddling down the Pastaza. If anything happened to Fackner—and to me—Yavita and his warriors would be punished. He knew this as well as I.

With some reluctance he agreed to release Fackner and ordered Neko to bring him to us from the jivaria.

Fackner was a pretty sorry sight for the Jivaros had treated him far from gently. The look on his face when he saw me was like that of a condemned man who had received a last-minute reprieve, but it didn't remain for long. He protested when I told him he'd have to leave his camera behind.

"It's the only thing that's saving your life," I snapped. "You're being executed by proxy. The chief and his curakas are going to kill the evil eye in your camera instead of you."

Maybe this didn't make sense to him but I didn't even bother to explain.

We headed down the Pastaza in his cayuca, arriving at my station three days later. As I had anticipated, Siapa hadn't survived the journey. Not after those piranha bites.

Juan had other news. The *Policia Rurál del Ecuador* station had been on the air again, inquiring anxiously about *Señor* Jaime Fackner.

"I'm going to short wave 'em tonight," I said to Fackner. "What do you want me to say?"

"I've decided to go on down the Marañon and stop off at Iquitos," he said. "There are stores in Iquitos. I'll be able to buy another camera."

I glanced at Juan Foz. He shrugged his shoulders. We both were thinking the same thing. Some of these amateur explorers never learn their lesson. **END**

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

Students (above) getting actual practice training in meat cutting in only their 3rd day at school. Students (below) getting actual practice training on power saw. Students train on all the latest power tools and equipment.

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big, modern, cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. FREE nationwide employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 35th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send coupon for big, fully illustrated, National School catalog showing students in training. See for yourself what rapid progress you can make. See meat you cut and equipment you train with. No obligation. No salesman will call. FOR REAL JOB SECURITY, get all the facts NOW! G.I. Approved.

National School Of Meat Cutting
Dept. K-70, Toledo 4, Ohio

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. K-70, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me your FREE illustrated school catalog showing me how I can quickly train for SUCCESS and SECURITY in Meat Cutting, Meat Merchandising and Self Service Meats. No obligation. No salesman will call. Approved for veterans.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

DEAD MAN'S POSSE

continued from page 31

said dryly. "How will you pay the loot?"

"The money's in a special account at the Delta Bank. When you hring in Sontag and Evans—remember, both of them—either dead or alive, the draft will be made out to you and you can cash in then and there."

"I've already talked with the sheriff. Is there anyone else I should see before we start?" Wilson asked.

"Have you seen Eva?" the merchant replied.

"Eva?"

"Eva Evans. Chris Evans' daughter. She lives here in town with the family. Some think Eva's having no part of the men folk since they went into hiding. Others think different. She was promised to John Sontag once."

"How do you think?" Wilson asked, standing and walking to the window. Outside it was still raining. Wind-swept curtains of water paraded across the muddy street.

"I'll show you where she lives. You decide. You'll leave tomorrow?"

Wilson turned hack from the window.

"I'll leave as soon as I talk to little Eva. I'm anxious to have this over with. I don't like your weather."

That afternoon it stopped raining. Eva Evans lived with her mother, hrothers and sisters in a small frame house on the north edge of town. She met Wilson at the door.

"Miss Evans?" Wilson asked.

"You're Vic Wilson," Eva answered without emotion. "You may as well come in. I've been expecting you."

Wilson walked into the small living room. "Expecting me? How? I just got to town last night."

The girl smiled thinly. "Even though I'm an outlaw's daughter I still have friends in town," she answered. She caught her full lower lip hetween her teeth for a long second. "I'm not going to help you!"

Wilson smiled back at the girl. "I'm doing a job. That's all there is to it. Nothing personal at all. If you can help me, if you can tell me when you heard from Sontag and Evans last, the chances of my hringing them in unhurt would he a lot hetter."

"I've heard ahout you, Mr. Wilson," Eva answered unsmiling. "I've heard you hrought in a lot of men. Twenty-seven, isn't it?"

"It's part of the husiness." Wilson tried to explain the notion away with his hands. "I'd rather bring in a man alive than dead."

"I'm not going to help you," Eva said again.

"So be it," Wilson shrugged. "I'll hring them in anyway."

"Other hounty hunters have failed."

Wilson turned and faced her. She stood in the door. She was a hell of a pretty woman for 16. He promised himself he'd see Eva Evans again.

Later that afternoon, with the two trackers and a posse of seven men, Wilson rode east out of Visalia toward the mountains where Sontag and Evans were holed up.

"Dig two graves," Wilson told the red-faced merchant. "Dig two graves and I'll fill 'em for you."

Five days later, on another rainy afternoon, Vic Wilson returned to Visalia. His body, covered by a poncho, lay in the hottom of a wagon. Beside him, similarly covered, was the hody of one of the seven possemen who had ridden out with him.

"Wilson was right," a townsman muttered as the wagon splashed past him in the rain. "He filled two graves."

Chris Evans and John Sontag, former ranchers, had emharked upon their careers of train rohhery five years hefore. In that time they had successfully held up four Southern Pacific trains passing through the San Joaquin Valley.

Each time they worked the rohhery the same way: Unseen, they hoarded the train when it stopped for water or at a lonely Valley station. Then, at a predetermined point, they climbed over the tender into the cah and forced the engineer to halt the train.

After that it was a simple chore to roh the haggage car. Twice they had heen forced to shoot a baggage car guard; another time it was a too-curious passenger.

After each holdup the men would disappear, leaving no clues. Many of the San Joaquin Valley ranchers suspected who the train robbers were, hut they didn't volunteer information. Puhlic sympathies ran against the railroad in those days.

Finally Sontag and Evans made their first hig mistake. They sent for John Sontag's hrother, George, who was living in the east. George came to California and helped Sontag and Evans pull off their fifth—and last—train rohhery. The holdup took place near the little station of Collis.

BROTHER George Sontag had a weakness common to many men. He liked to drink. When he drank he liked to talk. Thirty-six hours after the daring Collis holdup George Sontag was drunk in a Visalia saloon and hinting hroadly that he knew more—a great deal more—ahout the Collis train rohhery than he was saying.

An interested listener in the saloon was Will Smith, a railroad detective.

"Come along, Mister," he said. "Let's go down to the sheriff's office and dry out."

Soher, George wouldn't admit a thing. But what he had said in the saloon prompted Smith and another officer to drive a rig across town to the home of Chris Evans.

When Smith knocked at the door, Eva Evans answered. She was running a comb idly through her hlond hair. Smith was impressed.

"What is it?" Eva asked.

"I'd like to talk to John Sontag," Smith told her.

"He's not here," Eva answered.

"You're mistaken," Smith said. "I just saw him walk into the hack of the house a minute ago." Smith pushed his way through the door.

Eva ran outside to the harn where her father was working. "Pa," she cried. "There's a detective in there looking for Johnny." She pointed toward the house.

Shaggy-maned, bull-shouldered Chris Evans picked up a heavy revolver from a shelf and stomped toward the house.

At that moment Smith pulled aside a curtain in the back room of the house and found himself looking into the twin harrels of a leveled shotgun held hy John Sontag.

"Looking for me?" Sontag asked wryly.

Smith hacked away, stumbled against a piece of furniture, edged back toward the front door. He had no opportunity to draw his gun from under his buttoned coat. He made the door, leaped across the porch and hroke into a run for the rig. Chris Evans reached the front of the house then and fired once at the running man.

Smith and the other officer zigzagged across an adjacent field on foot. Sontag hlazed away at them with the shotgun. Both officers were hit, Smith in the neck and hack. But both lawmen managed to escape.

Sontag and Evans grabbed the officers' rig and headed for the foothills.

In an hour a posse of 100 men from Visalia were looking for the two suspects. But Sontag and Evans were too clever for the lawmen. They abandoned the rig, left a false set of tracks, hid in a haystack when the chase got close, crossed a muddy field at night and made it hack to the Evans home after hlankets, food, more guns and ammunition.

But three young deputies had remained in Visalia. One of them, Oscar Beaver, had a hunch.

"Let's go out and look over the Evans place. Who knows, they might have doubled hack there."

"You looking for Evans or his daughter," one of his companions gihed.

The three men laughed as they rode out to the Evans place. They tied their horses a few hundred yards from the house and walked quietly along a path toward the huilding. As they neared the house they heard men's voices coming from the nearby harn.

"You were right," one of the deputies whispered to Beaver. "They did come hack. They're in the harn."

Beaver sent the men out, one on each side of the harn. Then he closed in, gun drawn.

"Come on out," he yelled at the harn. "It's your only way. There're guns covering you from every side."

Sontag and Evans came out. They kicked open the harn door and walked out, firing their shotguns as they came.

Beaver fell, a gaping wound in his neck. One of the other deputies crumpled, his leg blasted away. Sontag and Evans turned, ran hack into the barn, rode out on a loaded wagon, firing hack at the remaining frightened but uninjured deputy.

Beaver died within a few minutes, his hlood drenching the ground. Eva Evans stood beside him as he died, hut the sight of hlood and the injured man left her unmoved. She spoke softly as the light went out of Beaver's eyes. "You shouldn't have tried it," she said and then turned away.

A week later the Southern Pacific Com-

pany and Wells Fargo posted a $10,000 reward for the capture of Chris Evans and John Sontag—dead or alive.

George Sontag, the brother with the liquor loosened tongue, was tried for his role in the Collis train robbery. He was found guilty. Train rohbery was a capital offense in California and he was sentenced to Folsom State Prison for life.

For a year Sontag and Evans kept out of the law's reach. Friends kept them posted on the movement of the posses, furnished them with food and shelter. Cbris Evans visited bis large family in Visalia almost at will, always knowing when it was safe to make a trip home.

John Sontag had been engaged to Eva Evans before the Beaver shooting. After a year of hiding from the law he released her from her promise to marry him.

For awhile the $10,000 attracted bounty hunters and gun slingers from all across the West. But after Vic Wilson was killed posses formed less frequently. The footbills of the Sierra all the way from Porterville north to Piedra were considered the hiding place of tbe two train robbers. Strangers stayed out of the bills.

By winter interest in finding Sontag and Evans seemed to have died out completely. As the first snow dusted the western face of the Sierra, Sontag and Evans stopped moving from hideout to hideout. In a snug mountain cahin they planned to break gabby George Sontag out of escape-proof Folsom Prison.

THE following spring George Sontag had a visitor at Folsom. During the course of their brief conversation the visitor told George that he knew how guns could be smuggled into him, for him to plot an escape according to the plan he was going to outline.

A few weeks later a man named Fredericks was parolled from Folsom. He went to see Eva Evans, now 17 and more beautiful than she had been the year before.

"Tbe plan is all set," Fredericks told the tall, lithe girl. "All they need now are the guns. Can you help me get them?"

Eva bit her lower lip thoughtfully. "I've been keeping my eyes open," she said. "I know just the place."

Now that the snows were melting in the mountains, posses had once again begun looking for the two outlaws. After each disappointing trip into the mountains tbe weary possemen would return to Visalia, place their guns in the back room of Si's Saloon, belly up to the bar to drink and lie about the fruitless excursion.

Eva knew this. One night while the deputies were drinking at the bar Fredericks broke into the darkened back room and took all the guns he could carry.

The guns were quickly smuggled into Folsom via a well organized web of convicts and former convicts that Sontag and Evans had contacted.

One morning, while the convicts were working in the upper quarry of the prison near the beadgate of the big dam, George Sontag noticed a chalk mark on the water tank. This was the sign. It meant that guns for the escape were hidden in the quarry.

George Sontag signalled a fellow convict. The man stooped, ran his hand under a rock and came up with a loaded revolver.

MAKE MORE MONEY
TRAIN FOR SUCCESS IN MODERN INDUSTRY

FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON SHOWS YOU HOW...

No Obligation. Make your own decision.
NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

TELEVISION RADIO and ELECTRONICS

Be a skilled Technician. *Only* National Schools trains you at home, in spare time, in ALL PHASES of the industry—Television, plus Color TV...Radio, AM & FM...Electronics...Sound Recording & Hi-Fi...FCC License...Automation ...Radar...Communications. Easy-to-understand lessons, manuals and many extras. Friendly instruction. Employment Service. Lowest Tuition. Earn as you learn. Mail coupon NOW!

19 KITS OF EQUIPMENT, YOURS TO KEEP

AUTO MECHANICS and DIESEL

Every car, bus, truck, tractor, bulldozer, and motor vehicle needs the services of a trained Mechanic. National Schools offers you up-to-date shop-method training, covering ALL PHASES of Auto Mechanics and Diesel, in your own home, in spare time...loaded with easy-to-learn lessons, manuals and many extras. Job placement service. Lowest tuition, yet MOST COMPLETE TRAINING ANYWHERE! Earn as you learn. Send for information TODAY!

YOU GET AND KEEP ALL THIS EQUIPMENT

Complete set of professional Hand Tools and All-Metal Tool Box. Same top-quality equipment used by expert mechanics everywhere. Use them, display them proudly.

"Motor Analyzing Set" contains Standard Engine Vacuum Fuel Pump Tester, Portable Starter Switch, Standard Timing Light, Standard Compression Tester. Plus combination carrying case & instructions.

Top-quality Socket Wrench with Fittings. Real professional tools you'll use during your lifetime career in repairing all types of engines, from foreign cars to big diesel jobs.

RESIDENT TRAINING ALSO AVAILABLE AT LOS ANGELES IN THESE 2 GREAT COURSES
If you wish to take your training in our famous Resident School Shops and Labs at Los Angeles, write for special Resident School folder

NATIONAL SCHOOLS
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

MEMBER

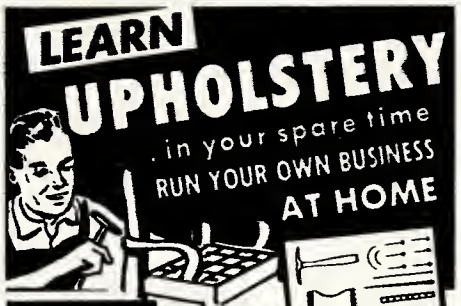
MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK & SAMPLE LESSON

NATIONAL SCHOOLS
TECHNICAL TRADE TRAINING SINCE 1905
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. MM-78
4000 S. FIGUEROA ST. LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

Please rush FREE Book and Sample Lesson checked below.
No obligation, no salesman will call.
☐ "My Future in TV-Radio-Electronics"
☐ "My Future in Auto-Mechanics and Diesel"

Name _____ Age ____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____
☐ Check if interested ONLY in Resident Training at Los Angeles
VETERANS: Give date of discharge _____



FREE BOOK
SAMPLE LESSON
WITH COURSE YOU MAKE
SLIPPER CHAIR
CLUB CHAIR
OTTOMAN
WITH SLIP COVERS Yours to Keep or Sell

Be Your Own Boss

Earn more from the start! Set up your own profitable business in your own home, enjoy steady income in good times and bad. Independence for life—in the **ever-growing** field of CUSTOM UPHOLSTERY. **Right off** you start learning and earning with tools, complete frames, fabrics and materials, included FREE with your UTS course. You learn skilled professional custom upholstery, reupholstery, furniture finishing, repair, how to make beautiful slip covers, window cornices, cushions and draperies. It's easy to EARN WHILE YOU LEARN, in spare time . . . the UTS way.

Send for FREE Illustrated Book —FREE Sample Lesson.

Get ready for well-paid job, big profits from steady work, as your own boss, running your own business. Training in N. Y. School also available. Mail coupon NOW!

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL
Dept. GM-6510, 721 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Please send me free book "Your New Way to a Successful Career" with FREE Sample lesson. No obligation—no salesman will call.

☐ Home Study ☐ N. Y. School

Name.....
please print plainly

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....

☐ Check if Korean Veteran

GET INTO RADIO • TELEVISION

Prepare for Big Pay Jobs or Your Own Business
—TRAIN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME!

Earn While You Learn

Good paying jobs are waiting for men who know RADIO-TELEVISION. Learn at home, get valuable, interesting actual practical experience with kits and equipment we send. Earn extra cash servicing sets while learning. No previous experience needed. Rush coupon for big book and Sample Lesson ...*free!* No salesman will call. 27th year.

FREE! 60 Page Catalog and Sample Lesson

Sprayberry Academy of Radio-Television
Dept. 181-K, 1512 Jarvis Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.
Rush Catalog and sample lesson . . . no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

REMOVES PAINT
down to bare wood grain

Field tested, time-tested, MASTER Electric Peeler is now a proved heavy-duty working tool for professional or handyman. MASTER provides a safer, faster, easier way to remove paint, enamel, varnish, shellac than burning or chemicals . . . less tiring than sanding, scraping, cutting. Strips off up to 12 layers of old paint as fast as 3½ square feet per minute, right down to bare wood grain. Can be used on regular, or irregular surfaces both interior and exterior . . . siding, furniture, doors, frames, boats, etc. Leaves surface smooth, clean. A few of MASTER'S outstanding features: Self-cleaning blade . . . attached standard for standing up tool when not in use, providing more safety and a means of two-hand operation . . . enclosed heating unit . . . hollow handle for cooler operation . . . one-stroke removal . . . no follow-up necessary. Overall length 15"; Width of blade 2⅝"; Length of hollow handle 6⅝". Enclosed heating unit separated from handle by asbestos gasket and cooling compartment: 6 ft. UL approved heater cord: Plugs into any 110 volt AC or 600 watts DC outlet: Heats to 1200 degrees in minutes. All parts are replaceable. Factory service. **$11.98** post-paid

MERIDIAN CO., 366 Madison Ave., Dept. P-700, New York 17

He stepped to the nearest guard, jammed the gun into the man's neck.

"Drop the rifle," the convict commanded Lieutenant Frank Briare. The guard's rifle clattered on the rocky ground.

An instant later half a dozen convicts in the rocky depression were armed. George Sontag picked up the guard's rifle.

Work in the quarry ceased as the rest of the convicts watched the escape party and their hostage move toward the quarry gate.

With the revolver pressed against his neck, Briare was forced to walk up the steep hill toward the prison walls, the armed convicts behind him.

The guards on the walls were motionless. If they fired they knew it meant a sudden bullet would rip into Briare's spine. Briare was the convicts' key to freedom.

The incredible attempt at a prison break would have succeeded—except for one small incident: As they reached the top of the steep incline, near the gate, the convict holding the revolver against Briare stepped on a loose rock. He lost his balance, fell, dropped his gun and grabbed wildly at Briare. Both men fell then, rolling together to the bottom of the slope.

The guards on the wall opened fire. A murderous barrage of rifle, revolver and riot gun slugs laced down into the depression. It was over in a twinkling. Three convicts were dead. The others were seriously wounded. George Sontag was unconscious with two bullets in him. Guard Briare was unharmed.

In the prison hospital, near death, George Sontag talked freely. He implicated John Sontag and Evans in the other four train robberies. He told of some of their hiding places in the Sierra Nevada foothills.

Visalia authorities were notified. More posses and freelance man-hunters began combing the east side of the San Joaquin Valley for the badmen.

A little over two years from the day they shot railroad detective Will Smith in Visalia luck ran out on Sontag and Evans. A well-armed posse had stopped to rest one Sunday afternoon in a vacant cabin known as Widow Baker's place near a landmark identified on the map as Stone Corral. Lying in a little dip in the hills, free of trees and brush, the cabin commanded the area around it for hundreds of yards.

That evening Fred Jackson, one of the possemen, looked out of a cabin window and saw two bearded men walking across the meadow through the deepening dusk toward the cabin. Jackson yelled: "My God, it's Sontag and Evans." At the same time he grabbed his rifle and fired at the two men.

The bullet tore into the left arm of Chris Evans, shredding the muscle. "John," Evans sighed, sinking to the ground. "I'm done up."

At the sound of the rifle explosion Sontag had thrown himself behind a pile of hay and manure and began to shoot out the windows of the cabin with his rifle.

Evans dragged himself across the flat to Sontag's side, his left arm hanging in rags of bloody flesh and bone from wrist to elbow. His face was contorted with pain. With his right hand he lifted his rifle, fired toward the cabin.

Bullets and buckshot ripped into the hay where the two badmen were hiding. Now all the possessmen were firing. Jackson slipped from the cabin, intending to move around behind the outlaws. With a strong right arm Chris Evans held his rifle steady and pumped a shot at the posseman. A bullet crashed into Jackson's ankle, shattering it.

Then Sontag was hit by a bullet in the upper right arm. He smiled grimly. "I can still shoot at the bastards with the left," he muttered. Another bullet caught him in the side, spun him around. He collapsed. Blood soaked into the hay and manure.

Chris Evans looked at his fallen companion. He half-rose to see if he could help the fallen man. A bullet ripped into his back, digging a furrow of flesh nine inches long, missing his spine by a fraction of an inch. Stubbornly, Evans reloaded his rifle and kept firing.

Sontag regained consciousness, propped himself up on his good arm. Blood leaked from his mouth. He wiped it away with his hand, looked at the stain, fainted.

Another posseman, Hi Rapelje, crept out of the cabin and edged toward the weeds near the mound of hay.

Sontag revived, moaned: "Water. Chris, for God's sake get me a drink. I'm burning up."

Evans ripped Sontag's shirt open to inspect the terrible wound in the younger man's chest. Rapelje carefully aimed his Winchester. The bullet caught Evans' right arm. Blood spurted from the gash.

Now Rapelje picked up his shotgun and fired it. Three buckshot ripped into Evans' face. His right eye was knocked from its socket, dangled hideously on his cheek.

"Oh Johnny," cried the older man through a haze of shock and frightful pain. "It's all up Johnny. It's all up." But Sontag had fainted again.

Evans, with both arms shattered, his eyes gone, a bullet furrow in his back, buckshot lodged in his face peered down at his friend, then crawled away from the stack of hay toward the darkness of the trees beyond.

What followed was one of the most amazing sagas of human endurance: Chris Evans, in the inky night, grievously wounded, stumbled along the mountain path for six miles. His arms were useless stumps of flesh. Blood streaming from his lacerated head and eye ran into his mouth. The wound across his back was like fire. He ran into trees. Cruel vines lashed at his broken face. He fell and got up to fall again. His boots grew soggy with blood. But he had a mighty heart. He made a magnificent bid for freedom.

At the end of six miles he came to a farmhouse, kicked open the door and collapsed on the floor.

BACK at Stone Corral the posse waited for daylight to rush the mound of hay. There were sporadic shots all night but they couldn't know that John Sontag was trying to kill himself with his rifle—but he was too weak to hold his gun steady.

When dawn inched across the little meadow the posse crawled out of the cabin and closed in on the hay and manure pile. Behind it they found John Sontag, blood drenched and unconscious. They couldn't believe that Evans had escaped, but the signs were plain.

At the farmhouse, however, Evans had not found sanctuary. The occupants, knowing of the reward, bound the wounded outlaw securely and hauled him in their wagon

to the nearest jail. Both Evans and Sontag were transferred to the Sacramento prison.

The douhle capture made headlines all over the nation. The news was met with mixed emotions. Some were relieved that the outlaws had heen apprehended. Others openly displayd disappointment. John Sontag died in the Sacramento jail a few days following his capture. Chris Evans' right arm was amputated hut his amazing vitality pulled him through.

Attractive Eva Evans visited her father every day. Her eyes were misty when she assured him: "Don't worry. I'll see that you get the hest lawyers money can huy."

SHE kept her word; she raised the money as only she could. Eva Evans went on the stage in San Francisco in a colorful, slightly over-written play called, "Sontag and Evans." Eva's slim loveliness plus a natural flair for histrionics captured the hearts of sentimental Bay Area residents. When, with her dark eyes flashing, she vilified the hounty hunters who combed the Sierra foothills for her father, she hrought down the ohviously-biased house. And there were always several anxious young swains waiting outside the stage door each night. But Eva was all business.

By the time Evans had recovered sufficiently to stand trial, daughter Eva had charmed enough money out of San Francisco to hire a hrace of top lawyers.

But it was money down the drain. The prosecution hauled out talkative George Sontag. George not only pointed out Evans as being the man hehind the many train robberies, but went on to malign his hrother.

It was a short trial. Evans was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

In the courtroom after the judge pronounced sentence Eva gave a little cry and rushed to her father's side. Spectators thought it was a daughter's natural anguish. But they sold the hlonde beauty short. Through her sohs she whispered in her father's ear: "I'll get a gun to you tomorrow. Be ready for a hreak."

Chris Evans looked fondly at his daughter, a small knowing smile on his lips. He nodded slightly.

The next evening, Ed Morrell, a likeahle young waiter from an adjacent restaurant, appeared at the jail. He held a dinner tray covered wtih a large napkin.

"Hi!" Morrell called to the jailer. "I've got Evans' dinner. Okay if I take it in?" Chris was in his cell, quietly talking with his wife.

"Sure, go ahead," nodded the jailer. He opened the cell door.

Morrell stepped inside. His hand slid under the napkin, came out with a revolver. The jailer paled.

Chris Evans stepped forward, took the gun from Morrell, another from the jailer. Mrs. Evans called out to him, then fainted.

EVANS and Morrell locked the jailer in the cell with the unconscious Mrs. Evans. On the way out they met a Sacramento police officer. There was a sudden scuffle. The officer fell, shot in the side.

Outside the pair stole a horse and wagon. Within an hour they had both vanished.

Morrell later admitted that he had been talked into the jailhreak attempt hy the shapely Eva.

But following their escape the two men stayed out of sight. Sacramento lawmen tried an old trick. It worked.

THEY fed the grapevine a story that Eva was desperately ill. Evans and Morrell rushed into Visalia. They were surrounded by a posse of more than 200 men. They surrendered quietly. "Too many men have died already," Chris Evans commented sadly.

In 1893 Chris Evans entered grim Folsom prison. In the long, lonely years before he was parolled, in 1911, he had plenty of time to reflect on the days when he and John Sontag were the West's most wanted men.

Even after John Sontag died and Chris Evans was imprisoned legends insisted that portions of the train robbery loot were hidden in the Sierra foothills. Every cave and rock shelter became a potential hiding place for Sontag and Evans' treasure. Men still look for it.

Without the help of Eva hoth Evans and Sontag would have been captured years hefore. But there was no evidence that she had ever violated any law.

But every lawman who ever worked on the case remembered Eva. Tall, hlonde, dark eyes, worrying her lower lip with her small white teeth, filling out her simple cotton dresses like no 16-year-old had any right to.

Deputies could easily forget the long chases that had preceded Chris Evans' capture, hut they never forgot Eva. **END**

Sells First Article to Look Magazine Although Only Halfway Through Course

"My first attempt at writing for a national magazine was an article in answer to one that appeared in Look Magazine. My response was chosen as the best. The editor expressed interest in the fact I was studying your course. The check I received more than pays for the course." —Glenn Dunlap, Painesville, Ohio.

Earns $100 A Month In Spare Time

"N.I.A. enriched my life, gave me a paying hobby, and opened up a whole new world. In my spare time I am earning $100 a month as correspondent for two city newspapers. Even more rewarding is the satisfaction of seeing my feature stories printed." —Mrs. Leslie Coats, Doland, South Dakota.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, household affairs, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club, church and veteran activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the *individual* styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive style*. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our FREE Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.) (Licensed by State of N. Y.) (Approved Member, National Home Study Council.)

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Miss }
Mrs. }
Mr. } .....

Address.....

City..... *Zone*.... *State*.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 164-M-598

Copyright 1957 Newspaper Institute of America

How I Learned
SHORTHAND
in 6 Weeks

Speedwriting® SHORTHAND

No Symbols—No Machines,
Uses ABC's

by Thomas J. Murphy

"Before I saw the SPEEDWRITING shorthand ad, I was supporting three people on a meager salary. As a result of SPEEDWRITING shorthand, I now hold the position of Executive Secretary to the President of the firm. My pay has more than doubled from last year and my future is bright."

Speedwriting®
The ABC Shorthand

Over 350,000 men and women have learned shorthand the SPEEDWRITING way at home or through classroom instruction in schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Today they are winning success everywhere—in business, industry and Civil Service.

SPEEDWRITING shorthand is easy to master—yet it is accurate and speedy. 120 words per minute. Age is no obstacle. Typing also available.

FREE Write TODAY for FREE book which gives full details—and FREE sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly YOU can learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Mail the coupon NOW.

©School of Speedwriting
Dept. 408-S, 55 W. 42 St.
New York 36, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Please send me details and FREE sample lesson.

35th Year

☐ Home Study ☐ Classroom Instruction

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

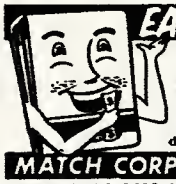
Phonograph Records Made

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 120, New York 1

GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE
OIL LEASE $100

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with Oil Co's. to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling, yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Write:

NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS
8272-W SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.



EARN EXTRA CASH!

It's Easy to Take Orders for Advertising Book Matches!

Every business in town is your prospect. No experience needed; we show you how! Millions sold daily! Manufacturer offers you year 'round prestige opportunity with steady repeat earnings. Rush postcard today for details on FREE Sales Outfit, samples.

MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. HH-12, 3433-43 W. 48th Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

BUY & HOLD
U. S.
SAVINGS BONDS

CREW OF THE COMBAT SHIP FIDELITY

continued from page 15

emerging from his tennis shirt, might have appeared ridiculous. But emphasis suited Costa; it made him look like an angry, courageous cockerel. He had managed to disturh, awaken, captivate, and finally electrify his audience.

Meanwhile some sailors had approached the ports. Among them were stokers in overalls, Arabs and half-naked Negroes. Several of them glued their faces to the glass. The mess room was under observation like the interior of an aquarium. Costa knew it. He beckoned to the second engineer, who was seated not far from him. The man nodded. Costa did not wait for mutiny to start. At the top of his voice he continued his diatribe:

"Well, gentlemen . . . Are there any among you who feel inclined to replace the traitors I had to chase off my ship?"

Soigne realized that the lieutenant was mustering his supporters to try and nip the threatening mutiny in the bud. A sneering voice rose on his left; it came from the chief engineer:

"Say, Costa . . . wouldn't it be better if you told these gentlemen what a bastard you are?"

The insult froze the whole company. Costa received it like a hlow in the face. For an instant, while the shapes on the deck drew closer, he seemed to hesitate. In a more gentle voice he ordered:

"Keep quiet, Marais. If you have something against me, come and see me later in my cabin. I've never been one to avoid an explanation."

IT was too late. The die had been cast—Marais' intentions could be read in his smile. It was a public affront, staged with the connivance of the crew to eliminate Costa. The men outside were taking counsel; obviously there was some hesitation. The woman could hardly conceal her excitement. The captain, quite impassive, poured hrandy into his cup of lukewarm coffee.

Marais clutched his glass, then emptied it in one gulp as though to indicate that a scrap was now inevitable.

"Costa is a rogue," he said, "a dirty little rogue who thinks he's Napoleon. He is trying to take advantage of the circumstances to seize the *Le Rhône*. Look what he's done to Captain Passementton. Yes, it's he who organized the Las Palmas affair. The only thing he didn't tell you is how much it brought him in. You were more communicative a month ago, if you remember. You said that after that coup we should be rolling in money. Who do you think you're kidding? You kept all the dough for yourself."

Costa was tremhling. With a swift movement, he swept the glasses and plates off the table. He hrandished his fist threateningly at the engineer.

"I promised you one thing—that if you ever hetrayed me I'd kill you, and that's what I'm going to do now."

With surprising agility, Costa jumped over the table and landed in the middle of the horseshoe. Marais broke the stem of his glass on the edge of the table—a glass flower with jagged petals glittered in his hand. He plunged it savagely into his opponent's face.

"You've put my eye out!" screamed Costa. "I'll get you for that, you traitor!"

The two panting men rolled on the ground among the swivel chairs. Breathing heavily, the Corsican brushed away the sticky liquid which was blinding him with the hack of his hand, at the same time striking with cunning savagery, with intent to hurt, to hreak and to maim. Two of the Belgian officers caught hold of the struggling men in an attempt to separate them.

A few sailors had come into the mess room, taking advantage of the disturbance. Pale and silent, the woman puffed at her cigarette.

Separated and firmly pinioned by the arms, Costa and Marais faced each other. The Corsican's face was a single open wound. The engineer was writhing with a hroken ankle. The lieutenant lost complete control of himself: "Put that man in irons!" he roared.

This was the crazy end of a mean little brawl and yet it completely restored Costa's authority. Spontaneously two sailors offered their services to the lieutenant. The latter repeated his order: "Put him in irons, near the boiler."

Costa was shivering. His fingers and his face were hleeding profusely. Soigne went over to him. "You can't stay like that," he said, "we must stop the bleeding."

Costa turned around ahruptly: "Are you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, see if that sod's cost me an eye and sew up the rest of the damage."

"Here?"

"In my cahin."

Dragging his injured leg, Marais roared: "I'll get you for this, Costa, I'll get you."

"Are you there, Uncle?" asked the half-hlinded lieutenant. "Good; in half-an-hour pipe everyone down to the hold. You'll march all those cowards past the traitor; I want them to know what to expect."

Costa seized Soigne hy the arm. "Help me to my cabin. I can't see a thing."

The woman was at his side; he sensed her presence and his voice softened.

"Ah, there you are. Do you think he's done me?"

The wounded man was helped from the mess room.

As soon as Costa was in his bunk, Soigne washed his face and cleaned it with lint and hot water.

There were four cuts, one on the forehead, one on the nostril and two on the cheek. The one near the lower eye lid was a deep gash. The blood continued to flow regularly from it. Tight-lipped, Madeleine Guesclin helped Soigne. Her white blouse was bloodstained all down the front, the wetness frankly outlining her breasts. In silence, the Belgian began to put in the stitches.

The patient swore between his teeth. "The bastard, after all I've done for him. But he'll pay dearly for it."

"Where can I wash my hands?" Soigne asked when he was finished.

The water from the tap spouted into the narrow basin and spattered the cabin wall. Madeleine Guesclin stood up. Nervous anxiety had made her face haggard and drawn.

Costa turned to the girl: "Make yourself scarce, *petite*. We've got things to discuss."

She left the cabin without a word.

Costa handed a cigarette to Soigne and asked: "I suppose you wonder what sort of a spot you've hit on, eh?"

Soigne was suspicious. "Captain, at this moment there is a man in pain at the bottom of the hold. I must ask your permission to go and treat him."

FORGETTING his injuries, Costa blew the smoke through his nostrils; a fit of coughing made him double up in bed. Soigne watched him, convinced that he was taking advantage of his discomfort to think out a reply.

The Corsican growled, "I should let him croak, the traitor." He turned away, muttering, "Go and treat the sod and then come back to me."

At the door Soigne ran into Passementton. The old sailor had just come up from the stifling hold.

"Well, that's that," he said. "Marais is in irons and the crew is waiting in the hold."

The wounded man jumped out of bed: "I'm coming."

The crew was assembled below. Costa walked over to his enemy.

"Engineer Lieutenant Marais," he said, "you have stained your honour, sullied the flag of your ship, and raised your hand against your superiors. I demote you."

With a swift movement, he tore the stripes from Marais' shoulders. He turned to the doctor: "He's all yours. Do what you like with him."

Soigne reached his cabin at about two o'clock in the morning. He opened the door and switched on the light. Brinchant, in the upper bunk, growled and turned his face to the wall.

The doctor, trying to analyze the day's events, could not sleep. Costa had behaved as though he wanted to commandeer the ship and rule it like a despot. He had already supplanted the vacillating captain, put a recalcitrant officer in irons and installed a woman on board.

Soigne recalled the accusations made by Marais while he was putting his broken ankle in a splint: "He's a maniac. He's sworn to bend us all to his will and to lead us all to our death. You'll see, he'll suggest stuffing the ship with T.N.T. and sailing her into Kiel to explode in the middle of the German fleet."

Soigne tossed and turned in his bunk. The more he thought of it, the more congenial

HERE IS THE KIND OF HE-MAN BODY YOU CAN HAVE!

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

You can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, develop a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful, shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality! The new "home gym method" that's the sure best and most inexpensive. It has changed many a 90 lb. weakling to a he-man. It has turned many a skinny boy into a marvelous physical specimen. It can do the same for you! *No $50.00 courses! No expensive gadgets.* You simply use the inexpensive home gym which helps you use the dormant muscle power in your own body. You will watch it increase in double quick time into solid muscle. The home gym method is easy!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are, the amazing new muscle power body builder can help you gain inches of solid muscle in double quick time—only 10 minutes a day!

THE HOME GYM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO WANTS A BETTER BUILD WILL PRIZE! JUST MAILING THE COUPON MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!

YOU MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND YOU CAN PROVE TO YOURSELF YOU CAN BE A NEW MAN! THE SECRET METHOD CALLED THE "*HOME GYM METHOD*" HAS DONE WONDERS FOR THOUSANDS. HERE'S WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU IN JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY!

. . . You'll be a winner where muscles count! Many gain up to 60 lbs. of muscles and add inches to chest and arms . . . Many turn fat into muscles . . . You can develop your back, your grip, your legs—you'll look, feel, act like a real he-man. You'll find it easier to win women and men friends . . . You'll win in sports, win promotion, you'll win more praise and popularity! You get everything you need in one compact package—you do-it-all in just 10 minutes a day, with the HOME GYM. You get complete and full instructions with the HOME GYM . . . you'll be amazed at how easy it is to get in shape and stay in shape with the HOME GYM.

WIN A SILVER CUP Awarded to Users Making Greatest Improvement in Next 3 Months.

MAIL NO RISK COUPON NOW!

HOME GYM CO., DEPT. 336
403 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

PLEASE RUSH THE HOME GYM WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONLY $2.98 complete on guarantee that I must gain inches of solid muscle, and I must be 100% satisfied or I get my money back! ☐ I enclose $3.98, send Deluxe Model.

☐ I enclose $2.98 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage by sending $2.98 with my order).

NAME.....

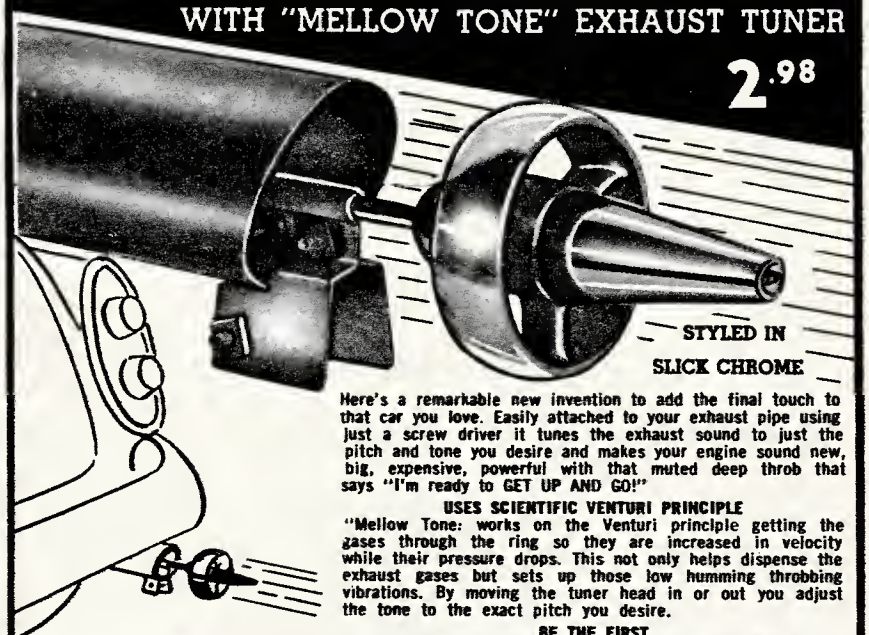
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

DEEP POWERFUL ENGINE THROB
WITH "MELLOW TONE" EXHAUST TUNER

2.98



Here's a remarkable new invention to add the final touch to that car you love. Easily attached to your exhaust pipe using just a screw driver it tunes the exhaust sound to just the pitch and tone you desire and makes your engine sound new, big, expensive, powerful with that muted deep throb that says "I'm ready to GET UP AND GO!"

USES SCIENTIFIC VENTURI PRINCIPLE

"Mellow Tone: works on the Venturi principle getting the gases through the ring so they are increased in velocity while their pressure drops. This not only helps dispense the exhaust gases but sets up those low humming throbbing vibrations. By moving the tuner head in or out you adjust the tone to the exact pitch you desire.

BE THE FIRST

"Mellow Tone" sets off your car from all others—not only by its distinctive throbbing power tone but by its attractive distinctive appearance. Be the first in your neighborhood with this wonderful device.

FEATURES
- Deep mellow powerful tone
- Modern design
- Venturi effect
- Disperses exhaust
- Durable tarnish proof chrome

10 DAY FREE TRIAL
You risk nothing. Put "Mellow Tone" on your car. Try it for 10 days. If you are not delighted — if your friends are not amazed — just return it for full purchase price refund. Only $2.98 plus 36c shipping charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS CO. Dept. TE-70 Lynbrook, N. Y.

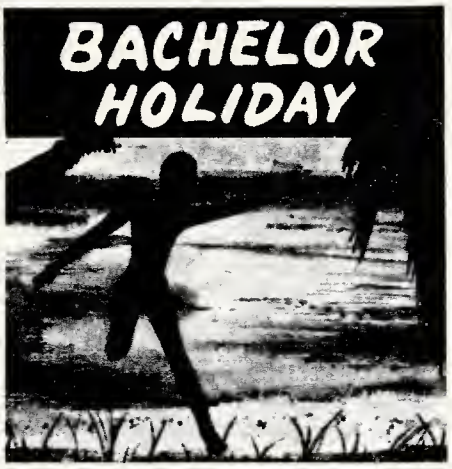
Rush my "Mellow Tone" exhaust tuner at once on your guarantee free trial plan. If not 100% delighted, I will return after 10 day free trial for refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose $2.98 plus 36c handling charges

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus shipping charges

Name.....

Address.....



Take your *bachelor holiday* in a place where women far outnumber the men. Where lissom girls, golden-hued beauties, enliven the hour with laughter and coquetry. Where the food is good, drinks cheap, and you get *days of abandon* — for a dollar or two a day.

For particulars, see your illustrated guide PARADISE FOR MALES. You'll discover romantic retreats within easy reach. Exotic byways with inducements to tempt desire and indulgence. Also full page pictures.

Turn Reverie into Revelry! Treat yourself to a bachlor hofiday. One dollar buys all the practical information you need — how to go, where to stay, what to do. An eye-opener if you want something "different" — or your money back.

To get PARADISE FOR MALES, send $1.00 or pay postman cost plus postage.

PLAZA BOOK CO., DEPT. X3008
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT IN
TRAFFIC

Traffic men earn $4,000 to $10,000 and up. Thousands of firms need experts on rates, tariffs, regulations. We train you thoroly in spare time at home for executive traffic jobs. Personal training under traffic authorities. Placement counsel and help. Write for free 48-page book "Traffic Management—the Fast Growing Profession."

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 8376T, Chicago 5, Ill.

FREE OUTFIT STARTS YOU IN BIG MONEY SHOE BUSINESS!

Run your own profitable "shoe store" business **from home!** Represent fast growing million dollar firm in full or spare time. We give you—**FREE**—complete Starting Outfit that makes you **$217 EXTRA each month for just 2 easy orders a day.** Feature 195 fast-selling dress, sport, work shoe styles for men and women. Air-cushion shoes, many other special features! Sizes 2½-15—AAAA to EEEE. Draw on 200,000 pair stock. Also horsehide jackets. Start now selling to friends, folks where you work. Rush postcard for FREE Outfit!

MASON SHOE, Dept. A-83 Chippewa Falls, Wis.

NEW MOLD-PRODUCED CHEMICAL FOR
BALDNESS

"This hair formula has actually grown full new hair on the bald and balding heads of many, but not all, of my clients. I and doctors with whom I have discussed it believe that the activating ingredients were produced by nature. In 1950, the 15 years of my experiments, a solution in my laboratory produced a culture of air borne mold similar to those which produce penicillin and other antibiotics. 'To my amazement this formula completely eliminated dandruff and itchy scalp and grew hair where it has long been balding,' writes one user. My formula and scalp treatment involve no oils, heat or odor and there is no way for others to tell you are treating your scalp except from results. Application and morning hair combing may be done at the same time. My treatment costs $10 postpaid for an 8 week supply with instructions. If you prefer to read more about this formula, send your name and address for absolutely free information. I believe that my formula in some way assists nature in restimulating growth of hair. I hope you will experience the happy results that so many of my clients have written and shown me."

WALTER FIELD, Dept. 51, 6399 Wilshire, Los Angeles 48, Cal.

he found the idea of an old tramp steamer, stuffed with T.N.T., going up in flames among the German warships. . . .

Costa had said: "One only fights well in a clean ship." The following morning as he came out of his cahin, Soigne observed that the slogan had been obeyed to the letter. A team of sailors was swabbing down the deck.

HE met Costa on deck and noticed that the lieutenant seemed in a very good temper.

"Does that cut hurt? asked Soigne.

"Oh, I've other things to think about," he said. "Be good enough to come to my cabin."

As soon as the door closed, the injured man offered his visitor the only chair and sat down on his bunk.

"Well, *mon vieux,* my little scrap last night with Marais did not give me time to explain to you a certain numher of essential facts. Today order has been re-estahlished in the ship and I intend to put to sea as soon as possihle. Destination—England."

"Final ohject of the operation . . ."

Costa looked up: "Ohject of the operation? Well, that's the one thing I'm not allowed to tell you. If you want to follow me, you'll have to make the decision hlind. All I can assure you is that the *Le Rhône* will get herself talked about and that we shan't waste our time. I need a quack on board. What ahout it?"

"I crossed the Yser hridges to fight, Sir, not to look after the sick. You're French—I'm Belgian. Neither of us knows what fate awaits us in England. Apparently there's a Free French Committee over there, so I suppose you'll be joining it."

"Not on your life." Costa had put down his papers. "I know what those military hureaucrats are like. The truth is, I came to this ship with special operational orders and I shall never relinquish my command. I offer you a war to the death hy every possihle means, under a borrowed nationality. I can't possibly tell you any more."

"It's okay with me," Soigne replied, "but I don't want to fight as a doctor."

Costa lit a cigarette slowly and shrugged.

"We'll rig up a sick bay for you in case of emergency, hut you'll be handling dynamite more often than aspirin. It that all right?"

Soigne held out his hand. "I'm with you Captain."

The ship's boy was weeping. The crew was paraded on the port side. On the upper deck, Admiral Muselier, Captain Passementton and Lieutenant Costa did the honours. The tricolour was hoisted. France was back in the war.

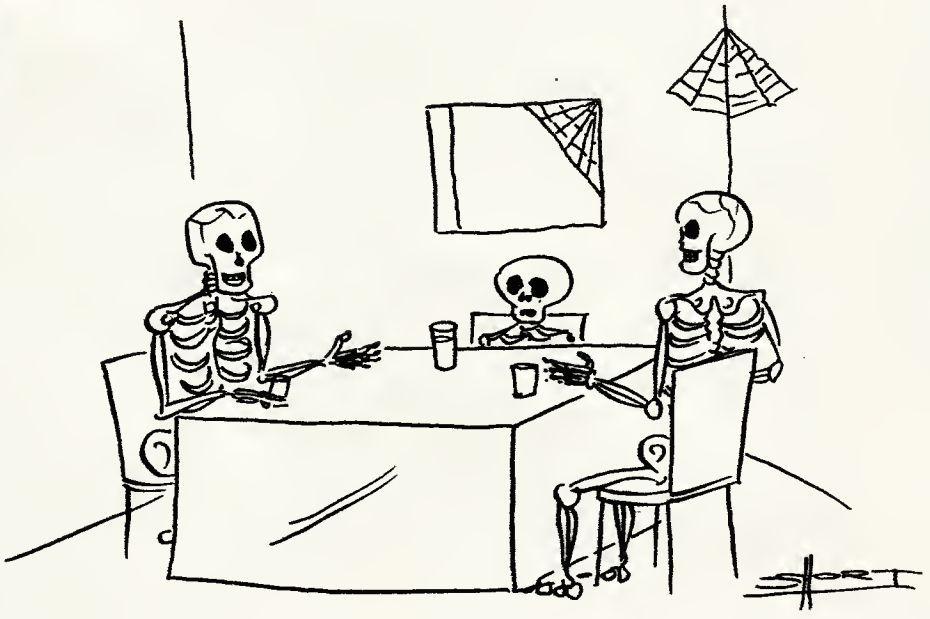
Soigne looked at Costa. Pale, his face heavily handaged, the lieutenant was tremhling with emotion. When they met later in the mess to drink a toast to final victory, he came up to the doctor.

"I owed the gesture to France," he said. "Now, until the end of the war, until there's not a single Boche left in Paris, I'm fighting under the British flag."

MADELEINE Guesclin was at the reception, and drank a glass of champagne with the admiral. Soigne decided that she must be Costa's mistress, hut nothing in their behaviour warranted this supposition. The Belgian admired the exceptional skill of the injured man wbo, in one day, after successfully eliminating his adversaries and replacing them at a moment's notice, offered himself the luxury of joining the Royal Navy and of running up the national colours hefore an admiral whom he did not propose to join.

Life gradually settled down on hoard. Soigne became Costa's second officer and looked after the fluctuating personnel, recruited today, ahandoned the next, according to the arrivals and departures of ships.

With his new recruits and those who had remained faithful, Costa had formed a crew and a command. Of the old staff, in addition to Passementton, remained Patte, Marais' assistant in the engine room and the lieutenant's trusted man. The newcomers consisted of the Belgians Soigne and Brinchant, some deserters from a sea-going liner and a few airmen, in-



"Drink your milk, it builds strong bones."

cluding Bernard, a refugee from Casablanca. With the exception of Grillo, these men had one thing in common—their complete ignorance of all things nautical.

In the midst of all the excitement, Passementton remained quite calm. An old salt who had sailed round the Horn, he had seen a great deal during his time in sailing ships. Dressed in his old knitted sweater—Costa called it "his mosquito net"—he sweated comfortahly under his cap, a glass of *pastis* always within reach and the moist end of a cheroot hetween his lips. What was he doing in Gibraltar under the orders of an amateur sailor who was ready for any adventure? He had said to the ship's boy before he left: "The Company entrusted the *Le Rhône* to me and I shall stay with my ship to the end."

They spent a few weeks awaiting an assignment by the British Admiralty in Gihraltar and during this time, Costa's impatience knew no hounds.

Toward the 15th of July, the *Le Rhône* at last received orders to join an England-hound convoy. For the whole crew this departure symholized a definite hreak with the past. From now on their fate was bound up with that of Costa and they did not yet know what "great deeds" they were going to accomplish together. Conditions on hoard were appalling; 150 sailors herded in the holds and the officers sharing eight of the passenger cabins. Strict discipline was enforced and the watches were kept regularly. Grillo, the only man apart from Passementton capahle of setting a course, served as instructor.

THE sailing orders were constantly changed in order to fox the German U-hoats prowling off the French coast. Ahead or astern of the *Le Rhône*, the nearest ships occassionally hove in sight according to visibility. From time to time an escort vessel, like a husy sheepdog, passed the cargo vessel, throwing up a curtain of spray. Soigne had rigged up a small, rudimentary sick hay in which he never set foot. Brinchant took photographs and Bernard spent the hours between watches greasing the weapons.

Each man grew accustomed to this peaceful monster which was to serve him as a home and an action station.

When the weather and the boat's position permitted, Costa allowed them to practice firing depth charges.

Soigne was busy studying the prohlem of Costa. By tacit agreement the Belgian was his second in command, hut after the perfunctory explanation in Gihraltar, Costa had divulged no confidences. One morning, as they were approaching the Irish coast and the weather was growing worse, the doctor plucked up courage to knock at his cahin door. Costa received him completely naked, in a tiny hip hath. The visitor's entrance did not disturb him.

"I've decided not to call you Soigne any more," Costa said. "It's pretentious for a quack. You ought to have a more warlike name—what ahout Mortiss?"

The Belgian hurst out laughing. "Mortiss is O.K. hy me," he said.

Costa moved his legs lazily in the warm water.

"So, Mortiss, you'd like to know who you're dealing with, eh?"

Obviously this devil of a man guessed everything.

(*Continued on page 71*)

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Men's-June) 1958

EDUCATIONAL & INSTRUCTION

ELECTRONIC AND AERONAUTICAL Engineering Technology. Two Year Courses. Northrop Institute in Southern California prepares you for highly paid positions in Aviation and Electronic Industries. Employment assistance during school and after graduation. Approved for Veterans. Write for free catalog. Northrop Aeronautical Institute, 1169 Arbor Vitae, Inglewood 1, California.

WANTED: MORE WRITERS of stories, articles, TV scripts. Genius not necessary to succeed, part or full time. Free book tells how to learn at home. Palmer Institute of Authorship, Dept. PC 68, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 61-year-old school; texts furnished; diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XA64, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

BE A REAL Estate Broker. Study at home. Write for Free book today. GI Approved. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018 S. Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

FREE "TALENT TEST" Learn Acting at home: TV, Radio, Movies! Hollywood Royal Academy, 50-E, 5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-3, Atlanta, Georgia.

PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

SAIL AMERICAN PASSENGER and freight ships. 18-50. No experience. See the world and get high pay! Non-military. All trades. Seamen. Culinary. Engine Room. Only $1.00. Anchor Seamen Service, P.O. Box 2107, Dept. R.C. Long Beach 2, California.

HIGH PAYING JOBS, Opportunities, foreign, USA. All trades. Companies pay fare. For information write Dept. 57A National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, New Jersey.

AFRICA—LAST FRONTIER. Jobs unlimited; save a fortune. All trades needed. List of American Companies hiring. Send $1.00; Box 2175, New York 17, N.Y.

FREE TRAVEL AROUND The World With Exciting Overseas Assignments. Write World Employment Information, Box 3831M, Los Angeles 54, California.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $50 TO $500. Employed men and women over 25 eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Up to 2 years to repay—monthly payments. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bank, Dept. CD-6, Omaha, Nebraska.

BORROW MONEY BY Mail. $100-$600. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Building, Dept. 641K, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

SALESMEN WANTED

MAKE EXTRA MONEY. Cash commissions. Everybody buys easy-to-sell Advertising Book Matches. Union label. Big variety—Glamour Girls, Scenics, Hillbillies. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Steady repeat business. No experience necessary. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-658, 7528 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

CALENDARS, ADVERTISING NOVELTIES, Matches! Good Side Line or Full Time. Now is the Time to sell—All types of Calendars. Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED CAREER-MINDED People—No experience necessary. Exclusive territories. Merchandise sells itself! Terrific, different, easy; full or part time plan. Send personal details; Distributors of America, P.O. Box 2157, Ocean Park, Calif. Enclose $3.50 for this months 'special', beautiful imported musical cigarette lighter (retails over $7.00) plus 50c processing. Real opportunity.

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No Canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 4, Arkansas.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspaper Items For Publishers! Newscraft, PM-983-E. Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

EARN EXTRA CASH. Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107PM, Los Angeles 41, California.

EXTRA MONEY PREPARING, mailing literature. Tom, 1305B N. Western, Chicago 22.

DIAMONDS! BELOW WHOLESALE. Catalog 25c. Davis, 1305 Paul, Norfolk 5, Virginia.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE PICTURE FOLDER, "How to Make $3,000 Yearly Sparetime, Backyard, Raising Earthworms!" Oakhaven 79, Cedar Hill, Texas.

PLATE BABY SHOES, jewelry, gifts. Bronze, colored pearl. Free booklet. Bronzand, 11029 Vermont, Los Angeles 44.

OPERATE PROFITABLE MAIL Order business. Write Walter Service, 4159-W. East 112th, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

CARNIVAL GAMES PROVIDE splendid income, explained in detail, send $1.00. Midway, Box 129, Sebring, Florida.

MAKE FIGURINES, CATALOGUE Free. W. Wooley; 1016-S Donald, Peoria, Illinois.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

GENUINE STUFFED ALLIGATORS 24" $3.00—30" $3.50. Special 15' alligator, bushy fox teil, raccoon tail, with surprise gift $3.00 postpaid. Live baby alligators $3.50. Koy's, Box 716, Logansport, Louisiana.

WANTED—DIESEL INJECTOR Parts GM51-71-110, Jack, 7120 Carnegie, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

BE TALLER. GET Magic Hites Shoe Inserts. Amazing. $2. Box 5140, Chicago.

STAMP COLLECTING

GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

BUY AT WHOLESALE

BUY WHOLESALE! 25,000 Nationally Advertised Products. Get Amazing Dealer Catalogs. Complete Details Free. American Wholesalers, 1841-C2 Levee, Dallas 7, Texas.

100 DOUBLE-EDGE Razor Blades $1. Perfect Blades, 8721 Sunset, Los Angeles 46W.

DETECTIVES

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn Steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 14A, Chicago 40, Illinois.

HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. PC-68, Chicago 32, Illinois.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

WORRY WON'T CURE CANCER

If cancer is detected in its early, localized stage, the chances for cure are very much better. Play it safe and smart. See your doctor for a checkup every year.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

ROYAL JELLY

Each Capsule Contains 50 Milligrams

NOT $20...NOT $15...

But only $10 per 100 at Vitamin-Quota

In response to a terrific demand, Vitamin-Quota now makes available Royal Jelly at down-to-earth prices! No longer need you pay up to $20.00 per 100 for Royal Jelly capsules of even lower potencies. Vitamin-Quota now gives you 100 capsules, each containing 50 mgs. of Royal Jelly—the nectar of the Queen Bee—at sensationally low prices! Order today!

100 Capsules, $10 250 Capsules, $22.50

V.Q. Royal Jelly is sold only at the addresses below. Order C.O.D. or save all charges by sending check or money order. We pay all postage. Money back if not satisfied.

35th Anniversary **VITAMIN-QUOTA** 1923-1958

One of world's largest retailers of vitamins. Serving over 2,000,000 families coast to coast

Dept. LSB-4, 880A Broadway, New York 3, New York or
Dept. LSB-4, 1125 A Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

Sales in California edd tax of 4%

HOTELS CALL FOR TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN!

Which of these SUCCESS STORIES will come true for YOU?

Can You Succeed as a Hotel Executive?

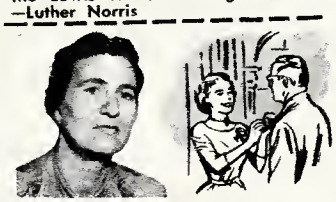
"Lewis Training pays—I know! Upon completian af my course, through the Lewis Placement Service, I abtained my present pasitian as Auditar in this fine hatel. My Lewis Course gave me confidence, good pay, pleasant surraundings, and affers security and unlimited opportunity far advancement."—Cecil Blunt.

"How I Stepped into a BIG PAY HOTEL JOB"

"I awe my success in the hotel field to Lewis. When I come out of service, I took Lewis Training and naw I am Manager of a Motor Hotel. I have yet ta find a problem in Hotel wark that has nat been covered by the Lewis Hatel Training Course."—Luther Norris

"Can A Man My Age Become A Hotel Executive?"

"Because of Lewis Training, I am naw Assistant Housing Manager of a large midwest college. This was a wanderful promatian for me, particularly since I am past 50. I feel that the Lewis Hatel Training Schaal played a great part in preparing me for this wark."—Olaf O. Lunde.



"Hotels Call For Trained Men & Women"

"Lewis ads always held my attentian and I hoped same day ta take their caurse. The time came to da what I wanted. After graduation, I became Hastess-Assistant Director af a Resident Hatel. I am very grateful for my Lewis Hatel Training."—Helen V. Raberts.

Some of the WELL-PAID Positions Open to Both MEN and WOMEN

- ☐ Manager
- ☐ Ass't Manager
- ☐ Hostess
- ☐ Steward
- ☐ Executive Housekeeper
- ☐ Auditor
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Office Manager
- ☐ Social Director
- ☐ Sports Director
- ☐ Apt. Hotel Manager
- ☐ Banquet Manager
- ☐ Maitre d'Hotel
- ☐ Personnel Director
- ☐ Publicity Director
- ☐ Club Manager
- ☐ Restaurant or Coffee Shop Manager

And more than 55 other well-paid positions

M. C. LEWIS, Pres.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
42nd SUCCESSFUL YEAR
Room DM-125-52, Washington 7, D.C.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked.

☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran Training.

Did you ever sit in a beautiful hotel lobby and say to yourself, "It certainly must be a joy to be a hotel executive here!"

Did you ever watch (perhaps envy a bit) the hotel manager as he went about his thrilling duties?

Did you ever notice the importance—and prestige—of top hotel executives and wonder, "What would I have to do to enjoy a position like his?"

In short—did you ever consider what it could mean to you in happiness as well as good pay, if you could qualify for one of the glamorous, excitingly different executive positions in a luxurious hotel, fashionable resort, smart town or country club, motel, apartment house project, or humanity-serving institution, school or hospital?

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Certified To "Make Good"

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through resident classes in Washington for these well-paid, ever-increasing opportunities, in the fascinating hotel, motel, and institutional field. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses, and in 55 other types of important positions.

A happy ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped because you are over 40.

FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—

Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis Nationwide Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL OF NHSC

COURSE APPROVED FOR ALL VETERAN TRAINING

Lewis Hotel Training School

Room DM-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

(*Continued from page 69*)

"You know, *mon vieux,* when I was a kid I had a marvellous toy. An aluminum motorbike which turned on its own and automatically switched on its headlamps. It was terrific. One day I dismantled and reassembled it completely. It was no longer the same motorbike and sidecar. You should never try and find out what makes things tick. If I told you that I'd strangled two men with my own hands and took a certain delight in it, would you hesitate to follow me?"

"No."

"Well, tell yourself that I've strangled four and leave me in peace."

One evening Soigne and Lebasque, one of the young air cadets, were on watch together. Neither of them had yet grown accustomed to these long night vigils, interrupted hy the incessant changes of course. It was a warm night and the sea so calm that hardly a ripple lapped along the hull. After some minutes Soigne began to feel nervous. On several occasions he had noticed shadows creeping ahout the deck.

Now there was no possihle doubt. Men were walking toward the hridge. Three shadows appeared together. Behind the glass of the wheelhouse the man at the helm had not stirred. For a moment Soigne wondered whether he were an accomplice, but the leading sailor was already standing before him. Soigne recognized him: An enormous fellow from Dunkirk who worked in the engine room. He stood there, scowling, legs apart and jaws clenched.

"What's the trouhle, boy?"

Soigne automatically had addressed him as he would have addressed an injured worker somewhere in Walloon country.

"Well, you see, me and my mates don't want to go to England."

The proximity of France had had a magnetic effect on these men and had incited them to mutiny. Responsible for sailing a ship in convoy in a dangerous zone, Soigne had to re-establish order without delay.

"Quesnoy—that's your name, isn't it? If you don't return to the hold I shall be forced to tell the captain."

Quesnoy did not give up. "If you won't change course, let us leave in a lifehoat with provisions and fresh water; we'll fend for ourselves."

"Quesnoy, for the last time, I order you to return to the hold."

"No."

"All right, then. I'll tell the captain."

The speaking tuhe from the hridge led directly to Costa's cabin. For several days, for no official reason, everyone had called the Corsican "captain." Passementton did not seem to take it amiss. The *Le Rhône* had two captains, that was all. Quesnoy knew perfectly well to whom Soigne was alluding.

Costa must have been asleep. It was several calls before his furious voice hurst in their ears. "What's going on?"

"A group of sailors is here on the hridge. They want to be allowed to return to France."

"What are you habbling about, Mortiss. Are you drunk?"

"No, sir. Quesnoy and several of his mates insist upon leaving."

"Smash the hastards in the teeth."

"But, sir . . ."

An explosion of rage made the tube vibrate. "I'm coming up." The catastrophe could not now he avoided.

There was the sound of hastening footsteps, then the door of the charthouse opened and Costa came in. He had put on his trousers and flung a tunic over his hare chest. He pushed the Belgian roughly aside and went up to Quesnoy.

"Are you the one that's getting stroppy?"

Without waiting for a reply, he smashed his fist in the miner's face. He always managed to have the setting of his ring on the top and it drew hlood.

"Have you understood now?"

The sailor did not even wipe the cut. He looked at his superior and said in a strangled voice: "I'll kill you."

Fortunately, Costa did not hear him. He had already seized the two men next to him and was shaking them.

The Corsican roared at the others who were coming up the companionway: "I give you 30 seconds to take these three bastards down into the stokehole. Then I'll fetch my revolver and I'll fire hlind into you all."

Although he was alone with hare fists and no weapon, he was terrifying. Without a word the sailors came forward and the three leaders let themselves be taken away.

As soon as the hridge was clear, Costa turned to Lebasque.

"Don't forget to keep a good course."

And he returned to his cahin.

August came to a close with a heat wave. The *Le Rhône* entered the mouth of the Bristol Channel like a queen.

Passementton looked terribly sad. The previous evening he had confessed to Soigne, whom he had relieved on the bridge: "It hreaks my heart to take my ship into a British port without the French flag."

WHEN the *Le Rôhne* passed the Swansea lighthouse on its rocky spur, Quesnoy and the two other rebels were still languishing in chains near the hoiler. The ship was a prey to conflicting sentiments, from the bridge to the stokehole, from fore to aft. Curiosity was the dominating element. Everyone was anxious ahout his immediate future. Apart from Costa's trusty henchmen, the men envisaged heing transferred to a fighting unit of their own nationality, where they would fight in their own branch of the service. For many of them the joint adventure seemed to stop here; they already looked upon the *Le Rhône* as a thing of the past, one way of getting to England.

Alone in his cabin Costa behaved nonchalantly as though it were no concern of his.

But the Corsican could not have had any illusions as to the difficulties which awaited him after his arrival in the harhor. As soon as he set foot ashore, his usurped authority would be questioned. The whole edifice lahoriously built up with persuasion and punches risked collapsing. In spite of all these difficulties, the master of the *Le Rhône* had resolved to offer the Admiralty a coherent unit—a ship, a crew and a captain. He confessed as much to Soigne. It was of little matter that the boat was ancient, the crew unreliable and that the command had heen usurped. The ensemble alone counted.

As *Le Rhône* entered Barry harhor the crew watched the tangle of the docks emerge. It was a complicated world—a network of rails glittering in the sun like fugitive snakes, a forest of masts, gasometers and oil tanks

LAW TRAINING
FOR BUSINESS
(In spare time at home)
Earn LL.B. Degree

Thousands of men and women who never intend to practice Law are studying it in spare time at home as an aid to business advancement.

Today Law is involved in practically every business decision. In many lines of work it is almost indispensable. Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct and decisive thinking.

You can study LaSalle's American Law and Procedure right in the privacy of your own home—progressing as rapidly as your time and ability permit. For nearly 50 years we have helped over 1,350,000 ambitious people get ahead in the business world.

A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY

This training includes the 14-volume LaSalle Law Library—AMERICAN LAW AND PROCEDURE—that is the basis of all our instruction service. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole field in an orderly and simple manner that is easy to learn and understand. Collateral reading and printed lectures, furnished at regular intervals, supplement the texts. Law instructors personally supervise your program. Under the LaSalle method you learn by actually solving legal problems—not just memorizing rules.

WRITE FOR TWO FREE BOOKS

Send the coupon below TODAY and find out how you can qualify for the many fine openings available to the law-trained man. In our FREE books "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" you will find answers to your questions about the study of Law and the LaSalle method.

——MAIL COUPON TODAY——

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 8378L Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, FREE, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

JOBS
on SHIPS & YACHTS

If you would like a steady or part time job on a ship or Yacht going to Foreign Countries you will be needing **Davenport's Seamen's Employment Directory.** This is the employment directory that gives facts on your opportunities, advantages, privileges and eventual earning power by working at sea. Of course there's much more besides: Apprentice jobs for men and women which require no training or past experience plus all skilled ratings aboard Passenger Liners, Freighters, Tankers, Colliers, Sailing Yachts, Cruisers and sport fishermen are thoroughly covered for you. America's leading Guide book for over six years offers more pages and accurate sea-going employment coverage than any other publication. Yes! page after page of valuable data to help you choose the right kind of high paying job, whether it be full time or for just a couple of months. Make your chances for getting a job on a ship or Yacht much much easier by using **Davenport's Seamen's Employment Directory.** It's yours for only $2.00 and worth much more especially as it can open your way to more travel and money than you ever thought possible. Send today for your directory. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (Important . . . Davenport's is the successful publisher of Seamen's employment directories since 1951. America's Largest) Don't delay. Send $2 today for your directory.

DAVENPORT COMPANY. FILE 54
GPO BOX 1354, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

SONGS
into DOLLARS!
NEW songwriters, poets share $33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted. Appraisal, info FREE from...
NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 2812, Calif.

GOVERNMENT LAND ALASKA OIL LEASES MAY MAKE YOU RICH!

U. S. Congress opens up fabulous oil and gas leases on government land to citizens over 21. Major oil companies drilling. You pay no taxes. You don't drill. Oil companies pay handsome royalties for oil on your land. Low cost. Time payments. Airmail for free information.

ALASKAN OIL SCOUT,
1702 Twining Avenue, Anchorage H-9, Alaska

FREE 32 Page Catalog Featuring *Joyce Miles!*

You SEE Lovely Joyce Miles as she shows you all the intimates a woman wears in her Boudoir. She'll put on Lacy Bras, clinging Baby Dolls, Sheer Negligees and many other Bedroom Fashions right before your Eyes. Send today for Big Free Catalog.

Enclose 25c to cover handling

VOGUE SHOPS Dept. B-57
228 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y

ahove which floated a layer of smoke. The war had set its seal of monotony on everything; no trace of gleaming brass. The British warships lined up as though on parade, grey and lifeless, seeming like bars of lead.

They entered the inner harbor through a narrow bottleneck. Led by the tug, the *Le Rhône* veered slightly to port and came alongside opposite a fleet of tankers. As soon as the gangway had touched the ground some British officers came aboard. Their leader asked to speak to Lieutenant Costa.

Half an hour later, glass in hand, Costa was addressing his officers in the mess room.

"Gentlemen, the moment for joining Great Britain in this war has at last arrived. The full complement of the *Le Rhône* has been accepted by the Royal Navy. Each officer will shortly receive a commission and we shall continue the fight under the White Ensign."

There was great applause and glasses were raised. The impassive British visitors gave an approving smile.

"During the short lapse of time between your admission into the Royal Navy and your papers being in order," Costa went on, "you will all have to remain on board. Our Allies have asked us to observe the same strict discipline which is in force among themselves. Each ship which seeks refuge in a British port can harbor a spy in the pay of the Nazis. The security regulations are categorical—everyone is confined to the ship." The same evening Costa left for London with Johns, the liaison officer.

He returned three days later. A temporary office was installed opposite the engineers' mess for Johns, Commander Harley, O.C. of Barry harbor, and Costa. One by one the officers of the *Le Rhône* were asked to step in. When Passementton was asked to adopt an English name, he hesitated.

"But why do you want me to change my name?"

Costa hurst out laughing.

"I don't know if you're aware of it, Uncle, but you've already heen condemned to death. Vichy has issued a decree applicable to all those who did not comply with the armistice."

More consoling and with a trace of embarrassment in his voice, Johns confirmed the necessity.

"Captain, I fully understand your scruples, but if hy some unlucky chance you were taken prisoner . . ."

Passementton thought and at last found a name. In order not to break completely with the past he adopted the affectionate name used by his wife and himself in their letters: *"ton Doudet . . . mon Doudet."* "Doudet," he said clumsily.

Before he left, he turned to Costa and asked, "And what name have you chosen?"

"Me? Langlais, obviously."

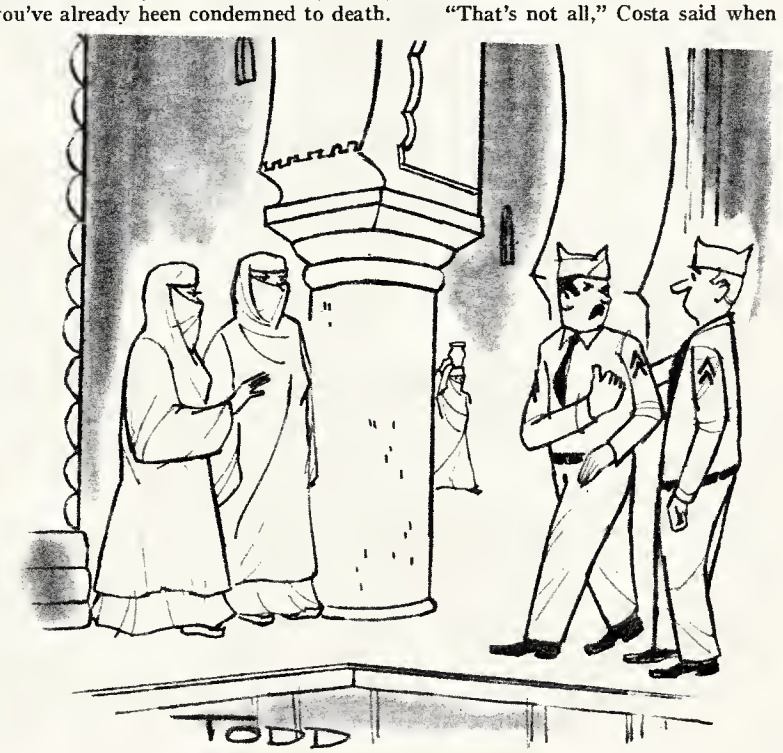
In a dark blue skirt and roll-necked sweater, Madeleine Guesclin sat at a table showing her legs.

"And Guesclin?" asked Costa. "Do you know what her name is now? Barclay. That's handy. By transposing the syllahles it becomes Clébard, a mongrel bitch!"

WHEN it came to Soigne's turn he chose O'Leary; Bernard hesitated for a moment and Langlais baptized him Archibald. The other Belgian, Brinchant, became Peter O'Neill. Grillo, the ex-naval officer, Fontenay; Patte, the engineer, Rogers; Rinto, the gunner's mate, Lagrange; the third engineer, Patterson. . . . The ratings became Pearson, Patrick, Powell, Marsh, Brown . . .

The list was finally complete. It made Langlais captain of the ship with Doudet and O'Leary as his seconds in command. All the passengers of the *Le Rhône* were given a rank superior to that which they should by rights have held. Archibald and O'Neill were promoted to lieutenants, as was Fontenay, who, expecting to be treated better than O'Leary, could scarcely conceal his annoyance. Barclay became a Wren officer, the only woman in Great Britain to hold a commission in a warship.

"That's not all," Costa said when formali-



"The one on the right? Why do I always get stuck with the homely friend on blind dates?"

ties had been completed. "What are we going to call the ship?"

After forging the nationality of the *Le Rhône,* playing havoc with the officers' hierarchy, forcing his men to change their names, having on all counts appeared completely unfaithful to the letter to be faithful to the spirit, Costa invented his final paradox: "We'll call her *H.M.S. Fidelity,*" he announced.

WHILE waiting for their official acceptance into the Royal Navy, the Frenchmen and Belgians were allowed to go ashore. On the 5th of September, Langlais took O'Leary to a small dance hall which reeked of tobacco and beer.

They sat down in front of a bottle of gin which Langlais had brought from the ship. The captain ordered glasses and seemed completely disinterested in everything. Suddenly he looked at his companion.

"Mortiss, now that you're my second in command you have a right to some explanations. There's no need for you to know everything and I've no intention of telling you the whole truth. As long as I produce a Costa you can accept and who suits myself, we should both be satisfied.

"I was born in Hanoï and completed my studies at the merchant navy school at Marseilles. I passed out as wireless officer. Is that O.K. with you?"

"Why not?" replied O'Leary, with a smile.

"On my return from Indo-China I became a spy for the Colonial Ministry. I went to India and Siam where I wandered through the country disguised as a Bonze with my begging bowl and a revolver within reach. I brought back photos of flora and fauna for the Museum and information for the Service about the Japanese preparations. I was paid for both on my return to Indo-China. There I met Guesclin. She had been living in poverty since her husband was assassinated in Somaliland by the Italians. I put her on her feet again and consoled her. It was all the more merit to me because I had a son of my own on my hands."

O'Leary raised his eyes as though this event intrigued him far more than the picaresque adventures which went before. Langlais seemed not to notice his surprise and went on:

"Yes, a son of my own, whom I wanted to make a man of. If we ever get out of this war alive we shall do great things together."

"And what are we going to do now?" O'Leary asked.

"We're going to do other great things together. There's only one real war every 25 years, and we're lucky enough to be the right age for it. Yes, we're going to have a crack. The British can't refuse me anything. I brought them back a package which they wanted like hell. Twenty-five pounds of explosive which the Boche would have given a great deal to get their hands on. It was all I had left after Las Palmas."

"What happened at Las Palmas?"

O'Leary's question was spontaneous. It had been in his head for so long that it sprang naturally to his lips. For once Langlais did not avoid the issue.

"In November 1939, 17 German cargo ships were blocked in the Canaries. The choice fell on the *Corrientes,* which had left Hamburg on the 14th of August—a fortnight before the declaration of war—and which was waiting at Las Palmas to be able to proceed to Santa Fé. We had to blow it up discreetly, without causing any complications with the Spaniards. It was at this moment that I received my briefing to come aboard the *Le Rhône.* At the end of April we were on the spot after putting in at Agadir. The gay life . . . grub in the best hotels, peacetime what? I used to drink with the German officers and maintain that 'sailors have only one country—the sea.' We were invited on board. We got on magnificently. One of them was kind enough to show me the exact position of the *Corrientes* on the map of the harbor stuck up in the hall.

"But now we had to work out the coup. During the crossing I came to an arrangement with that swine Marais and with Patte. On the evening of the 8th of May the *Le Rhône* put to sea and left territorial waters. On the night of the 9th we put about and made for the harbor with our lights extinguished.

The launch was lowered and I embarked with Marais. The limpet mines were handed down to us. They were red half-globes filled with 'Plastic,' with a magnetic plate to attach them to the hull. The boys handled them as they would have handled Mae West's bra.

We took our bearings on the Las Palmas beacons to reach the outer harbor where the *Corrientes* was moored. As soon as we sighted the ship we dropped over the side . . . a midnight bath. Pushing our mines before us we swam toward the cargo vessel.

"The *Corrientes* was surrounded by lighters filled to the wales with coal. I slipped between them. I swam under water, coming up occasionally for air. When I got to the hull, I attached the limpet mines below the water line. Marais did the same. We pressed on the pencil detonators, set to explode two hours later. Mission accomplished, we swam back to the launch, climbed aboard the *Le Rhône* and left for Marseilles."

THREE hours later the wail of the sirens rent the night. Archibald, who was one of the first on deck, saw Langlais appear; he was struggling into his clothes to have a look at the sight.

The siren wailed like a banshee. All the lights in the harbor had gone out as though by magic. The dark sky seemed to be a vast shell which amplified the wailing. Langlais came up to Archibald who was leaning over the rail looking up at the sky.

On an evening like this we shall take the *Fidelity* into Kiel harbor and blow everything up."

Even before the throb of the planes' engines could be heard, the first bombs fell on Barry.

On board the men were waiting for their papers to come through. The days passed monotonously and everyone was thoroughly bored. Langlais took rooms at the Hotel Gallia in town and appeared only occasionally, leaving all the responsibility of the ship to O'Leary.

Finally the long-awaited commission and warrant arrived. The *Fidelity* was chartered by the Admiralty dating from the 24th September, 1940, and posted to the Command of Western Approaches. The crew's enrollment dated from the 1st July, 1940, and they received three months back pay. It was a triumphant moment. Rank, money, issue of uniforms arrived just in time to revive the crew's enthusiasm.

Barclay soon appeared in her dark blue Wren's uniform with the three-cornered hat.

INVESTIGATE

We have a proven system to train you in your own home for *repeat income.* In a few short weeks you can be fully prepared to step into the profitable, expanding Claim Investigation and Claim Adjusting Profession. Our students and graduates are already earning $4, $5, $6 an hour extra SPARE TIME — and up to $10,000 each year as full time Claim Investigators. NO prior experience or higher education needed. And your age does NOT matter.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE
For Action and Real Job Security

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to learn more about your tremendous opportunities in this fascinating field. Over 200 MILLION auto collisions, thefts, burglaries, fires, and other losses *must* be investigated this year. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, railroad companies, steamship lines, and Government Offices need Part-Time and Full-Time Claim Investigators. We will rapidly train you to step into action-packed, big-paying opportunities *if* you act immediately!

FREE CATALOG
MAIL COUPON NOW

SEND NOW for Big, New illustrated Universal Schools Catalog. Learn about Universal's low cost training. Let us show you how simple it is for you to become a fully qualified Claim Investigator. You will see for yourself how hundreds of our graduates have already stepped into excellent Part-Time and Full-Time positions. You will read how many of our graduates have gone into their own profitable businesses. Learn about our FREE Employment Help. No obligation on your part. No salesman will call. Send coupon TODAY. GI APPROVED.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS
Dept. S-8 6801 Hillcrest Ave. Dallas 5, Texas

MAIL NOW for FREE BOOK

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS
6801 Hillcrest Ave., Dept. S-8
Dallas 5, Texas
Please rush me your FREE book on Claim Investigation. This does not obligate me and no salesman will call.

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

(Approved by Government for Veterans Training)

SKINNY?

Amazing New Easy Way
PUTS ON POUNDS
Inches, Firm Solid Flesh

Women, men and children who are skinny, thin and underweight because of poor appetite or poor eating habits should try WATE-ON. There's no overeating. Yet cheeks fill out, neck and bust-line gain . . . arms, legs, thighs, ankles, skinny underweight figures fill out all over the body. Take WATE-ON and in normal health you, too, may quickly gain 5-10-20 pounds and more so fast it's amazing. WATE-ON is concentrated with calories and is easily used by the system in building wonderful body weight. WATE-ON is fortified with essential vitamins and minerals and other body outrients.

Besides putting on weight, WATE-ON makes for better digestion of fats, improves the appetite, gives quick energy, guards against fatigue, sleepless oights, poor endurance and the low resistance which often accompanies underweight. If underweight is due to disease take WATE-ON under direction of your doctor. So don't be skinny . . . get WATE-ON Homogenized Liquid Emulsion or WATE-ON Condensed FOOD TABLETS today. Put on weight fast this easy healthy way or money back. Ask for WATE-ON. $3 and $5.50 sizes at druggists.

WATE-ON

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"

There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific

CRIME DETECTION!

We have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. Let us teach you, too, in *your own home*. Learn Finger Printing, Firearms Identification, Police Photography and Criminal Investigation thoroughly, quickly and at small cost.

FREE!!! BLUE BOOK OF CRIME

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
(A Correspondence School Since 1916)
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 370C, Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send me free "Blue Book of Crime."
Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____

GERMAN AUTOMATIC

6-SHOT REPEATER—22 CAL.

- Blank Cartridges
- No Permit Required
- Latest Model
- Fully Automatic

Self ejecting clip. Firing spring adjustable! Precision made by the Finest West German Gunsmiths—Wonderful for sporting events, theatrical performances, to scare would-be attackers, etc. 4" long, perfectly balanced. Sold on a money back guarantee. No shipments made to California, New York State or Canada. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Send $6.95 Cash, check or Money Order to:

$6.95 Postpaid

WEST PRODUCTS, Dept. G-32,
P.O. Box 322, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21, N. Y.

Langlais, as soon as she appeared, said: "Boys, ask her to show you her underclothes. You'll see, they're extraordinary."

Doudet, thoroughly shocked, choked over his glass.

Langlais tapped him amicahly on the shoulder.

"Don't go getting any ideas, Uncle; their drawers come down to their calves. The airmen call it 'hlind flying'."

Toward the middle of January *H.M.S. Fidelity* with a full complement went into dry dock. The English filled all the cracks and caulked the leaks. They installed sleeping quarters on the spar deck, added several whalers to the two which already existed, erected a derrick to lower a heavy boat.

Finally, the carpenters erected huge mobile panels to modify the outer appearance of the vessel. Then, one by one, two 100mm and a 25mm were installed in the hows and one 100mm and two 75mm in the stern. Then in the waist came two 25mm guns and sixteen 7.5 machine-guns. The crew watched and wondered what was in store for them.

Then, one day Langlais assembled his officers.

"Gentlemen, in a few weeks we shall he putting to sea and we shall he in contact with the enemy. The whole crew is now to undergo intensive training in all hranches. We are in British uniform on a British ship and in the future I shall he giving my commands to British sailors."

Each day a sergeant loaned hy the Barry Garrison came to drill the men. Instruction was given in one of the hangars and the crew reported in relays. In addition to this military instruction, which always began with intensive calisthenics, the sailors were taught to shoot and to throw grenades.

O'LEARY was sent with Barclay for a sahotage course at a college somewhere in the North of London where commando officers and secret agents were trained. Rising at dawn, the men went for a run around the park, jumped fully clothed into a pool of icy water and warmed themselves up again later with a bout of armed combat. After breakfast the technical courses began—map reading, deciphering of codes, morse, dismantling of weapons, and the study of all types of explosives.

The afternoon was devoted to practice in the field. In turn the agents had to drive a locomotive, hurn a house with phosphorus, throw a grenade, and climh up a railway embankment and place a charge—modelled in advance to the dimensions of the chink—between the rails. They were made to crawl on their elhows with their faces in the mud, under live machine-gun fire. They were made to attack an instructor who was waiting for their onslaught with a bayonet. They went to bed at night with aching limbs and weary muscles, unable to forget these hrawls.

Barclay passed all her tests with fantastic calm. The smell of powder or hand-to-hand fighting with an open blade made her eyes glitter almost as though with desire. Soaking wet as she came out of the pool, her overalls sticking to her body, she ignored her sex—to he more exact, she had none. Before breakfast she usually put on dry jeans and she removed thc others in front of O'Leary without shame. The water streamed from her shoulders and down her legs as she took of her trousers like a man. The Belgian, quite unmoved, waited for the moment when she would become a woman—hut this never occurred.

And yet, there was a certain gentleness in some of her attitudes: She curled up in an armchair to read, exactly as a young girl would have done. But the novel she held in her hands was a manual of radio-telegraphy. Did she love Langlais? Affecting a tone of banter, she spoke of embraces as of gymnastics and of immorality with a laboratory detachment.

Barclay was an expert with weapons. In the special cahin she perfected herself in rifle shooting. She trained in front of a mirror to keep her hands fixed in relation to the wrist and forearm glued to the body, the enemy's navel presumed to he in the prolongation of the harrel.

Langlais came to the camp one morning unannounced to fetch his officers.

"Twenty days on this course are enough," he said.

He took them to London for a night out.

The whole evening he was in an expansive mood, jesting with O'Leary, telling the latest mishaps on board and asking Barclay if she had slept with the instructor. "If you've done that, I shall challenge him to a duel," he said.

After dinner, contrary to his usual hahits, Langlais decided to return to the hotel. O'Leary thought he was in a hurry to be alone with Barclay and left the couple without having a nightcap at the bar. In the middle of the night a violent knocking on the door woke him. It was Barclay in a nightdress, her hair tousled, her face hathed in tears, asking for his help.

"He's in a mad rage," she said to the Belgian, locking the door in terror. "He wants to kill me."

She stood there, disconsolate and trembling. "He thinks I want to get some information from him ahout the coup he's planning. He's suspicious of his own shadow."

O'Leary gave her his bed and slept on the couch, wondering what strange mission Langlais could have staged. When he awoke ahout eight o'clock Barclay had gone. He found her sitting with the captain at the hreakfast tahle solidly tucking into eggs and hacon. They hoth appeared in excellent fettle.

Transformed from keel to truck the *Fidelity* returned to her berth in Barry Docks at the end of February. She was shortly to go on operations. Physically and morally the crew was ready. O'Leary had formed his commando team which included Barclay, Rogers, Ford, Ploëno, known as the "Monster," Ferguson and a dozen carefully chosen ratings. Having at last a renovated ship, powerfully armed and equipped with a crew which had acquired real military value, Langlais could look upon the future with optimism. A lot of water had flowed under the bridge in the last six months, since the day when, uncertain of his fate, Lieutenant Costa had waited for Johns at the top of the gangway of the ancient *Le Rhône*. With his hrilliant promotion, which some considered rather scandalous, Langlais had entered the most exclusive world of all—the British wartime navy.

On the 11th of March, *H.M.S. Fidelity* left Barry for Liverpool. The great adventure had begun.

The *Fidelity* spent a few days in Liverpool before receiving orders to join a convoy which was forming at Greenock.

With the return of the fine weather and

the approacbing action, the morale of the crew was very higb. Langlais had inaugurated the Britisb rbythm of life on board. Eacb night at dinner tbe traditional toast to tbe king was drunk.

Blaise, tbe steward, served the meals in black trousers, white jacket and bow tie. The brass shone and on the spotless white cloth there was a gleam of china and glass as in a luxury hotel. Tbroughout the day rum punch was at the disposal of tbe officers and the bar opened at 10:30. This gilded life lasted for a week. Langlais seemed intent upon showing the British how he could lay on a feast. He received aboard with great ceremony and supervised tbe menu. The *Fidelity's* British guests left witb the comforting impression that they had rubbed shoulders with sailors who were prepared for anything, but were highly respectable.

The preparations drew to a close. Water and coal had been taken on and the bolds were full of vegetables, meat and hutter; ice blocks for the provisions and the officers' mess bad been delivered. A Breton ketch bad been added to the existing small craft.

The ketch conjured up ideas of a raid on some French Atlantic barbour. Speculation was rife in the ship.

AT this juncture 15 British Army officers arrived with their gear. Langlais gave orders for tbem to be put hy twos and threes in the cabins availahle. They ate in the wardroom after the ship's officers had concluded the evening meal. There was no doubt about it; tbe bour of action was at band.

The convoy sailed on Friday. Tbere were 28 sbips in tbe long file zigzagging toward the open sea. They were escorted by small warships which had already begun to weave around them like sheepdogs. It was cold; the sky was grey and a fine drizzle was falling.

The waves thundered against the bull. There was a tang of brine in the air and the old cargo boat leaped into the trough of the waves in a blaze of foam-flecked green.

Tbe vessel's Tritonlike joy was communicated to the crew. They were on their way at last. Only the passengers remained unmoved by tbe wave of bappiness tbat spread througb the sbip. Wrapped in their waterproofs, always together, always mysterious, they smoked their pipes sheltered from the wind.

"They're speaking Spanish," O'Neill reported as be returned from the stern.

"Tbey're training," replied O'Leary.

Archie wondered wbat the men were training for, but as usual he decided to wait for the facts before making bis judgment.

Gradually they assumed the rhythm of the convoy. Tbe changes of course imposed by the threat of U-boats made them tack like a group of turbulent children in a gymnasium.

Off the Irish coast, three JU-88's appeared out of the thick cloud at low altitude. On all the ships, guns were blazing and the "Chicago pianos" were in action. The sea was soon pock-marked as though someone had shaken a sieve over a bath. Tbe sky was dotted with black and white woolly balls. Indifferent to the cross-fire converging on them, the three birds dived to wave level. Tbey pulled out at the last moment to leap over a cargo vessel which they raked with short bursts or straddled witb clusters of bombs.

Suddenly they dived on tbe *Fidelity*. The strap of his steel belmet cutting into his chin, Archie gave his firing orders. On the bridge, Langlais and Doudet watched the three attacking planes grow larger.

It seemed as tbougb the aircraft would crash against the bull in their wave-top approach. Instinctively the men ducked. They heard the sbarp crack of bullets on the plates and their exasperated whistle wben they tore the wood of the rails . . . and the danger was past . . .

"A hit!" roared Archie.

He swivelled round on his firing seat as on a piano stool. Like a wounded gull, one of the Junkers bad a plume of black smoke streaming from it. Its rigbt wing seemed to dip into the spray. They followed its flight into the mist wbere it eventually crasbed to its death.

A sudden calm fell over the sea. In the distance there were a few dull rumbles of guns and then silence. At this moment the first cargo vessel sank. An invisible band blotted it from the horizon. Laden with ore, it sank like a stone.

"U-boats!" roared Langlais.

Now, the white tracks of the torpedoes betrayed their presence everywhere. Harassed and bard pressed, the convoy dispersed. One vessel was trying to escape its invisible attacker by flight: Abruptly an explosion made her keel over and she sank in a seething wbirlpool. Others vanished into the mist. Tireless, the escort vessels waded into the attack, guided hy the torpedo tracks. The *Fidelity* heard no more—either the dull rumble of depth charges which seemed to rise from tbe depth of the sea nor the hideous sound of sbips being hit. Sbe was alone, lost.

Driven four miles off ber course to the west, sbe continued her changes of course which would take ber in a southerly direction. Nigbt fell and it was bitterly cold. The men on hoard confined their remarks to their duties.

The sailors were not afraid. It was not tbe danger which forced them into silence but respect for the inevitable. Besides, they were waiting for nightfall. Soon they would slip into the cover of darkness. Suddenly Fontenay shouted: "Over there! Look!"

It was difficult to see in the balf-light. Bobbing in the water were men's heads. Tbe speed of the ship made them appear to be floating against tbe tide. No arms waving. Perbaps the unhappy men, numbed by the cold sea, were conserving their last strength in order to survive. In a flash everyone was on the port side. The implacable law of the convoy demanded that they sbould pursue their course; they could not stop, not even to lower a boat. Wherever there was a sbipwreck there was a U-boat. Tbe men floating in the icy water, often wounded or badly burned, knew this well. Tbey expected no belp except from the rescue ship, that bospital nurse of the seas. But she too had been sunk.

MOTIONLESS, with asben faces, the men stood there in silence, united as they had never been before. They stared into the distance at those black dots wbich they still seemed to see although they had disappeared from view.

Tbe following day the *Fidelity* received ber orders by radio and set course for Gibraltar.

Flying the White Ensign, the *Fidelity* proudly entered Gibraltar Harbour.

She was not to stay there long, however. As soon as sbe had landed ber mysterious guests whom the crew had tagged as agents,

Puts You in the BIG MONEY Tailoring Business Quick

MAKE UP TO $30 IN A DAY!

If you'd like to make up to $30 in a day, even in spare time, I'll send you this amazing $10.00 Tailoring Kit **absolutely Free!** Contains everything you need to start you in big-pay Made-to-Measure Tailoring Business — over 100 Actual Fabrics, Style Display of smartest new Suits and Coats for men and women, at low prices—plus complete money-making plans and equipment. No experience needed — just show Kit to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, etc., take easy fast orders, **collect Generous Advance Profit.** We deliver to customers.

YOUR OWN SUITS to Wear Without 1c Cost!

Your best-selling ad is your own Made-to-Measure Suit...and we'll show you how to get yours without paying 1c! Mail coupon today for Valuable Tailoring Kit and Suit Offer—all sent FREE!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
500 S. Throop St., Dept. C-195 Chicago 7, Ill.

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. C-195
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Rush FREE-and-Postpaid, your valuable $10.00 Tailoring Kit so I can start making good money quickly. Include Actual Fabric Samples, Style Display, money-making plans and details of how I can get my own Suit without a penny of cost.

*Name*_____ *Age*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

Simple to use! Operates with a flick of the finger. As accurate as machines costing many times this amazing low price. A practical machine . . . NOT A TOY. Sturdily constructed, fully guaranteed. Saves money and time in avoiding calculating errors. Ideal for offices, clerks, farmers, schools and other personal uses such as budget shopping, figuring income tax, keeping scores, card games, golf, etc. **SEND NO MONEY** . . . just mail order. Pay postman only $1.49 plus postage and C.O.D. fee on delivery. Or send $1.50 with order and we pay postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted, return for money back. Immediate delivery.

ORDER NOW!

CALCULATOR CO., DEPT. B3008

114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

POEMS

★ Wanted to be set to music.
★ by America's Largest Song Studio.
★ Send Poems. Immediate consideration.
★ **Phonograph Records Made**

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 442 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY

EVERY BUSINESS EVERYWHERE USES UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES

No experience needed to earn big daily commissions. Be a direct factory representative of the world's largest exclusive UNION LABEL Book Match manufacturer. Prospects everywhere. Feature Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, scenics and dozens of other styles—Double Books—Jumbo Books—nearly 100 color combinations. New, bigger portfolio makes this fastest selling line a real profit maker for you. Write TODAY for full details.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.

Dept. R-858, 7528 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

$1,000,000 IN CONFEDERATE MONEY

Be a deep-south millionaire with money to burn. You can do everything with this money except spend it. A million bucks in $10's, $20's, $50's, etc. Light your cigarettes or cigars with a ten-spot. You get a million for $2.98 or four million for $10. Honest-to-goodness authentic reproduction of genuine Confederate money. Postpaid.

WEST PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 211
P. O. Box 322, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21, N. Y.

the skipper ordered water, coal and provisions to be taken on; then he reported to the Admiralty. He came back out an hour later escorted by two strangers, each carrying a suitcase.

The three men made their way without a word down the main street which, at this time of day, lay inert in the sun. They seemed to be hastening to some appointment.

One of the passengers was a Maltese called Aromatic; the other was a Pole whose name no one ever discovered. They were installed in separate cabins and then, at about five o'clock, the captain gave orders to the engineer to light the boilers. The *Fidelity* put to sea at night with all navigation lights extinguished. It was the 24th of April, 1941.

Several nights later, the captain called O'Leary. Langlais' voice was serious. In the darkness his stocky frame was outlined against the greyish background of the passage. O'Leary followed him to the wardroom where Barclay was already seated.

"The show's for tonight," said the captain. "We're landing the two passengers on the southern coast of France and going a little farther along the coast to take aboard 15 specialist workers from the Skoda works."

The Belgian's eyes lit up. "Well at last," he said.

"The operation has to be rigorously timed," Langlais went on. "While I carry out the mission, you're in charge of the ship. If I don't return, you're to take the *Fidelity* back to Gih where you'll be given your orders."

O'Leary's face fell. "Won't I go with the landing?"

"No."

"But, captain, you can't carry out this operation yourself. If it fails, the *Fidelity* will be lost. You haven't the right to do it, Sir. What would happen if, by some unlucky chance, you failed to return aboard? Doudet would take possession of the ship again."

"Would you let him?"

"None of us are sailors and he knows that. You've only got to be away for a couple of days before he thinks he's the master again and takes on the airs of a swashbuckler. You're the one who holds the threads of our fate in your hands. If you were to disappear everything would collapse."

Barclay interrupted: "You're right. If you leave the ship. Uncle's won the game."

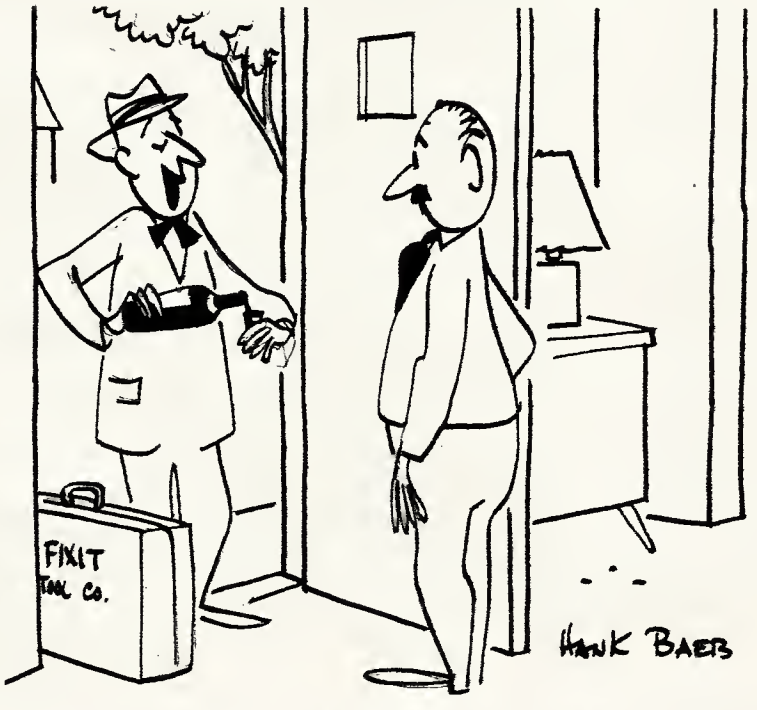
Langlais hesitated. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Good. Well, you'll go."

O'Leary chose his partners. First Rogers, and second Ploëno, known as the "Monster," an experienced fisherman and a competent mariner, and finally Ford and Ferguson. He sent for the four men and told them to be ready at midnight. A few minutes later the *Fidelity* stopped about two miles from the shore.

LANGLAIS left the radio post and rejoined O'Leary at the rail. Now that the engines were silent the water could be heard lapping gently against the hull. Opposite they could see the intermittent flashes of a lighthouse.

"You see that beam?" said Langlais. "That's Barcarès, south of the Etang de Leucate. You'll land Aromatic and his mate there. Take two bicycles for them with you in the launch. From there, you'll turn south and sail along the coast. You have to be in Collioure before sunrise. A man will be waiting for you at the end of the breakwater. He'll be wearing a red scarf. You'll ask him 'Which is the way to Montpellier?' and he will reply 'I don't know. I'm a stranger in these parts.' He will be the leader of the 15 fellows we have to take on board. You'll embark them and set course for the open sea. The *Fidelity* will be waiting for you two and a half miles off shore."

The launch was a heavy Breton ketch, an unusual sight in those waters, equipped with a 5 h.p. engine, a collapsible mast and lead weights as ballast. Two bicycles, a transmitting set, a few packages and a veritable arsenal were placed aboard. Langlais wanted his landing team to be in a position to defend itself in case of an unfortunate encounter.



"I want to show you our latest model, but first I have a free gift for you!"

One after the other—Rogers, the "Monster," Ferguson and Ford—climbed into the launch. O'Leary followed, accompanied by Aromatic and the Pole. The ropes were cast loose and the seven men left. Rogers was at the tiller.

It was moonlight and the boat leaped over the waves. Five hundred yards from the shore they switched off the engine, and the Monster and Ferguson caught hold of the oars. When they were close in, the rowers shipped their oars and the tang of the sea rose in the boat.

"Come on," said O'Leary.

He was the first to slip into the water. It was black and cold. He felt it enter his shoes, soak his trousers and cover his belly. He found a foothold on sand.

"Get up on my shoulders," he ordered Aromatic.

The agents could not be allowed to get wet. At sunrise they had to mingle with the population and the stains of sea water would betray them. Imitating his superior, Rogers took charge of the Pole.

AS soon as they were on dry land, their waterlogged shoes began to squelch. O'Leary and Rogers set out on a second trip. They carried the bicycles, radio and the bundles ashore. Then it was time to leave. They shook hands.

As the boat drew away, the silhouettes of the two agents were swallowed up in the darkness. Suddenly the men in the launch heard cries. Instinctively hands clutched weapons. It turned out that they had set the agents down on a small tongue of land surrounded by water. The agents were prisoners of the sea and the lake. In other circumstances they would merely have had to wade through a few yards of low stagnant water on the top of which white solidified foam floated. But their orders were clear. They had to reach the village without the slightest trace of their clandestine journey.

The boat put about.

Again O'Leary and Rogers had to make two trips to re-embark the agents and their material. When they were safely aboard, they rowed off to find a more hospitable spot on the coast. The maneuver was repeated. When the last load had been deposited on the bank, O'Leary and Rogers hurried back to the ship. Bicycles in hand, Aromatic and the Pole disappeared behind a bed of reeds.

"Make it snappy," ordered O'Leary. "Get the engine going."

At full speed the boat set out for Collioure, throwing up a wake of spray.

"We shall be at least two hours late."

His face batbed in sweat, O'Leary cursed the bad luck which now forced the little team to carry out its mission in broad daylight. He was worried about the men who were waiting for them.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Ford announced curtly, "Collioure."

O'Leary was looking for the figure of a man standing on the end of the breakwater, a man wearing a red scarf. He was there. A few turns of the screw and the boat was within hailing distance.

"The route for Montpellier," roared O'Leary.

"I don't know, I'm a stranger to these parts," replied the man.

The words were uttered in a sing-song southern voice. "We thought you weren't coming," he said. "What happened to you?"

"Where are the others?" O'Leary asked.

"They've gone back to bed. I'll go and fetch them."

The men in the boat could not believe their ears. Armed to the teeth, nerves on edge, they had been prepared for a raid and had found at the meeting-place disappointed tourists who, when they did not arrive, had calmly gone back to bed. O'Leary was furious.

"I give you five minutes," he roared. "If you're not back in five minutes, we shall leave without you."

It was now broad daylight. They circled a few cable lengths off shore for nearly twenty minutes.

On the quay were a few early morning strollers in rope-soled shoes. No one appeared to have the slightest interest in the boat, which, with its throttled engine, was circling in the middle of the roadstead.

O'Leary was growing impatient.

"What the hell are they up to? If they don't turn up soon we shall have to leave."

"Yes, let's take a powder," said Rogers.

The Monster began to accelerate the motor when a voice cried out: "What are you up to there?"

It was a Customs official who had come out of a small shop.

"We're fishing," cried O'Leary. Then, turning to the man at the helm, he ordered: "Full speed ahead."

At that moment the man with the red scarf appeared on the breakwater with a dozen travellers carrying bundles. The Customs officer signalled the boat to come alongside.

"I want to see your papers."

"Have we got time to take these lascars aboard?" O'Leary asked Rogers.

"No. Besides—look! They're leaving again. It's all off."

"Do you take me for a fool?" shouted the irate Customs official. "Bring me your papers at once or I'll telephone the police."

"All right, all right. We're coming," said the Belgian, and then to his crew: "Let's get out of here."

The boat leaped toward the open sea. The fishermen on the jetty saw it pass below in a jet of spray. The mystified Customs official had run into the café to telephone. Meanwhile the man in the red scarf and his companions had disappeared. Clutching the stern, O'Leary watched the hill, the castle on the rock, the Miradoux fort and the operetta setting of the port disappear.

Suddenly Ferguson roared: "A launch . . ." Growing larger at every second it was bearing down on them.

"I told you—we've had it," said the Monster.

THE enemy was upon them. In the bows of the launch they could see a man in a blue uniform with a rifle in his hand.

"That's it," said Rogers. "They're going to tow us into port."

O'Leary was thinking hard.

They were caught. The important thing now was to hide the presence of the mother ship.

O'Leary caught the ropes thrown to him from the other boat.

"Take us back to the shore," he said.

In the boat, consternation reigned.

"They'll fling us in jail."

"Worse than that—they'll hand us over to the Boches."

O'Leary told them his plan.

He who laughs well loves well

...and who loves well lives well...

That's why every man, married or unmarried, and every girl—virgin, bride, or better... sooner or later will read JEST MARRIED

The old Hindus published books on the art of love—manuals guiding the wed, the newly-wed, and the almost-wed to those high places where sex expands in Vesuvian glory—and where high hopes turn into hot lava.

American know-how is couched in more whimsical ways. The great American guide to amorous joys is not a rhapsodic book of verse. It is not an ode. It is a gay, gallant, galloping book of wit and frolic humor—*Jest Married*—a book guaranteed to tickle your risibilities, enflame your *amour propre*, and make every night's taps a siren song of sweetness and laughter.

Jest Married is not a manual of love. It's not a pedal to be pushed on your ride to the temple of Venus. *Jest Married* is a cornucopia of joys, a treasure trove of proper means to improper ends, a chuckling collection of choice rules and routines—when love is rampant.

Here is a book to be read by every man just married, about to be married, or too-long married. It's a book to be read by every girl who wants to marry, tarry, or go on safari. It's a handbook to the body beautiful, a body-blow to glumness, and a sure cure for a black-and-blue libido.

Jest Married is a must in every trousseau. It is every man's companion and every woman's golden book of couchant wisdom. It's the ideal gift for a man on his way to the altar, and for a girl on her way to Reno. It will make sick men rise up from their beds, and strong men lie down. It will put marrow in bones, enliven the limpid, and brighten the hearts of the faint.

We guarantee that "Jest Married" will double your enjoyment, liven your moments, and make every muscle quiver... OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS.

Frederick Fell, Inc. Dept. M-88
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

☐ OK Mr. Fell. Let's gild my *amour propre*. Here is my $2.00. Send me JEST MARRIED postpaid at your risk and let me laugh my way to lusty bliss. And hurry, please; each day missed means pleasure lost.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

☐ Send C.O.D., please. It will cost $.53 extra.
Please note: No C.O.D.'s outside of U.S.A.

I'll Send You This Handsome SAMPLE CASE-FREE

and Show You How to Make Up to $30.00 in a Day

Mail coupon for this Free Tailoring Sample Case packed with 100 beautiful, big-value suit and overcoat fabrics. Take orders from friends, fellow-workers, others, for fine quality, made-to-measure clothes. Pocket big cash profits in advance. Because wearing our suits and overcoats brings more orders, we make it easy for you to get your own clothes without 1c cost. No experience is needed. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SEND NO MONEY. Just fill out and mail coupon—today!

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., 500 South Throop Street
DEPT. C-495 - CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., DEPT. C-495
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.
Dear Sir: I WANT A MADE-TO-MEASURE SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying 1c for it. Rush details and Sample Kit of actual fabrics, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES LOW AS $1 PER ACRE

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Write for free map and literature.

American Oil Scouts, Dept. MS
7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

VACATIONING IN RENO OR LAS VEGAS?

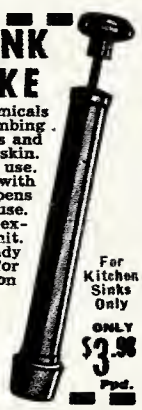
PAY EXPENSES WHILE IN NEVADA

Do you bet? Why not win? Plan NOW to WIN your expenses and ENJOY your next trip to Nevada. Write TODAY for FREE details and "Correct Odds and Percentages on All Bets". Take ADVANTAGE of this opportunity and PLAY SAFE.

FREE

GEORGE MITTAN, Dept. M,
P.O. BOX 1759, SAN FRANCISCO 1, CALIF.

OPENS CLOGGED SINK WITH ONE STROKE



Now you can stop using strong chemicals that eat away pipes; cause high plumbing bills; ruined clothing; spattered floors and walls; plus risk of injury to eyes or skin. **DRAIN-BLO** is completely safe in use. Builds up to 60 lbs pressure, and with one fast downward stroke instantly opens up clogged sink. Light and easy to use. Sturdy 13½" long. Fits all sinks except those with garbage disposal unit. Order **DRAIN-BLO** now to have handy when needed. Send only $3.98 for postpaid delivery. Postage added on C. O. D. orders.

For Kitchen Sinks Only

Money-Back Guarantee
MERIDIAN CO.
Dept. B-700
366 Madison Ave., New York 17

ONLY **$3.98** Ppd.

SEWS LEATHER AND TOUGH TEXTILES LIKE A MACHINE

With SPEEDY STITCHER Automatic Sewing Awl, anyone can quickly and skillfully sew or repair anything made of LEATHER, CANVAS, NYLON, PLASTIC, or other heavy materials. Sews firm, even lock-stitches like a machine. Gets into hard-to-reach places. Specially made for heavy duty sewing on LUGGAGE, FOOTWEAR, RUGS, AWNINGS, SAILS, SADDLERY, UPHOLSTERY, OVER-ALLS, AUTO-TOPS, SPORTS GEAR, and other tough sewing jobs. Here's the handiest tool you'll ever own. Will save you many times its small cost. Comes ready for instant use complete with bobbin of waxed thread and 3 different types of diamond-pointed needles. Easy-to-follow directions will make you an expert in minutes. Extra needles and waxed-thread always available. Save money, send $1.98 for postpaid delivery. If C.O.D., $1.98 plus postage. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

ONLY **1.98**

SPORTSMAN'S POST
366 Madison Ave. Dept. A-700 New York 17

"Under no circumstances can we admit that we belong to an English ship. Not a word about the *Fidelity*. We're civilians . . . French prisoners of war who have escaped from Germany and were trying to join de Gaulle. We stole this boat to try and reach Spain."

Towed by the launch, they sped over the water. Ferguson and the Monster took up positions well in view in the bows, and stood up despite the violence of the wind. Under cover of their bodies, the three others began to get rid of the weapons. A little later Ford identified the houses of Port-Vendres. The five seamen were naked and defenseless. In a few minutes they would know what awaited them.

The prisoners were taken to Naval Headquarters and shown into a captain's office. It was a damp, cold room covered with Vichy Government propaganda posters. Dripping with water like six cloths taken out of a wash basin, the sailors sat down in front of the officer.

"Well, gentlemen," he asked, "why did you not reply when the Customs Officer hailed you?"

"We were trying to escape," O'Leary said firmly.

"Where were you going to?"

"To Spain and from there to England." In his heart O'Leary hoped that by styling himself a de Gaullist he would be understood and perhaps even be given a little latitude. He described himself as the head of a small group of escaped prisoners of war who were trying to put themselves once and for all out of reach of the Germans. The captain listened to him without interruption. He even brought out a packet of cigarettes and handed them round to his visitors.

"You run no risk here," he said. "We're in the unoccupied zone. The occupation authorities have no say here."

"I know," replied O'Leary, "but we preferred to go a bit farther afield."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think that's cleared up everything. I can't do anything for you. I myself am a Lorrainer and I understand your feelings. But we have signed an armistice and it is my duty as an officer to respect the terms of it. Much to my regret, I shall have to arrest you."

On the bridge of the *Fidelity*, Langlais was roaring like a caged animal. "They've murdered them or else they would be here."

Towards midday it was obvious that the expedition had been a failure, and the skipper reluctantly gave orders to sail for Gibraltar. Everyone on board was silent. It was a gloomy meal; there were too many empty seats. Pushing back his plate, Langlais retired to the wireless cabin where Rogers no longer received messages. An hour later he came out and saw Barclay sorting the belongings of O'Leary, Rogers, Ferguson, Ford and Ploëno. She had spread them out brazenly on the wardroom table.

"What the hell are you doing with that?" There was a snarl in his voice and his hand was raised to strike.

She turned her tigress' eyes on him.

"We agreed that our belongings should be divided 12 hours after our disappearance. I'm keeping my word."

She was almost beautiful with the sun turning her hair to flame. Langlais did not have the heart to smash his fist into her face.

"Bitch!" he shouted. He rushed from the wardroom, slamming the door behind him.

The mission on the French coast had resulted in a partial set-back. They had landed two agents who, according to Langlais, had later established contact with the intelligence service and were doing good work in France. But the Collioure affair had stressed the hazardous character of similar operations. Moreover, they did not seem justified when one compared the results obtained with the means engaged; in order to land a dozen men it was pointless to use a ship like *H.M.S. Fidelity*.

This obvious lack of proportion, which Langlais did not seek to justify, made things look bleak for the future. Mystery, which had once been Langlais' trump card, had boomeranged.

Now that O'Leary was no longer there, Langlais had to look for other support. At first he apparently thought of Doudet. On the pretext of duty he often sent him to London. A room was reserved for him at the Mayfair and on his arrival Uncle found girls of easy morals ready to look after him. Fearing that the old salt would be indiscreet, Langlais had called upon women in the Secret Service. Doudet did not seem to realize the organized nature of his good fortune and returned from London with a store of stories in which he always played the leading role.

THE Corsican had usurped Doudet's command and his behaviour had been scandalous. Possibly Doudet had made up his mind to turn a blind eye, since there was nothing else he could do. Having little respect for his usurper, he at least accepted the material rewards which his painful situation obtained for him.

Barclay's thoughts seemed to run along the same lines. Intelligent and avaricious, she was bound to have seen through Langlais' game. Since the captain of the *Fidelity* was handling Doudet with kid gloves it meant that he needed him; moreover, in all probability he also needed her. From there to conclude that she could obtain her share was an easy step for a clear-thinking feminine brain.

On the least occasion she demanded presents. She also knew how to make Langlais pay for the services she rendered him by keeping an eye open to everything on board.

The Corsican still treated her with possessive passion. One morning a British sailor forgot to salute the girl as she crossed the quay on her way to the ship. Langlais was on deck. He leaped ashore, flung himself on the sailor and struck him violently.

Although assured of Doudet and Barclay, Langlais had not yet replaced O'Leary. He must have hesitated a long time before choosing Fontenay. A different approach was necessary in his case. A very courageous regular officer, better educated than most of his shipmates, Fontenay admired his captain's patriotism but did not appreciate his behaviour. Certain of Langlais' eccentricities—the re-establishment of summary justice, the introduction of a bodyguard consisting of Daladier and Mamadou, the unorthodox presence of Barclay—shocked him as a professional sailor and as a man of honour.

Langlais put out some feelers. He told Fontenay that he had failed to pass his naval examinations. Was it true? It is of little importance. Fontenay had sat for them. Thus a first bond was forged between the two men.

Then Langlais admitted the existence of his Indo-Chinese son. Fontenay confessed that before he left Paris he had given his mistress a child. They exchanged photographs of their sons. Langlais had won the game.

Having made sure of his "two sailors," Langlais flattered the crew by a series of spectacular gestures. Luck was on his side. Archie's servant, an ex-professional boxer, had beaten up a couple of British policemen in a brawl. He was arrested and sentenced to pay a fine of £4. Langlais paid it for him.

But Langlais surpassed himself in the case of "Piti Lapin," a young prostitute he had met in London. After making a deal with her, Langlais assembled his crew.

"Men," he said, "in the future when you go to London, there'll be someone waiting for you. I've laid on a whore for you. Try and do honour to your ship."

The crew had expected something else. Langlais had promised them action and they had been languishing in harbour for weeks. Finally, at the beginning of July, Langlais returned from London wreathed in smiles.

"Gentlemen," he said to the officers, "we shall be leaving soon. This time it will be on a big mission with commandos, heavy weapons and air support." But again they were disappointed. Their next two missions were minor sallies to ferry agents to and from France.

But at the beginning of November the *Fidelity* was sent to Portsmouth to be completely refitted once more. She was given twin gun turrets with 100mm automatics, four Oerlikons, four torpedo tubes, an asdic, an E-boat with two tubes, a radar apparatus, a large stock of depth charges and two Kingfishers for reconnaissance. This display of strength reassured the crew who had been afraid of finding themselves on an ack-ack ship defending some British port.

The sleeping accommodation on the spar deck now housed 150 commandos. Their presence meant that departure was imminent. Langlais assembled his officers in the wardroom.

"Gentlemen," he said, "some of you may have thought that you were wrong to throw in your lot with me. Some of you have wondered if your fate was in the right hands. Today I can reassure these doubting Thomases. They no longer need worry about their future. They have none."

He paused to see the effect of his words.

"I have no right to reveal to you the mission we are going to carry out, but I can promise you we shall not return. On this note, gentlemen, you have three days to go on a spree."

Fontenay summed up the general impression.

"Although we know he always exaggerates, he's got something."

Barclay looked upon the preparations with indifference. This noise of footsteps between decks, the foolish laughter of a crowd of men, the odour of bodies, sweating through the canvas of hammocks, obviously disgusted her. The commando boys were intruders. They had come on board to disturb her habits and her feminine possessive instinct was offended. She imagined the jokes they would be exchanging, coarse as the jokes of boys always are when they are in danger.

"One girl among 150. It won't give us long each."

Why did she remain on board? If we can believe certain people, she could easily have got her discharge because she was tubercular. Some maintained that she was crazy about Langlais. Others doubted eventually that she was even the captain's mistress. No one could boast that he had ever seen her leave the captain's quarters during the night. During eighteen months of communal life no one knew of any intrigue. Self-interest did not explain everything. Barclay knew that if she left for reasons of health, Langlais would continue to give her money. Nor can one say that she under-estimated the dangers she ran in the *Fidelity*. Her gilded cage was open and she had every reason to fly away.

One day Archie visited Barclay in her cabin. She was smoking a cigarette in her bunk.

"Hullo, Archie!"

She pointed to the place beside her on the bunk, near her head.

"Sit down."

From this position, Archibald could look down at Barclay's face; her eyes stared at the ceiling.

"Yes," said the girl wearily. "It's the big departure."

"Can one know where to?"

"To Indo-China. Langlais has persuaded the British to send a commando of 150 men there."

THEN she went on in the same expressionless voice: "Langlais's a madman. He believes in his own words and he succumbs to his own charm. He's convinced that he'll always get away with it. He thinks that we shan't return from this mission, but he is certain of success. But I *know* that we shan't return . . ."

She fidgeted in the bunk and Archibald felt her head against his leg.

"Why are you going, then?" he asked.

She pursed her lips to light her cigarette and Archie gave her a light.

"I have always left with him," she replied.

At dawn one day just before the ship left, Langlais fell-in his commandos. Without giving them any explanation he put them in the train for London. When he reached the spot in the capital where he used to leave O'Leary in the old days, he ordered the O.C. detachment to march off.

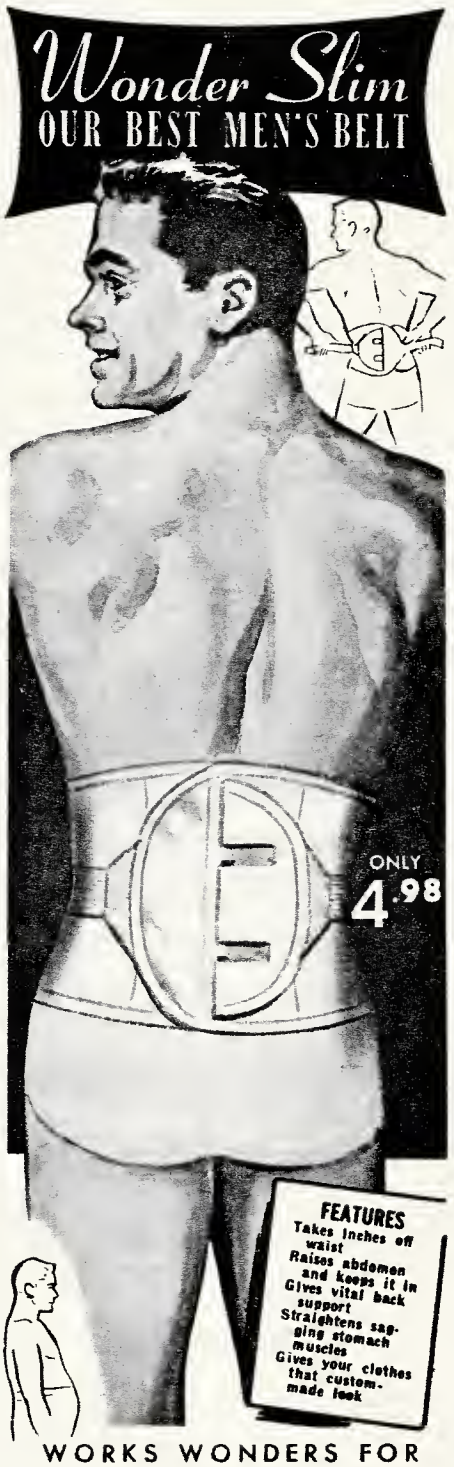
The commando officer did not see him slip into a doorway, gallop up the stairs and ring impatiently at an export-import office. A few minutes later the captain of the *Fidelity* was in Johns' office. He dragged the liaison man to the window and parted the curtains slightly.

"Look at them," he said to his bewildered companion. "Take a good look at them. You'll never have a chance to do so again . . ."

The *Fidelity* disappeared with all hands. Langlais was right. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

P. 15, Frederic Lewis, Ewing Galloway; pp. 18-19, Federico Garolla from Pix; p. 20, INP, Wide World; p. 21, Wide World, European, Federico Garolla from Pix, Fed. Patellani from Pix, INP; p. 22, Wide World; p. 23, U.S. Navy from FPG, UP, INP, European; p. 26, INP; p. 27, Acme Photos, INP; pp. 32-35, Peter Basch; pp. 36-37, INP.



WORKS WONDERS FOR YOUR BACK

LOOK SLIM — FEEL TRIM

Wonder Slim is a new kind of men's supporter belt. Its ingenious contour design follows nature's own lines—permits remarkable freedom of movement. Its patented sliding back panel makes it the easiest belt to put on . . . provides "quick as a flash" adjustment for constant perfect fit. No uncomfortable crotch. Scientific "no pressure" boning flattens the bulge gently but firmly. Sliding back provides support just where you need it for youthful posture . . . fights the feeling of fatigue. Made of super test herringbone twill. Waist sizes 26-44—Only $4.98. Try it at our risk.

S. J. Wegman Co. Dept. WG-18
Lynbrook, N. Y.
Rush my Wonder-Slim back supporter at once. If I am not 100% satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
Waist Size _____ inches
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $4.98 plus a few cents postage.
☐ I enclose $4.98 payment and save postage. Same Guarantee.
Name _____
Address _____

$1400 FROM OUTDOOR LIFE

"Sold an article on hunting to *Outdoor Life* for $400—that makes $1400 from them, plus two stories to *The Trapper*, and several to other men's magazines. The time put in on your course was the most valuable I ever spent." *Ray Beck, Knox, Pa.*

How to Be a Writer of Stories, Articles, TV Scripts

Have you ever had an urge to write? Have you or friends had interesting experiences or ideas about people, places, hobbies, sports, business or social activities, that might make interesting stories or articles for magazines, trade and club publications, etc.?

It's easier to learn than you may imagine, through Palmer's unique method of training. You receive interesting, understandable home-study instruction; individual coaching by professional writers who give helpful, detailed analysis of your work, showing how to write salable material for ALL fields; stories, mysteries and articles for general magazines, TV, papers and special journals. Palmer is an accredited school (only school of writing accredited by National Home Study Council); endorsed by famous authors and hundreds of successful graduates.

Free Sample Lesson Shows How to Learn at Home for Part or Full Time Career

To see how you may "cash in" on the opportunities for new writers, send for FREE typical lesson plus inspiring 40-page book, "The Art of Writing Salable Stories." Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk ST 88, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send *now* before you forget.

FREE **Palmer Institute of Authorship**
1680 N. Sycamore, Desk ST 88
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me free lesson package and 40 page book explaining how you help new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income.

Mr.
Miss.....
Mrs.

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....
Please print clearly. Veteran: check here ☐

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS

Earn While You Learn At Home

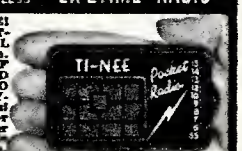
Millions of jacks in gas & auto-service stations, truckers, body-shops, riggers, factories, farms need servicing. We show you HOW—easy step by step directions—what tools to use. EARN UP TO $5 an hour, in spare time, in your own basement or garage.

Institute of Hydraulic Jack Repair

P. O. Box 50, Bloomfield, N. J.

Start Your own business NOW! Write for folder No. ME-8 & free bonus offer.

"TI-NEE" BATTERYLESS TUBELESS **LIFETIME RADIO**



REALLY WORKS—FOR LIFE! WITHOUT TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRICAL PLUG-INS. Never runs down. SMALLER THAN A PACK OF CIGARETTES! GUARANTEED TO RECEIVE LOCAL RADIO STATIONS ANYTIME—ANYWHERE YOU GO! Sensational new Ferrite Selective Tuner—Perma-Crystal diode. Super SPEAKER-PHONE. Durable black and gold plastic case.

Send only $2.00 (bill, ck. mo) and pay postman $4.99 COD on arrival or send $6.99 for postpaid delivery. SENT COMPLETE READY TO LISTEN WITH LIFETIME GUARANTEE. Nothing extra to buy—ever. Available only from: **MIDWAY CO., Dept. GCM-8, Kearney, Nebr.**

ROYAL JELLY

QUEEN BEE'S "ELIXIR OF YOUTH"

Each capsule contains 25 mgs. of ROYAL JELLY plus Major B Complex Vitamins.

ROYAL-X the vitamin formula with ROYAL JELLY is nature's wondrous new food substance fed exclusively to the Queen Bee, and is directly responsible for her long life and reproductive powers. She lives 2-6 years while other bees live 2-6 months!

The President of Chile, 80 years of age stated for publication in 1957 that it was the ROYAL JELLY he was taking that made it possible for him to carry out his exhausting duties! Sir Edmond Hillary took ROYAL JELLY while climbing Mt. Everest. Let this miracle food begin working for you today! You may be amazed at the feeling of good health and well being this tiny capsule can give you! ROYAL-X is completely safe—no prescription necessary and is sold on a money-back guarantee.

Send $5.00 for 30 day supply or save $5.00 and send $10.00 for 90 day supply. Mail Cash, Check or Money Order to: **ROYAL-X COMPANY, Dept. A-8, 189 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.**

Innocent Crew-Cut

To the Editor:

It's not that MEN is the only magazine that makes the error, but it's the only magazine that I care enough about to write in and complain.

I'm talking about the practice of shoveling all the glory of a ship's record in battle on the chest of one man —usually the skipper—and completely forgetting the part played by the rest of the crew.

The last time you did it was in the article, *The Sub That Sank A Fleet*, by Gene Channing (June, 1958). Every other word is Lt. Commander Richard O'Kane—O'Kane did this, O'Kane did that, etc. The other men on board are referred to as the soundman, the radioman, a seaman, etc.

Don't you think any ship's record is the result of the work and the bravery of all of its men? And if you do, why don't you mention their names?

Ralph Thurman
Norfolk, Va.

▶ We agree with Mr. Thurman. So much so that the majority of our war stories are about the bravery of individual officers and men. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the *U.S.S. Tang*, the story is best told through the personality of the skipper, in this instance, Lt. Commander (now Admiral) Dick O'Kane; there isn't room enough to mention each member of the crew by name. But this doesn't mean that we intended to belittle any of the work, dedication or bravery of the crew of that famous ship.

Great Scott

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading an article in the June issue of MEN, *Queen of the Legion's Deserters*, and as I read it I felt that the author, James Christopher, not only did an excellent job of telling the story of Frank Jayne, but he gave us one of the few first-hand accounts of the Algerian-French conflict that had any human feeling. Too often newspapers write up a war in terms of casualty figures—Christopher gave us an insight into the rebels themselves, their beliefs as well as their prejudices. I, for one, feel that I know a great deal more now, after reading your article, about that unfortunate war.

Mervin Scott
Kenosha, Wisc.

We Laugh, We Pay

To the Editor:

I've always wanted to send in jokes for your *"the laughing place,"* but I didn't know whether they must be original or not. Can I retell ones that I've heard from somebody else, or read somewhere?

Timothy Little
Houston, Texas

▶ Any joke, no matter where you heard it—you should read some of the ones we get—is eligible for immortality in *"the laughing place."*

On Quacks & Phonies

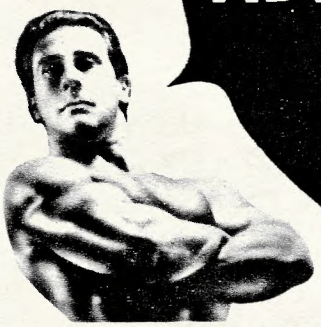
To the Editor:

I can't make up my mind whether you did a service or a disservice by publishing *The Love Couch Impostor* (by Jaediker and Albelli, MEN, July, 1958). Although there are plenty of fakes who palm themselves off as psychoanalysts, some states now have laws dealing with such phonies. On the other hand, don't you think you might have scared off quite a few people who would ordinarily consult a bona fide psychoanalyst?

Allan Baker
Pullman, Wash.

▶ We hope we did a service, for that was our intention. Though New York State—where Doc Jones performed his many swindles—now has laws against quack psychiatrists, most states do not. If any of our readers have any doubts about a particular psychoanalyst, we suggest he contact his local Mental Health Assn.

ADD 4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLE TO YOUR CHEST
3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS
IN ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY 3 TIMES A WEEK IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME



Joe Weider "The Muscle Builder"
"The Trainer of the Champions"

Only 7 weeks to that rugged, dynamic, he-man build you always wanted

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own home, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Gilles Poirier, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

THE $10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

I guarantee to show you how to add twice as much muscle — triple your power — gain more weight twice as fast through my system of training than you could through any other method, and IN HALF THE TIME. I challenge any other physical instructor in the world who teaches through the mails, to accept my challenge!

Joe Weider

The Muscle Builder —
Trainer of The Champions

HERE'S LIVING PROOF — GILLES POIRIER

Before Mailing This Coupon What a skinny 109-pound run-down wreck! Miserable puny 10-inch arms — a flat 34 inch chest — tiny spindly thighs of 17 inches! What a pathetic case of weakness before he mailed me this coupon!

After Weider Training **What A Change! What A Build!** TO-DAY — a mountain of mighty muscles, 200 pounds of them, with Herculean 18-inch arms — magnificent 50-inch chest, and shoulders a yard wide. Here you see power oozing out of every pore in his "Mr. Canada" title-winner body. Another dream come true! A Weider Champion.

Before

After Weider Training

WHAT I DID FOR HIM I CAN DO FOR YOU!

"Mr. America" "Mr. Universe"
JACK DELINGER

The world's best developed Athlete of All Times, says . . .

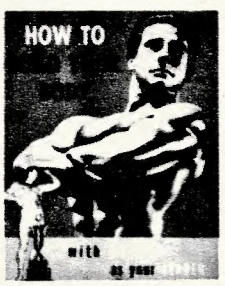
"Joe Weider can help you develop mountains of mighty muscles, just as he did for me. That free course trial offer is the best deal I ever heard of! Be smart — do as I did — Follow 'Weider As Your Leader' and rush in your coupon now, Get This amazing free course while it lasts!"

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity

LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING I SAY CAN BE DONE!

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my GIANT 32 page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, Heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.



NOTHING TO BUY! YES, YOU HEARD RIGHT!

My Free Trial Offer is Now Yours As A Free Gift! No Obligation On your Part — Just Rush me this Coupon Now . . .

A-C-T-I-O-N IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH!

MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

JOE WEIDER Dept. GM-8C
801 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J.

Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

In Canada Mail to: Joe Weider 4466 Colonial Ave., Mont. Que. Canada.

if you're in your twenties or early thirties, here's a solid-gold opportunity to make

BIG MONEY BY 35

We're willing to wager that, given the proper guidance and training, you can at least double your present income within the next few years.

We'll put up three interesting and valuable books to help prove this point.

One is the gold-mine of helpful career tips, "How to Succeed."

Another is a handbook outlining opportunities in your particular field of interest (see list in coupon below).

The third is a sample lesson in Basic Mathematics which demonstrates how easily yet how thoroughly I.C.S. helps you master a subject.

These books will be especially useful to you if you are between 20 and 35—provided you want to enjoy the rewards of success before you reach middle age. Actually, the famous I.C.S. method of "Success Conditioning" knows no age limit. It's never too late to learn.

Hurry up your future! Mark and mail the coupon today.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 04004G, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. (Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

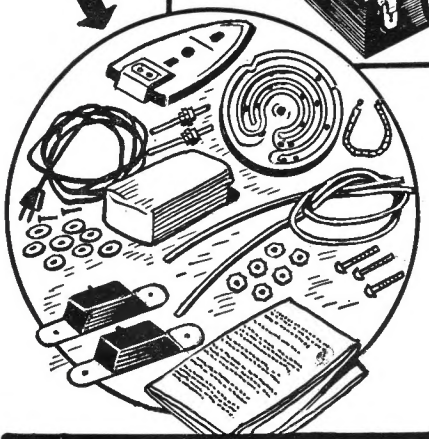
Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

Earn BIG MONEY

Learn ELECTRIC APPLIANCE REPAIRING At Home In Your Spare Time!

WE FURNISH YOU THIS AMAZING ELECTRONIC KIT

WE GIVE YOU ALSO THE CERAMIC HEATER KIT



START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

There are millions of electrical equipment units in daily use in factories, homes, office buildings and on farms. Skilled electrical technicians are needed to keep this equipment in good running condition. Learn at home in your spare time.

$5.00-$6.00 PER HOUR

is often charged for making ordinary repairs. We show you how to repair refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, motors, factory equipment, electrical farm equipment, do house wiring, etc.

BEGIN IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN, BASEMENT OR GARAGE. You don't need elaborate fixtures or expensive equipment to be a successful repairman. Work as many hours as you wish. The Electrical Appliance Technician is his own boss!

IF YOU ARE MECHANICALLY INCLINED, can hold and use tools, we will give you the training and time saving kits—a multi-purpose CHRISTY ELECTRONIC KIT whose dials show you exactly where the trouble lies with electrical equipment that does not work properly—a CERAMIC HEATER KIT that enables you to wire your own heating elements and pocket all of the profits for yourself—LESSON MANUALS written in simple, easy-to-understand language profusely illustrated showing step-by-step repair shortcuts—all of which give you the Know-how for making more money and how to get financial security.

YOU ALSO LEARN how to build power tools from spare parts, how to solicit business and keep business coming in, what to charge your customers, etc. Thousands of CHRISTY graduates in all parts of the world prove the value of CTS Training. WRITE FOR SPECIAL PAY LATER FORM.

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, 3214-16 W. Lawrence, Dept. D-208, Chicago 25

"All CTS graduates are entitled to CTS lifetime advisory service."

R. S. Frazer, President

SEND FOR OUR NEW 32 PAGE CATALOGUE!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. D-208,
3214-16 W. Lawrence, Chicago 25, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Please rush me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK about Electrical Appliance Servicing, facts on your Electronic Kit and Special form for paying later from earnings while learning.

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN TELEVISION-RADIO

J. E. SMITH, Founder, N. R. I.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

NRI TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time."—ADAM KRAMLIK, JR., Sunneytown, Pennsylvania.

"Have my own Radio-TV shop. Average about $100 a week without advertising. NRI training my best investment."— LARRY P. MOTT, Miami, Fla.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."— CURTIS STATH, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—JESSE W. PARKER, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. STREITENBERGER, New Boston, Ohio.

"Before finishing the NRI course I was employed as Studio Engineer at KMMJ. I am now announcing."—BILL DELZELL, Grand Island, Nebraska.

People *look up to* and depend on the Technician, more than ever before. His opportunities are great, and are increasing. Become a Technician. At home, and in your spare time, you can learn to do this interesting, satisfying work—qualify for important pay; develop confidence and skills you need to get jobs in this vast industry.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

NRI students find it easy to start fixing sets for friends a few months after enrolling. Use the Tester built with parts NRI furnishes, to locate TV-Radio receiver troubles. Many who start in spare time, soon build full time TV-Radio businesses. Invest in training yourself—it pays big profits soon.

NRI Training Is Up-to-Date

NRI is America's oldest and largest home study Television-Radio school. More than 40 years' experience training men for success benefits you many ways. NRI methods are tested, proved. Successful graduates are everywhere, in small towns, big cities.

Technical Know-How Brings Better Pay—A stream of new electronic products is increasing job and promotion opportunities for Television-Radio Technicians. Transistor Radios, Color TV, Hi-Fi were unknown a few years ago. Guided missiles, automation, etc. would not be possible without this miracle science—Electronics.

The hundreds of TV and Radio stations on the air offer interesting jobs for Operators and Technicians.

A solid, proven field of opportunity is servicing the millions of Television and Radio sets now in use.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts NRI Sends

Clearly written, well illustrated NRI lessons teach Television-Radio-Electronic principles. Also, *without extra charge*, you get NRI kits developed especially to give actual practice with TV-Radio equipment. You build, test, experiment with actual Television-Radio receiver or broadcasting circuits; build, use, testing equipment. All equipment is yours to keep. No experience necessary; many successful NRI graduates did not finish high school. NRI has developed simplified, practical training methods. Ambitious men can get ahead fast. Mail coupon for Actual Lesson and 64-page Catalog FREE. See how you train at home to be a Technician, to get ahead.

The Tested Way To Better Pay!

TV-Radio Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

You don't have to know anything about electricity or Radio to understand and succeed with NRI courses. You train in your own home—keep your present job while learning. Mailing the coupon can be one of the most important acts of your life. Do it now. Reasonable tuition, on low monthly payments available. Let us send you an actual lesson. Judge for yourself how easy it is to learn. A 64-page catalog gives details of opportunities and training. Address: **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8HG1, Washington 16, D. C.**

Good for Both—FREE

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8HG1
Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL